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THE TRAVELING DUDE:

OR.

The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones.

By TOM TEASER.



He was a sight to behold. "Help, faw mawcy sakes, help," he cried, as he struggled to place his feet on the step.
"I'm afraid we can't do it, Bill," yelled one of the brakemen. "Yes, we can, but we'd better drop him a minute till we spit on our hands."

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The Traveling Dude;

OR,

The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "A Bad Egg," "Mulligan's Boy," "Nip and Flip," "Jim Jams," "Corkey," "Senator Muldoon," "Muldoon Abroad," "Jimmy Grimes," "Muldoon the Solid Man," "Hildebrandt Fitzgum," "The Deacon's Son," "Skinny the Tin Peddler," "Mulcahy Twins," "Muldoon's Boarding-House," "Muldoon's Brother Dan," "Two in a Box," "Ikey; or, He Never Got Left," "Tommy Tubbs, the Pride of the School," "A Happy Pair," "The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York," "The Jolly Moke; or, Having Lots of Fun," "Our Camping Out Club," "Muldoon the Cop," "Muldoon's Grocery Store," "Mike McGuinness; or, Traveling for Pleasure," "Muldoon, the Sport," "Muldoon's Vacation," "Jimmy Grimes, Jr.," "Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and Scraps at School," etc., etc., etc.

PART I.

C. FITZ ROY JONES, C. T.

That's how he wrote his name that trip, parting it, like his blonde hair, in the middle.

The letters at the end did not stand for confirmed tramp, nor congealed turnip, nor yet for country tavern.

They meant commercial traveler, and Clarence now belonged to that large and influential fraternity known throughout the length and breadth of this land as drummers.

"But who in the name of the Baron von Munchausen is Clarence?" some of our readers may ask.

Well, if you don't know who Clarence is by this time, you had better brush up on your history book and find out.

Clarence Fitz Roy Jones was an A. No. One fast sailing clipper built dude, with no more flies on him than the law allowed.

He was the cousin of the housekeeper at the palatial mansion of Mr. James Grimes, Sr., father to Jimmy Grimes, Jr., uncle to Jack Dodson, and once a renowned joker himself.

Clarence had first made the acquaintance of Jimmy and Jack during a summer visit to the residence of Grimes, Sr.

Afterward this acquaintance had been extended by a term at the educational establishment of Dr. Birchem, whither Jim and Jack had been sent to continue their studies.

In the succeeding spring Clarence had returned to the city, where he had secured the position of traveling salesman in the dry goods house of Lisle & Woolley, through the intercession of Mr. Grimes.

At the time we bring Clarence before our readers he was about to start on a trip through New York State, and possibly further were it to prove successful.

Bidding good-bye to his friends, having already sent his trunks and sample cases to the station, Clarence jumped into a cab and was driven thither, reaching it just in time to board the express.

"So I am weally on my twavels, don't ye know," he said to himself, as he settled himself down in a comfortable seat in the smoking-car and lighted a cigarette.

The same idea evidently occurred to a dashing young gentleman seated directly in front of Clarence, for he presently turned around and said pleasantly:

"So you're traveling, too, are you?"

"Yas, of cawsse, me deah fellah," replied Clarence. "I don't look as if I waw standing still, do I?"

"Ahem, what line?" returned the other with a smile.

"The Hudson Wivah Line, me deah fellah. Haven't you wead yaw ticket? aw maybe yaw twying to beat yaw way and haven't any."

"No, no; I mean what line of goods do you carry? You're a drummer, are you not?"

"I'm a commawcial twaveler, me deah fellah," corrected Clarence, forming a ring of smoke with his lips and sending it rolling over and over toward the top of the car.

"So am I."

"Aw, indeed!"

"Yes. What's your line?"

"What's yaws?"

"Hardware."

"Aw, yas, weally. Pumps, I pwesume?"

"Pumps!" laughed the other. "No, indeed. What makes you say pumps?"

"Oh, I thought you waw twying to wawk 'em on me—that's all, me deah fellah," said Clarence, with a lazy, slow-and-easy puff at his cigarette.

"Oh, I see," laughed the other. "Oh, no, I'm not trying to pump you at all; but you see I've been a drummer so long myself that I get to know all the boys in the different lines, and I thought you must be a new one."

"Yas, this is my fawst twip."

"My name is Hardy, and, as I said, I travel with hardware."

"Aw, yas! Quite diffahwent fwom my line. My name is Jones—Fitz Woy Jones—theah's my cawd."

"Dry goods, eh? That's a good line."

"So I was infawmed."

"Where do you make your first stop, Fitz Roy, old chap?"

"Aw, that's the sawt of fellah I like," thought Clarence. "He calls me Fitz Woy, which is so much bettah than Jones, don't ye know. I weally must ahsk the legislachaw faw pawmission to change it, now that I am in business."

Clarence informed his traveling companion that he was going to get off at Poughkeepsie and was pleased to learn in return that that was Hardy's first stopping place as well.

"As you're new to the business, I'll give you all the points you want," said Hardy, "and try and put you in the way of making a good thing at your first stand."

"Aw, thanks, awfully, me deah fellah, that's weally vewy elevah, don't ye know."

Upon their arrival at Poughkeepsie, the two travelers put up at the best hotel the place afforded, and then Clarence collared his sample cases and started out on a tour of the city.

He had been given the addresses of several merchants who would be likely to make good customers, and whom the firm were anxious to secure, and he proceeded to tackle the biggest one to begin with.

Entering the large establishment of Messrs. Lick & Splitt, Clarence presented his card at the desk, and said:

"Cahn't I sell you something, sah? All ouah styles aw new this season."

"Don't want anything," said Lick.

"Aw, me deah sah, you won't say that when I show you what's new," and Clarence proceeded to open his cases.

"Heah's some new styles in gents' hosiewy, me deah sah, that littewally take the cake."

There were stripes and plaids and checks and dots in all colors and shades, and the display looked like several barbers' poles struck by lightning.

"Too loud," said Splitt.

"Not at all, me deah sah. Look at this stwipe, a vewy populah sock in New Yawk, I assaw you."

"Indeed?"

"Why, yas, I weah them myself," and Clarence pulled up his right trouser leg to the knee so as to exhibit his giddy socks.

"Theah, isn't that neat, me deah sah? Just the thing faw summah, don't ye know. Gaws all mashed on a fellah with those socks on—show well with low gaitahs, ye know."

"No, they're too loud."

"Weally, me deah sah, evewything is pwoounced now, ye know, faw that's English. The Pwince of Wales weahs these vewy patahns, he does weally."

"H'm, we don't copy after English swells," sniffed Lick.

"But, me deah boy, the govahnah and all his stahff weah the same things. We sent thwee gwoss of 'em to Albany lahst week, and I expect to take anothah big awdah when I weach theah."

"Well, you can send us a couple of dozen."

"Don't you want some scawfs? Heah aw the latest things out. The wed ones with the gold buttahflies embwoideahed on 'em aw vewy tawt, don't ye know. I weah one meself, deah boy," and Clarence opened his vest, the better to show the beauties of that gay and festive scarf.

"If you keep on," laughed Splitt, "you'll be undressed before you get through."

"It's all faw the good of twade, deah sah," answered Clarence quickly. "Theah's a paiah of bwaces, now, that would hang a fellah, they would weally."

"So?"

"Yas, they are as stwong as iwon. If you want some extwah fine shawts just sawvey mine, me deah sah. We give a witten guawantee with evewy shawt."

"And a chromo besides?" laughed Lick.

"No, sah, the customah is chwomo enough when he weahs ouah goods."

"What terms will you give us?"

"Aw, we geneawally sell faw cash, don't ye know, but when a reliable house like yaws buys we make an exception. We'd like to give you the goods, we would, weally, but we'll say thwee months."

This little bit of taffy had its effect, for Clarence was not as big a fool as he looked, and knew how to handle men much better than some alleged wiser fellows.

Consequently, from first determining to have all sorts of fun at his expense, Messrs. Lick & Splitt became his customers, and to a considerable extent.

Clarence took the order, packed his cases and sauntered out, very much elated, to look for another customer.

Presently he beheld, not a customer, but a very pretty young lady, coming his way, and he put on his best smile.

Clarence was nothing if not attentive to the ladies, and he saw a chance for a mash as soon as it appeared.

"Aw, baw Jove, that must be one of those deah Vassah gawls you wead so much about. How d'ye do, me deah?"

Clarence tipped his hat and smiled, quite sure that he had made a conquest.

The young lady was smiling, and that seemed a good omen in his eyes.

He didn't know that she was laughing at him inwardly.

"What a goose!" she said to herself. "I wonder where his nurse is?"

"Vewy pleasant, this mawning?" said Clarence. "Aw you going faw?"

The young lady saw that she had got herself into a box by laughing, and wondered how she would get out of it.

She looked around, gave a joyful look of recognition, tripped lightly down the street a few rods and darted into a store.

"Aw, baw Jove, that's one of my customahs, hang me if it isn't. How fortunate. I'll see the deah gawl again, don't ye know."

Then Clarence sailed ahead like a victorious pirate in the olden days, and bounded into the store a few moments after the young lady.

Now, the keeper of that establishment was a relative of hers, and she was just telling him of her adventure.

"Oh, dear, Uncle John, just think, a man, a real man, spoke to me on the street just now and said good-morning, and I don't know him at all, and isn't it awful?"

"H'm! man spoke to you, did he?" growled Uncle John.

"Yes, and I never felt so scared in all my life, and I think it's just too mean that a girl can't go along without being spoken to by every— Oh, dear, here he is now!"

In walked Clarence, all smiles and bows, tipping his hat right and left, but particularly to the young lady.

"Good-mawning," began Clarence. "I wepwe sent the fawn—"

"Get out of here, skip, bounce!" cried Uncle John, in a rage.

"Me deah sah, allow me to show you a few samples of—"

"No, you mashing dude. Get out of here or I'll fire you out."

"But, me deah sah, I cawy the finest line of gents' fawnishing—"

"Bounce! Insult my niece, will you?"

Then that mistaken and very irate merchant grabbed Clarence by the collar, whirled him around and gave him a kick.

It wasn't any of your little kicks for a cent, but the full grown article.

It lighted on the bosom of the dude's giddy trousers and sent him flying out of that door in a jiffy.

"Oh, Uncle John, what made you do that?" screamed young Miss Innocence. "He didn't insult me at all. Why, I thought it was real funny to be spoken to by a real man, only I was scared, you know."

"H'm! guess I must have made a mistake," grunted Uncle John. "What made you tell me he insulted you for, you little fool?"

Clarence thought also that somebody had made a mistake.

"Baw Jove, don't ye know," he muttered, as he picked himself up, "if this sawt of thing keeps on, I shall have to weah a wubbah bustle to countawact the fawce of a man's boot; but maybe the webound will be just as bad, don't ye know."

"Deuce take it, that was a drummer," muttered the merchant; "and if he tells the boys how I treated him they'll be working off all sorts of gags on me."

"I think it was real mean of you to kick him and not nice of you at all to call me a fool," said

Sweet Simplicity, with a pout. "He was the best-looking fellow I've seen in a long time. He had a lovely mustache."

The merchant ran to the door, and as Clarence started off called to him:

"Hallo! come in here. I want to see what you've got."

"No, you don't, me deah fellah," said Clarence, with a wink. "If you don't want to buy, that's all wight, but you don't catch me twice in the same twap."

"No, no, I don't want to. I want to apologize for my mistake. What firm do you travel for?"

"Faw Lisle & Woolley, dwy goods."

"Oh, indeed! Come right in."

"Pawhaps I can strike it wich aftah all," muttered Clarence. "Baw Jove, I'll get squaw on him faw kicking me, don't ye know."

The merchant was anxious to make amends for his mistake, and Clarence was anxious to get even, and consequently, before he well knew what he was about, he had given orders for a couple of hundred dollars' worth of stuff, and Clarence had the order tucked away in his pocket-book.

"Baw Jove, don't ye know, I wouldn't mind being kicked out eweveywhere I went, if I could get awdahs like that aftahwawds," mused Clarence; "only if I did, I'd have my twousers lined with boilah iwon, ye know."

This transaction and another which Clarence concluded shortly afterwards brought the time up to the dinner hour.

Clarence returned to the hotel, where, after making a few changes in his toilet, he found Hardy seated in the reading-room.

"Ah, Fitz Roy, old chap, how are you?" said the drummer, pleasantly. "What luck have you had?"

"Fawst rate, deah boy. I've made thwee sales, and pwetty good ones, too."

"Why, that's better than I have done, and I got the bounce from one place."

"Aw, so did I, deah boy, but I got theah all the same, and stuck the fellah faw a big bill aftah all."

"Good enough," laughed Hardy. "Come, tell us all about it."

"Excuse me," said Clarence, "but theah aw sawtai expewiences in a man's caweah ovah which he pwefaws to dwaw a veil, don't ye know."

"Oh, I see," said Hardy, with another laugh. "Well, well, I will not insist upon your giving your experiences, and as long as you got hunk with the fellow, why, you're all right after all."

"Aw, yas, I think we may say that the balance is in my favaw, me deah fellah."

The two friends, as they might now be considered, presently went into dinner, where Clarence caused considerable amusement by his eccentricities.

The best of it was that he did not seem to be aware of the fun he afforded, but imagined that all hands thought him a deucedly clever fellow, and was very much elated in consequence.

He dispatched his orders by the first mail, and then went out again to see what he could do in the afternoon, being anxious to make his first day a red-letter one, even if he did nothing on the morrow.

Some of the merchants he visited were inclined to make fun of him and order all sorts of ridiculous things, such as bustles and hoopskirts, corsets and other articles of feminine apparel for which they had no sale, but Clarence took the orders down, and was shrewd enough to get the signatures of the would-be jokers, so as to have the thing in black and white.

"We don't deal in such things, you know," he mused, "but I wekcon the fawn would fill the owdahs thwough othaw houses, if these fellahs wanted a load of bwicks."

The jokers thought it was fine fun, but when the things they had ordered turned up in a day or so, and they had a nice little bill to pay, they concluded that the joke was on the other side of the fence, particularly as their signatures stared them in the face, and there was no going back of the record.

Clarence met with a good many rebuffs, however, and was nearly fired out of several places, but, on the whole, his day had been a good one, and when he turned up at the hotel, late in the afternoon, he was as tired as a hod-carrier, and as happy as a child with a new toy.

Hardy met him in the dining-room, looking as gay as a lark, and learning of his success, complimented him upon it.

"Where do you go next, Fitz?" he asked.

"I think I shall go acwoss the vivah to Kings-ton, and go up on the West Shoah a bit."

"Indeed! Why, that's just the route I was going to take."

He hadn't thought of it at all, but having made up his mind to have some fun at Clarence's ex-

pense, he did not mind changing his route in order to carry out his little schemes.

During the evening, while Clarence was in the reading-room enjoying a quiet smoke, one of the bell-boys came to him.

"Mr. Jones?" he asked.

"Yas, deah boy, that is my name."

"There's a gent at the telephone wants to see you."

"Aw, indeed! Where is the telephone station-ed, me boy?"

"In the wine-room, sir."

"Aw, yas. I'll be theah diwectly."

Then Clarence hied him to the bar and went up to the telephone, which just then began to ring.

"Hallo!" cried Clarence, in the box, holding the transnmitter to his ear.

"Hallo yourself."

"Do you want to see me?"

"Who are you?"

"Fitz Woy Jones."

"How are you, Jonesy, old pard?"

"Pwetty well, thanks. Who aw you?"

"Lisle, of New York."

"Aw, indeed! Wheah aw you?"

"New York, of course. Where do you suppose?"

"Gweat Scott! Can you talk as faw as New Yawk by telephone?"

"Why not? You can talk with San Francisco if you like."

"Weally now?"

"Yes, really."

The voice was loud enough to be heard by every one in the room, and they gathered around to listen to the conversation.

"What do you want?" asked Clarence.

"A beer, please," said the voice.

"Baw Jove, ye cawn't send beer by telephone, ye know," laughed Clarence.

"Oh, yes, you can."

"No, me deah fellah, ye cawn't, it would get spilled on the woute, an' some othah fellah would dwink it, don't ye know."

"I'll chance that. You order beer for the crowd and I guess we'll get it."

"Beah for the cwowd!" cried Clarence in a loud tone, very much surprised.

"All right, sir, directly, sir," said the mixer of drinks.

"You're a good fellow, Jonesy, old man," cried a young fellow whom Clarence had met at the table. "It isn't often we strike an angel like you."

Clarence turned around, very much puzzled.

The compounder of drinks was setting out glass after glass of the foaming liquid upon the long counter.

"That's enough, I guess," he said, with a grin.

"One dollar, please, Mr. Jones."

"What faw?" asked Clarence, quite taken aback.

"Beer for the crowd, that you ordered just now. Twenty beers make one dollar. Oh, I'm good at arithmetic, you bet."

"But I nevah ordahed it, me deah fellah."

"Oh, yes, you did. Didn't he, gents?"

"Certainly. You said 'beer for the crowd' very audibly," answered the young fellow whom Clarence had met before.

"But, me deah boy, I don't—"

"Hallo, who's doing the act?" cried Hardy, coming in at that moment.

"Mr. Jones."

"Ah, you'll count me in, of course, Fitzy, old man."

"Shall I make it another?" said the man at the tap.

"I'm a friend of yours, I [suppose?]" asked Hardy.

"Yas, deah boy, of cawse."

"All right," said the barkeeper, drawing another glass.

"Hold on, I didn't tell you to draw that," cried Clarence.

"Yes, you did. I asked you and you said yes."

"Yes, I know, but I meant—"

"Hallo, hallo!" came from the telephone in a loud voice.

"Well, what is it?"

"Better settle up at once, old man, for there's a crowd of college boys coming down the street, and they say they're all friends of yours."

"Hold on," cried Clarence, as the door opened. "That's all, don't draw any moah."

"All right."

"Here's regards, Jones," cried the crowd with one voice, picking up their glasses and getting away with the contents.

"Hallo!" cried the telephone.

"Oh, you keep quiet," cried Clarence. "If you aw in New Yawk, you'd bettah go down to the vivah and dwown yawsself."

"But I say, come closer, I want to say something particular."

Clarence rashly stepped up closer to the instrument.

Rash youth that he was, he did not yet drop to the joke.

"Well?" he bellowed.

"How do you like the racket?" and at the same moment a bar fell from the wall and took Clarence on top of the dicer.

"Gweat hevvins! I am pawalyzed!" he muttered, as he fell back and tried to get out of his hat.

When he did so he saw a small door at the side of the telephone fly open, and out popped one of his customers of that day.

"Hallo! wheah did you come fwom?" asked Clarence.

"I came by telephone," laughed the other. "I say, John, you didn't forget me on that beer racket?"

"No, sir; here it is. Here's yours, too, Mr. Jones."

"Baw Jove! I believe you waw talking thwough the instrument aftah all."

"Good guess, Jonesy. That's the way we have of initiating all new-comers at this house."

"'Pon me wawd, I weally believe I've been sold," muttered Clarence, and then he paid his bill and departed, sadder, if not wiser, than when he came in.

Shortly after this Clarence sought his virtuous couch, pretty well satisfied with his day's work, and passing over the gags that had been played on him.

Now, going to bed was an event of considerable importance to our dude friend.

In the first place, he folded up and laid carefully by every article of apparel worn during the day, even to his gorgeous socks.

No old maid could be more precise in this respect than our friend Clarence.

After this he had his "bawth," and then he was ready for sleep.

Some men sleep in little or nothing, or anything, as the fancy may strike them, but not so Clarence.

He had an assortment of the dandiest night-shirts ever seen outside of an assortment of baby linen or a bride's trousseau.

They were all pleated, tucked, gored, laced, ribboned and otherwise adorned, and were almost good enough to wear at a ball.

The particular one which Clarence wore this night was a fantasy in muslin, lace and ribbons.

The front of it was shirred, and puffed, and pleated, and scrambled, and fricasseed, and embroidered, adorned with knots of ribbons, bits of lace, fancy insertions and other fal-lals, up to the very handle.

The back was pleated to match, and at first glance you couldn't tell which way Clarence was going, or whether he had his head on the right way or not.

Knots of ribbon on the shoulders—sky-blue ribbons at that, to match his fair complexion—bows on the sleeves, a blue cord and tassels around his waist, and bows at the cuffs completed this gorgeous affair.

As if this was not enough, Clarence wore a white nightcap, all bows and knots, with a long blue tassel, so that altogether he resembled a compromise between the old-fashioned ghost and a fellow in a toboggan suit.

Having arrayed himself thusly and as described, Clarence turned down the gas till just one tiny star of light remained, and went to bed.

Surely, after all this preparation, it was no more than right that he should sleep.

However, the best laid plans of mice and dudes sometimes fail to make connection.

In fact, it is the unexpected that oftenest happens, and this was a case in point.

Whether a tramp had gone to sleep in the parlor and let his lighted cigar fall on the hearth-rug, whether there was a patent non-adjustable flue that worked both ways, or whether the owners had a big insurance on the place, we cannot tell.

At any rate, just at the time when all hands, including the vigilant night watchman, were doing their level proudest at the sleep act, there arose the awful cry of FIRE!

You can yell at a man in thunder tones, telling him it's time to get up, and, sleeps he ever so lightly, he won't even grunt.

You can even tell him that his hash is ready, that he is sure to miss his train, or that a man is waiting to pay him a hundred dollars, and he won't wake up if he isn't so disposed.

But merely whisper the word fire in his auricular apparatus, and, if he is discounting the seven sleepers even, in his dormant exercises, he will be as wide awake as a weasel in half a shake.

"Fire!"

The cry had only to be yelled along that hallway once and Clarence heard it.

He was out of bed in a moment, and up went the gas.

"Faw mawcy sakes, I weally believe theah is a fiah."

"Fire!" came the cry again.

Clarence made a dash for his giddy polka dot socks, and put them on.

"Fire!" was the word that came rolling along the hall.

Then the smoke came in at the fan-light, and Clarence began to sneeze.

"Heavin pwotect me, I shall be bawned alive."

"Fire!" once more yelled somebody with good lungs.

Something must be saved from the ruins, and so Clarence grabbed up the water pitcher, a gayly decorated affair, and made for the door.

It was soon unlocked, and Clarence dashed along the hall in his flowing robes and spotted socks, hugging that water pitcher as though it were the most precious thing on earth.

Smoke was rolling along the corridors, the rattle of the fire engines could be heard outside, and from below came the voices of the firemen.

People were rushing out of their rooms all along the line and making the best of their way down-stairs.

Clarence wasn't going to be left, and he joined the procession, passing several stragglers, and bidding fair to come out pretty nearly ahead.

On the floor below he found a bird-cage and bird which some frightened guest had dropped, and he at once annexed the warbler and his gilded prison.

Smoke, yells, rattling engines, loud voices of firemen, shrill shrieks of chamber-maids, all united to make the scene more appalling.

Clarence bowled along the hall at a good pace, reached the grand staircase leading to the main floor, and flew down it like a bird.

The procession that met the eyes of the firemen, busy at work on the main floor, was a startling one.

Just in front of Clarence was a man, terrified beyond all reason, hoofing it a regular six-day-walking-match speed, wearing his wife's bonnet on his head, and doing his best to keep his trousers from falling about his ankles.

Then came Clarence, and the sight of him would alone have been worth the price of admission.

No wonder the fire laddies grinned, despite the serious aspect of the situation.

The nobby clerk forgot to smooth out his bangs and made one bound over the counter to secure the books.

The hall boys never waited to hear the cry of "front," but dashed there immediately—that is, to the front door—and dusted.

"What under heavens is this?" cried one of the firemen as Clarence appeared.

"Is it alive?"

"Turn the hose on it and see."

"Does it wear pants or a hoopskirt?"

"It has a mustache, so it must be a man."

"Then it's got on its wife's night-dress by mistake."

"Maybe it's the bearded woman escaped from the show."

Clarence never heeded these flippant remarks, but holding securely the pitcher and bird-cage, finished the descent of the stairs, and dashed over the marble pavement regardless of his pet socks.

"Faw hevvins sake, put out the flah befaaw we aw all bawned up," he cried.

"It talks!" cried one.

"It's really alive."

"Wonder where it keeps its brains?"

"Cleah the twack, you howid fellah," cried Clarence, pushing a big fireman aside.

The man lifted one of his fists, took Clarence in the pit of his stomach and doubled him up as quick as winking.

Down went that dude, and sat plump on the hose stretched along the floor.

The hose never had been built for that sort of business, and was already more fit for the retired list than for use at a first-class fire.

The result was that it immediately went on strike and bursted.

A stream of water gushed forth and Clarence had a daisy shower bath.

"Gweat hevvins!" he cried. "I have escaped death by flah only to meet it by watah. Tawn it off, somebody, aw I shall be dwowned, I weally shall, 'pon me wawd."

PART II.

Poor Clarence, having escaped from the fire, was getting more water than seemed good for him.

He dropped the pitcher he carried right in his lap, and so added to the deluge he was getting.

"Oh, I say, take me out of this," he cried, struggling to his feet.

He had no sooner gotten up when one of the firemen

switched off suddenly and turned the snout of his hose directly upon him.

There was a spattering sound like hail-stones on a glass roof and then a fall.

Down went Clarence on the marble floor, sliding on his back a dozen feet.

"Oh, deah, I shall be killed, I know I shall!" he howled.

However, just about this time the fire was discovered to be out, and the water was turned off.

All danger was passed, and the procession wended its way back to the upper floors.

Clarence had abandoned his bird cage and pitcher, had lost his giddy night-cap and was soaked from head to beels, but that did not matter so long as he was not burned up.

Now, although Clarence had been perfectly able to find his room when he had first gone up-stairs, he was at the present moment very much confused regarding it.

"Let me see, is it sixty-seven or seventy-six?" he asked himself. "'Pon me wawd I fawget which it is. Wondah if I hadn't bettah toss a coppah to decide it."

That was a bright idea, and Clarence began to feel for his trousers pocket so as to find a cent.

"Why, bless me hawt, I haven't on my twousahs, and of cawse I can't find a coppah in my slumbah wobe. I don't cawy money in that, don't ye know."

The only course left was to give a guess as to the number of his room and trust to luck.

"I weckon it's sixty-seven aftah all," he said; "in fact, I'm quite shaw it is."

Then he hurried along the hall, found room sixty-seven and bolted in at once.

"Ah-ah-ah-eel! get out!" shrieked a very high soprano voice.

One glance sufficed to show Clarence that he had made a very decided error.

A woman in a red flannel skirt and a yellow flannel jacket stood in front of a big glass doing up her hair.

She had one wad of it in her mouth while she was skewering another wad on top of her head with a big pin, but for all that she managed to let out a pretty good-sized scream.

"I beg yaw pahdon, ma'am. I thought this was my woom," stammered Clarence.

"Oh-ah-eel, get out! Oh, you horrid thing! Oh-ah-eel, I don't care what you think. Oh, you brute! Oh, I shall faint away! Oh-eel get out!" yelled the woman all in a breath, and with her hair still in her mouth.

"Sawtainly, ma'am, with gweat pleashaw, I assshaw you," said Clarence sweetly. "I weally beg pahdon faw making such a mistake."

Then he opened the door and beat a retreat, but not soon enough to avoid meeting somebody who had a right in that room.

It was the lady's husband, the man who had appeared with a bonnet on his head in the lower hall.

The lady herself had been informed that there was a fire, but had stopped to make her toilet before descending.

Go down-stairs without her hair done up and her best fixings on?

Not she!

If there had been twenty fires she knew her duty to society better than that.

No, sir, she wouldn't see herself going down in deshabille, no matter what happened.

Consequently she had remained, and now that the danger was over, her lord and husband was coming back.

He caught sight of Clarence coming out of his wife's room, and was roused to fury in an instant.

"Ha, ha! ho, ho! base villain, I have caught you, have I?" he howled, grabbing hold of the belt of Clarence's night-gown.

"It's all a mistake, me deah sah," said Clarence.

"Yes, you'll find it was a decided mistake when I grind you to powder!" hissed the jealous little man.

"I will teach you to invade the privacy—"

That threat of being ground to powder was too much for Clarence, and he dusted in short order, leaving his belt in the jealous man's grasp.

"Ahal! I have the evidence of your guilt here," gasped the man, flourishing the belt. "This will annihilate you when I produce it in court. Damages, sir, heavy damages will you have to pay. If I cannot have your heart's blood, I will have damages!"

"Is that you, Thomas Edward?" asked a voice from the half-open door.

"Yes, my dear," said the seeker after gore, very mildly.

"Come in here and don't make a fool of yourself."

"How does it happen that I find a strange man in your room?" demanded that modern Othello.

"Because he was as big an idiot as you are and made a mistake."

"But you screamed, my dear," said he, very mildly.

"And who wouldn't?" she snapped. "He saw me in my wrapper and with my hair down. That's enough to make any woman scream."

"Oh," he said, in mild astonishment. "Well, my dear, the fire is out."

"Oh, it is, eh? and after I've had all this fuss? I don't see why they couldn't have let it burn. I would have been ready to be rescued in half an hour."

"Yes, and a fine sight you would have been, too, all burned to a crisp."

"Thomas Edward Smith, if I were as green as you I wouldn't burn in six months," snapped Mrs. T. E. Smith, spitefully. "I suppose you wouldn't care if I did burn, you brute! Here, what are you doing with my bonnet?" and she snatched it off his head in a jiffy.

"Oh, is that your bonnet?" he asked, in the most innocent manner.

"Yes, you ninny, and if you've ruined it you'

THE TRAVELING DUDE.

have to buy me another, so there; and it cost seven teen dollars, too."

That settled Thomas Edward, for his wife was a walking price list, and he knew that if she once got started she would tell the cost of everything she had, from her pink stockings to her night-cap.

In the meantime, Clarence, having found that sixty-seven was wrong, had come to the conclusion that seventy-six must be right.

So he hied himself thither and opened the door, glad to be back again.

But his troubles were not over by a decided majority.

The minute he opened the door an alarm went off, and a big man jumped out of bed and grabbed a pistol.

"Get out of here, you half-fledged bantam chicken, or I'll make a fricassee of you!" he bellowed.

"Me deah sah, this is my woom," said Clarence, apologetically.

"You lie, you yellow-headed candidate for a lunatic asylum!" roared the big man, taking aim with the pistol.

"Aw, I beg pahdon, me deah sah, but is this numbah seventy-six?"

"No, you frog-legged, pie-eating graduate of a hash-house, it is not! It is one seventy-six, you adde-brained, six-for-a-quarter dude!"

"Oh!" said Clarence, "I thought it was seventy-six, 'pon me wawd I did."

"You thought, eh," laughed the man, hilariously. "You didn't think, you don't know how to think, you ain't made for thinking, you shad-bellied brother of a fire-escape, you monkey-wrench in the guise of a human being, you won-in-a-raffle monstrosity."

What other epithets he might have applied to poor Clarence will never be known, as just then his pistol went off.

The ball lodged in the ceiling six feet above the dude's head, but that was enough.

The next time the man might aim at the ceiling and hit him, and Clarence was taking no chances.

He danced out of that room and banged the door behind him in short order, having had all he wanted of the man with the hair trigger pistol and the astonishing vocabulary.

Finally he succeeded in finding his room, which was on the floor above, owing to a most remarkable system of numbering in vogue in the establishment which put the low numbers on the sky parlor floor and the high ones in the cellar.

Once within the precincts of his own apartments, Clarence was happy and composed himself to sleep, after changing his wet garments and taking a quiet smoke, with all the ease of an infant.

The next morning Clarence and Hardy crossed the river and took a train on the West Shore road as far as Kingston, where Clarence expected to sell a large bill of goods.

Clarence was just the right sort of a butterfly for Hardy to work upon, that hardware drummer being a joker in his way, and decided up to snuff.

He had heard that the big man with the shooter and the extensive assortment of double-barreled expletives was going on the same train with them.

To bring the big fellow and Clarence together and have fun with both of them was the chief aim of his ambition at that moment, and he meant to compass it.

His quick eye had taken in certain peculiarities of the big man, and these he meant to work upon.

Consequently he procured two stout, but well-nigh invisible fish-hooks, and half a yard of strong silk fishing line, at either end of which he connected his hooks.

The use and meaning of this little bit of tackle will develop as our tale unfolds.

When he and Clarence entered the car they meant to travel in he saw the big fellow comfortab'y seated reading a paper, his hat on the rack above him, and his feet on the seat in front, for he had appropriated a whole section.

"This way, Jones," said Hardy, leading the way to the section immediately behind the big fellow.

"You don't mind riding backwards, do you?" said Hardy, glibly, as he sat down facing the engine.

"Not at all, deah boy—not at all. It makes some fellahs sick, don't ye know, but I'm not that sawt."

"I am, then," laughed Hardy, "for it makes me deathly sick. I wish it didn't, but I can't help it."

"Makes no diffewance to me how I wide so long as I am on me feet, don't ye know," chuckled the dude. "I fahncy no fellah would like to wide on his head, though, unless he belonged to a sawcus, aw was a fawst-class acwobat; but I don't belong to a sawcus myself."

"I'll give you a dandy circus before long, old man," thought Hardy to himself.

Clarence was comfortably seated, and the train was just moving out of the station when Hardy got up.

"Excuse me, I want to hang up my hat," he said, leaning over Clarence.

Then, with the utmost dexterity possible, and with the agility of an artist, Hardy fastened his two hooks, one on Clarence's coat-collar and the other in the big fellow's auburn locks.

Strange to say, the big man didn't seem to mind having a fish-hook stuck into his head for a brass cent.

That was one of his peculiarities, and one that Hardy had noticed.

Having performed this little maneuver with the hooks, Hardy sat down and took out a paper.

He read away very intently for about ten minutes, and then said suddenly:

"I say, Fitz, old man, just look at this."

Clarence was delighted to be called Fitz or Roy, and he would answer twice as quick as he would if addressed as plain, unwashed, everyday Jones.

"What is it, deah boy?" asked Clarence, suddenly bending forward.

The silk cord grew taut and then tight, and then off came the ambrosial locks of the man in front.

He wore a wig, and that was the peculiarity Hardy had collared onto.

Those dizzy auburn curls were a delusion and a snare, and went off and on as easy as a clown on the back of a circus mule.

Clarence did not know what had happened when the wig followed him, but the big man did.

One moment he had the locks of Hyperion, and the next he was as bald as an egg or as if he had been scalped.

Everybody in the car saw the wonderful transformation, and they gave full play to their emotions at once.

They tittered, they giggled, and they guffawed, according to their lung capacity and their appreciation of a good joke.

They stamped their feet, slapped their knees, and clapped their hands to show their excitement.

The big fellow knew at once, by the change in temperature, that something had happened to the thatching of his upper story.

He clapped his hands to his head and felt, not his curly locks, but a smooth, well varnished sphere.

"Here, you wall-eyed, tooth-pick toed caricature of suffering humanity, what in the name of the Apollo Belvedere are you doing with my wig?"

He had turned about and saw his store hair dangling from Clarence's shoulders.

"What did you say?" asked Clarence, turning around. "Aw you addwessing yaw wemawks to me, saw?"

When Clarence turned the wig flew around and was now hanging over the car seat arm.

"Yes, you feather-brained, elephant-eared, leather-craniumed, tame gorilla, I am talking straight at you, and I want to know how you dare interfere with my wig."

"Oh, baw Jove, the fellah has lost all his haiah," giggled Clarence. "Put sugar on your head and you can pass for a pill, don't ye know."

Then all hands in the car laughed, and Clarence turned around to see what it was Hardy had to show him.

The big fellow was mad, and he made a grab at the wig and pulled it toward him.

The strain came on Clarence's coat collar and yanked him over backward.

"Let go of that, you second hand misfit out of a cheap collection of worn-out curiosities," the wig owner ejaculated.

Clarence turned again, and that yanked the wig out of the big fellow's hands.

"Here, you monkey-faced, single-eye-glass make-shift of a man, let go of that. I'm a holy terror when I'm stirred up, and I carry revolvers in every pocket."

Then he secured the wig again, and this time he saw where the trouble was.

Drawing out the fish-hook, clapping on his head-covering wrong side about in his hurry and bestowing a withering glance on Clarence, he blurted out:

"See here, you knock-kneed, cross-eyed importation from a played-out monarchy, if you go to playing any pranks on me I'll chew your calf ears off and stuff them down your idiotic throat, you English muton head."

Now Clarence had no particular objection to being called or thought English, but he had a decided aversion to being addressed as a mutton head.

"Yaw no gentleman, sah," he sputtered, getting his monkey away up. "I nevah intawfeahed with yaw wig, you bald-headed old duffaw."

"Good boy, Fitzy," whispered Hardy. "Don't be afraid of him. You can paralyze him without half trying."

"Don't try to lie to me, you brainless idiot, don't fool with me, either, you thin-witted tailor's lay figure, you gyrating marionette and jumping Jack of a noodle!" howled the big fellow.

Now Clarence had an idea that there was more noise than courage to the old fellow, and screwing up his own spunk, he snapped his fingers under the other's nose and said:

"Bah! yaw an old gas-bag, and I'd pull yaw nose faw two coppahs."

"Take care," thundered the other, feeling for his pistol.

"Tweak his proboscis," whispered Hardy. "Go ahead; I'll back you up if he says anything."

"Pooh! who caws faw yaw wevolvah?" snorted Clarence, contemptuously.

Then he took the old fellow's bottle nose between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a twist.

"Theah! that's what I think of you," he said, snapping his fingers, "and if you want any maw I'll leave you my addwess."

The big man sneezed and snorted, turned white and red by turns, and while the tears trickled down his cheek, for Clarence had handled that horn of his with no gentle touch, said:

"Sir, this insult can only be wiped out with blood, yes, blood, you pusillanimous, insignificant excrescence on the face of society, confound your pestiferous imitation of a brain. Blood alone will suffice. There's my card!"

He thrust a square bit of pasteboard, size three by six inches, under Clarence's nose, and the dude had no difficulty in reading it even without glasses.

"E. GALEN TUGGE, M. D.,
SPECIALIST AND PHRENOLOGIST."

That's what it said on the card which the big man fluttered under Clarence's nose.

"Oh, yaw a tug, aw you?" laughed Clarence.

"Well, saw, you haven't powah enough to tow Clarence Fitz Woy, so you'd bettah sit down."

"You shall hear from me again, you contemptible imitation of a man," muttered Tugge as he straightened his wig and sat down.

"Pshaw! there isn't going to be a fight after all," laughed one of the passengers. "I thought we would see some fun."

"The dude has more ballast in him than the bald head," said another.

"Yes, sir, you'll always find a predominance of muscle accompanied by a corresponding lack of brain," chuckled some one else, and then they all laughed.

Clarence did not mind the jokes, however, since he had sat on Dr. Tugge so neatly, and he now resumed his conversation with Hardy, who saw lots of fun ahead, provided he could only work it right.

When Kingston was reached Clarence and Hardy alighted, walked along the platform, gave their grips to a hackman and looked around for a moment.

"Hallo! old Tugboat has gotten off too," said Hardy to himself as he looked back. "I must arrange a duel between him and Clarence. It will be a first-rate racket."

All three went to the same hotel, but, although Clarence sat directly opposite Tugge in the omnibus, he regarded that individual with a stony stare, in which there was no sign of recognition.

After registering and sending his things to his room, Clarence started off to see if he could work up a good trade in town.

The first place he struck was kept by a couple of young sprouts who thought they knew all that was to be learned about business.

Clarence exhibited his dizzies samples, but the senior partner, and he was quite a junior, withal, said superciliously:

"Ah, I suppose you think this is a country town, and that any old stuff will go down here? Haven't you any newer styles than last year's to show me?"

"Why, me deah saw, theah's nothing newah than these, don't ye know. They aw hawdly intwoduced in New Yawk as yet."

"Oh, we don't pattern after New York," said the other. "Kingston-on-Hudson sets the style for New York, if anything. Haven't you anything English?"

"'Pon me wawd, I think you must have been buying of my swiend Hawdy," said Clarence, with a grin.

"Ah, indeed! What house does he represent?"

"He cawies he wawaiah, and I didn't know he had any samples, but I weally believe he must have faw-nished you with a cast iwon aw bwass cheek on one of his twips."

"You can't bluff me, Mr. Jones," said the young merchant, getting so red that if a bull had seen him there would have been a disturbance at once.

"Bluff, me deah boy," laughed Clarence. "Why, me deah fellah, the celebwated palisades on this wivah aw nothing compaiahed to yaw bluif, they awn't, weally."

"Well, I don't think I care to buy anything of you to-day. In fact, we don't patronize peddlers."

This was one on Clarence, and he determined to pay it back with interest.

"Aw, I suppose yaw fawm is new and hasn't much money," he said, "but I am instwucted to give cwedit when I see pwopah. We won't be too hawd on you, old chappie."

"Sir, our firm can pay cash for whatever it buys," retorted the other angrily.

"Aw, indeed? Then won't you please send the pwopietah heah? I never do business with clawks."

"I am senior partner here, I'd have you know," snapped the sprout, getting so red that it was a great wonder the fire alarm was not sounded.

"Aw, I beg pawdon; I thought you waw the boy who sweeps out," giggled Clarence.

That was too much for the embryo merchant, and he had to acknowledge that Clarence had the best of him.

Our traveling dude sold nothing there, but he visited other places, and by the middle of the afternoon had taken orders for several hundreds of dollars' worth of goods.

When he got back to the hotel he found that Tugge had posted up some bills announcing a lecture on phrenology that evening, and that a charge of twenty-five cents was asked.

"I weckon I won't go to heah Mistah Tugge lect-chaw on phrenology," said Clarence, "faw I don't believe he knows anything about it."

"Do you leave here in the morning?" asked Hardy.

"Yes, deah boy, I'm going to Catskill, don't ye know. Twade is vewy lively theah, I heah."

"Why, how strange!" said the drummer. "That is my next stop, too."

"Aw, then we will go togethaw."

"Yes."

The next morning Clarence overslept himself or was not called in time, and when he had eaten his breakfast he found he had barely time to catch his train.

His trunks had gone down, and so, grabbing his sample cases, he set off at a lively rate for the station.

As he stepped upon the platform the train was just moving off.

"Heah, wait a minute!" he cried, footing it after the rear car at a lively pace.

Hardy was watching for him from the last car and saw him coming just as the train began to move.

"Help that dude up

"Hi theah, stop the twain, I want to get on!" yelled Clarence, on the dead run.

"Foot it lively, cully, and we'll give you a lift," laughed the brakeman.

Clarence did foot it, tossed his valises on the platform, and made a jump for it.

As he did so the two brakemen grabbed him by the collar and yanked him off his feet.

"Saved!" cried one.

"Narrow escape," said the other, banging the dude's hat down over his eyes.

Clarence's feet were dangling a few inches from the ground, and he tried to get on the lowest step.

Those two jokers held on to him, however, and kept him just so far from the step, pretending all the time to be doing their best to haul him up.

Poor Clarence kicked and squirmed, and reached

tributed along the track in minute sections, it isn't so fine.

That's the way Clarence Fitz Roy felt about it as the train rapidly increased its speed.

The brakemen had a good grip on him, but somehow he couldn't seem to get on board.

His feet did not touch the track nor anything else, and that's where the rub came.

It also came on the knees of his custom built trousers as they now and then banged against the edge of the steps.

It wore the bark off them, that sort of treatment did, and likewise took the nap off of his gaudy under-wear.

In his struggles poor Clarence kicked off one of his low-necked shoes and it was left by the roadside, desolate and alone.

No one could have told him from a sweep at that moment.

Battered hat, torn coat, dismembered trousers, one shoe off and one shoe on, like my son John mentioned in history, ragged, dirty, and all broken up.

That was the way that Clarence looked as he stood at the back door of the posterior car on the rapidly moving train.

He felt as if he had had a fight with a threshing-machine, a set-to with a windmill, or an encounter with an untamed cyclone.

"Oh, deah, oh, deah! my clothes aw ruined!" moaned Clarence, and then two big tears cleaned a white path through the grime and dust on his cheeks.

"It's weally too bad; it's a downright shame," muttered Clarence. "I cahn't sell these things faw old wags now, and I only just got 'em to go off on this



He was a sight to behold. "Help, faw mawcy sakes, help," he cried, as he struggled to place his feet on the step. "I'm afraid we can't do it, Bill," yelled one of the brakemen. "Yes, we can, but we'd better drop him a minute till we spit on our hands."

sat with his hands for the railing, but somehow or other couldn't get a footing.

"Faw Heaven's sake, don't dwop me!" he gasped.

The two brakemen hauled and tugged and pulled, but still Clarence dangled a foot or so from the track.

His coat was torn up the back, his hat was smashed, dust and cinders had settled all over him, and he was a sight to behold.

"Help, faw mawcy sakes, help," he cried, as he struggled to place his feet on the step.

"I'm afraid we can't do it, Bill," yelled one of the brakemen.

"Yes, we can, but we'd better drop him a minute till we spit on our hands."

Even Clarence knew what the result of such a movement would be.

"Oh, Lawd! don't dwop me, faw hevvin's sake!" he gasped.

"Don't see how I can help it," yelled Bill. "We've got to get a better hold."

Poor Clarence felt as if he was already a mangled stiff being sat upon by a local coroner, and his collar wilted at the thought.

The strong clutch of those joking brakemen, stronger than necessary perhaps, had played sad havoc with Clarence's dandy wardrobe.

His coat looked like the map of Michigan, having great gaps running all down the middle of it.

His collar was a ruin, his gaudy scarf a dusty wisp, his hat an unrecognizable wreck, his trousers little better than rags, and his vest a collection of shreds and patches.

The brakemen were having lots of fun with him, but Clarence would have swapped his end of the joke for a funeral, the latter being far more exhilarating.

While the brakemen were enjoying themselves in a quiet way, the train was rapidly trying to beat the record and get ahead of itself.

Consequently, it was not long before it had got up to a rattling forty miles an hour gait and trying to do better.

The joke was now getting played out, and besides that, if Clarence's braces were to give way, a catastrophe would be the next thing on the bills.

The two brakemen winked at each other and then hauled Clarence up on the platform as easily as if he had been a baby.

Oh, they were dandies at lifting things when they chose to exert themselves.

The only trouble was that they had not chosen.

When they had Clarence safe or board, they fled to the interior of the car.

Poor Clarence was left alone on the hind end, a magnificent ruin.

Where now was the pride of the tailors, the envy of the dudes, the darling of the duckies, the pet of the mammas?

twip, and now they aw ruined, actually unfit faw weah."

Having contemplated the wreck of his wearing apparel in silent sadness for some moments, Clarence concluded he might as well go inside and sit down.

He tried the door, but found it fastened on the inside.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish after all that had gone before.

The brakemen had taken his sample cases inside and had locked the door.

Of course Clarence did not know that, but he did know that the door was locked.

What was he going to do about it?

He knocked, he pounded, and he kicked, but seemed to be unable to attract any one's attention.

The backs of all the passengers were turned toward him, and they were all intent on looking at the scenery or reading.

"Faw goodness' sake, I cawn't stay heah till we get to Catskill," moaned Clarence. "I must change my gawments, don't ye know."

Then he hammered on the glass, and it was a wonder that it didn't break.

Hardy turned around, as if he had just heard the sound, and seemed very much surprised at seeing Clarence.

He arose, walked to the door, and shouted:

"What in time are you doing out there, Fitzy, old man?"

"I want to come in, don't ye know."

"What have you been doing? Riding on one of the trucks?"

"No, sah; those howwid bwakemen twied to help me abowd, and they left me in this condition."

PART III.

TRAVELING by rail has its advantages, its pleasures and its conveniences.

It has also its discomforts, its perils and its annoyances.

When you are seated in a parlor-car, with every luxury at your hand, traveling is no slouch.

When you are dangling at the tail end of a passenger coach, not knowing at what minute you may be dis-

"Well, why don't you come in?"
 "Cahn't, deah boy. The doah is locked on youah side."
 "Oh!"
 "Cahn't you unlock it faw a fellah?"
 "There's no key here," yelled Hardy.
 "Cahn't you open it?"
 "No."
 "Oh, deah. What shall I do?"
 "What's that? You'll have to speak louder."
 "What am I going to do?" howled Clarence.
 "Wait till the train stops, I suppose."
 "Oh, deah!"
 "What?" asked that provoking drummer.
 "I said oh, deah!"
 "Oh!" said Hardy, in mock astonishment.

Clarence stepped down, hoping to get away without being seen.
 The argus eye of Dan the copper was upon him.
 "Here, you," he cried, grabbing hold of Clarence, "I want you."
 "Take yaw hand off my collah," said Clarence.
 "Oh, yes, I will, a fat lot, Mr. Tramp. The lock-up is the place for you."
 "But I am not a twamp."
 "That's too thin."
 So was Clarence's coat collar, and when Dan attempted to lug Clarence off it disconnected itself from the coat.
 "Yaw a saucy fellah," cried Clarence. "See how you've tawn my coat."
 "Come along then, and don't give me no more lip."
 "Wheah?" asked the dude.

welcomed him as eagerly as did the lost tribes the sight of the promised land.

"Get a cawigae and dwive to the neahwest hotel," gasped Clarence. "I cawn't be seen in these clothes, don't ye know."

Hardy had seen the knock-out Clarence had given the cop, and now he thought the picnic had gone far enough.

So he whisked Clarence away without more than a hundred people seeing him, and was driven straight to the best hotel in the place.

In the course of an hour, when Clarence had had his bath, changed his clothes and reappeared in the smoking-room, a thorough transformation had taken place.

"I feel bettah," he remarked, as he lighted a cigar.



"It's weally too bad; it's a downright shame," muttered Clarence. "I cahn't sell these things faw old wags now, and I only just got 'em to go off on this twip, and now they aw wuined, actually unfit faw weah."

He could have let Clarence in easily enough, but there would have been no fun in that.

Consequently he determined to let him stay where he was till they reached Catskill.

They were not far from there now; and in a few minutes they drew up at the station.

There were a great many people on the platform waiting for the train, looking for friends or lounging around.

As the train came out poor Clarence became the cynosure of all eyes.

"Oh, what a horrid-looking tramp!"

"Guess he's beating his way to Niagara Falls, so as to get a good wash."

"Looks dangerous enough to rob a whole town."

Moving around pompously in the crowd was one of the town constables.

He had the whole responsibility of the whole police force of a huge city resting upon his shoulders, or at least he thought he had.

He caught the word "tramp," and instantly became more important than ever.

"Where is the tramp?" he demanded. "I'll let 'im know that no tramps can pass through this town."

"There he is, on the last car."

"Look out, Dan, he carries a knife."

"Better get somebody to help you, Dan."

That copper was dreadfully insulted at the thought that he wasn't able to manage one tramp, armed or otherwise.

He swelled up like the frog in the fable, and said he guessed he was a match for any tramp he ever saw.

The train had now come to a full stop.

"To the lock-up."

"To pwison?"

"Yes."

"I shawn't."

"You won't?"

"No."

Policeman Dan was paralyzed with astonishment. A mere tramp presume to question his authority and refuse to be taken in!

It was simply preposterous!

Something must be done to teach this impudent fellow a lesson.

The copper grabbed his club, seized Clarence by the arm and tried coercion.

Biff!

The copper thought he had been struck by a comet. He saw twenty million stars all in a second.

Then he sat down so quick that it made his hair stand on end and off went his hat.

Clarence had put in one of his first-prize diamond badge, champion-of-the-world blows, and Dan had gone down under it.

The dude was patient and long suffering, but there was a limit to his endurance.

That limit was reached when a country cop tried to run him in as a tramp.

"Gosh! what a whack that was."

"Hooray for the tramp. He's a daisy."

"That chinny cop has met his match for once, and it's a good thing."

These were some of the many expressions of opinion by those present.

Dan himself had nothing to say, for he had been knocked out in one round, and he knew it.

Just then Clarence caught sight of Hardy, and he

and sat down by Hardy, "and I weckon I can capchaw a pwetty good twade in this town."

"Do you know that your friend Tugge has arrived?" asked Hardy.

"No, has he though?"

"Yes, and he looks as if he wanted blood."

"Cawn't he get it at the slaughtah house?"

"I guess he wants yours."

"But I want it myself, deah boy."

"Well, I am pretty sure he means fight, and if he challenges you I don't see how you can get out of it honorably."

"A duel!" gasped Clarence.

"That's what it spells."

"But ain't it against the law, deah boy?"

"Yes, but then it's English."

"Oh."

"Yes, and quite the fashion."

"Oh, well, that makes a diffewance."

"Then, if you are killed, I will see that you have a first-class funeral."

"Aw!"

"Certainly. I'll have ten carriages, acres of flowers, lots of black plumes, and a dozen hired mourners."

"Weally, me deah fellah," said Clarence, uneasily, "you take the mattah quite cool, don't ye know?"

"Oh, I'll make it worthy of you, old man. Your funeral will be no slouch, I can tell you."

"But I don't want a funewal," gasped the dude, the cold sweat starting out upon his classic forehead.

"But you must have it, your position in society demands that you have one."

"But I don't want to die, deah boy," cried Clarence

in an agony of fright. "I am quite satisfied to live, don't ye know."

"Yes, but suppose Tugge kills you."

"I'll run away fawst," muttered Clarence, determined.

"Oh, you can't do that," said Hardy, with mock gravity. "You must fight."

"Well, I ain't afraid to fight, deah boy, provided I have the choice of weapons, don't ye know."

"Certainly, as you will be the party challenged."

"Then I'll have hav' gloves, deah boy."

Hardy laughed outright.

"Who ever heard of a duel with boxing gloves?" he snorted.

"I don't see why they wouldn't do," protested Clarence.

"Oh, you're too amusing for anything," laughed Hardy again.

"But, me deah fellah—"

"Why, it's the height of ridiculous."

"I won't fight with anything else," muttered Clarence, doggedly.

"Oh, but you must."

"What shall I take, then?"

"Well, you might pepper away at each other with Gatting guns."

"Aw, me deah fellah!"

"Or chuck Orsini bombs at each other's heads till one or the other falls."

"Howwible!"

"Or mow each other down with scythes."

"Saw!" and Clarence's indignation was terrific.

"Or engage in an egg-eating match, keeping it up till one of you bursted."

"That's vewy disgusting."

"The most high-toned weapons, however, are swords or pistols."

"But somebody will be killed, deah boy, and it might be me as well as the other fellah."

"Yes, but honor will be vindicated."

"I don't caiah a coppah faw honah," blubbered Clarence. "I'll apologize befaw I win the chawnce of being made a capse of by that howid doctah."

"Oh, my dear boy, that will never do," said Hardy.

"You must fight."

"Then I'll take sawds, 'cause I know how to fence, don't ye know. I lawned how in the military awmowy in New Yawk."

"Just the cheese," said Hardy. "If you'll go and get them I'll fix it with Tugge."

Clarence went away, very much disgusted, while Hardy sought out Tugge, whom he knew was in the hotel.

He found him in the reading-room, all alone, and going up to him, said:

"Hallo, Tugge, old man! Do you want to see me?"

"What in the name of prehistoric man do I want to see you for, you chuckle-headed idiot?"

"Please spare your compliments," said Hardy, gravely. "The altercation in the cars yesterday, somebody's nose pulled, talk of satisfaction and blood. You remember?"

"Oh! I suppose you are the facetious companion of that under-fed cub of an effete civilization known as Jones?"

"Exactly. You were insulted by him, and I suppose you wish to fight? He is quite prepared, and has gone to procure suitable weapons."

The curl of Tugge's wig almost stood on end with fright.

He was a good deal of a blower, Tugge was, and he had picked Clarence up for a fool, thinking that bluster would carry the day.

"Oh, there's no necessity of fighting," he said, dropping his high-sounding words. "An apology will amply suffice."

"My friend will not accept an apology," said Hardy, fiercely.

"Why, he is the fellow to apologize, you rabbit-brained anomaly."

"He refuses to either apologize or accept an apology from you, and if you don't challenge him he will challenge you, for he desires only your heart's blood and he will have it."

"The hot-headed sanguinary young apology of a man. I'll have him arrested and put under bonds to keep the peace."

"And send your name down to posterity smothered in dishonor?" asked Hardy. "Sir, you are disgraced from this hour if you do, and your professional brethren will ostracise you henceforth and forever."

"But, my dear sir, I am a man of a peaceful disposition and don't want to fight."

"After all your bluster you've got to fight. If you don't, I'll wring your nose and kick you all around this house in the presence of all the guests."

The perspiration on Tugge's bald head threatened to inundate his wig and float it away, he was so scared.

He was nothing but a blusterer, and Hardy knew it, and meant to work a double racket out of this duel affair.

"Must the weapons be necessarily mortal?" Tugge asked, anxiously.

"Certainly."

"And I've got to challenge him?"

"Most decidedly."

"And he has the choice of weapons?"

"Yes."

"What will he take?"

"Swords."

"H'm! I would prefer pistols."

"You haven't the say. Then I may take him your challenge?"

"I suppose so," groaned Tugge, not liking the idea any better than Clarence did.

"Very good. I will arrange the details, and, if you like will be second for both of you."

"As you please," muttered Tugge, losing all his brag and bluster.

Hardy went off and indulged in a grand laugh, after which he sought out Clarence.

He found him at length, carrying a big black box under his arm.

"What have you there, Fitzy?" he asked.

"Pistols, deah boy. I couldn't get swords, don't ye know, and I took pistols instead."

"Well, you didn't get a whole arsenal of 'em, did you?"

"No, deah boy, only a paiah."

"What have you got that big box for, then? It isn't your coffin, is it?"

"Deah boy, I wish you wouldn't joke on such a sewious mattah."

"Well, then, what's in the box?"

"The pistols."

"What?"

"Yas, I ashaw you."

"Why, it's big enough to put in a couple of canons."

"Aw, they aw wathaw lawge, to be shaw, but I couldn't get any smallah ones faw a weasonable fig-gah, don't ye know."

Hardy wanted to laugh, but he restrained himself, and went up to his room, Clarence lugging the box.

It contained two immense horse pistols of very antiquated pattern, and as big as Flobert rifles.

"If a ball from one of those things ever hits Tugge," said Hardy, "it will plow a hole though him big enough to put your hand in."

"I mean to teach the sangwinawy wetch a lesson," said Clarence, quite bravely.

Hardy chuckled to himself and looked for lots of fun on the field of honor.

"These will do first rate," he said. "While you are making your will, I will load them."

"Oh, deah, I wish you would stop making such fwivolous weimarks," groaned Clarence.

"Why, it's quite necessary, old man."

"I don't want to make a will," blubbered Clarence. "I haven't anything to leave, except my clothes, and the tailah will collah them, I pwesume."

"Well, then, go out and take the air, and I will rejoin you presently."

When Hardy was left alone he carefully loaded the half-grown guns, filling them nearly to the muzzle, but religiously abstaining from putting in any balls or other dangerous missiles, and but little wadding.

Then he replaced the pistols in the box, tucked the box under his arm and went down-stairs.

Clarence was on the hotel steps, smoking a big cigar and trying to look unconcerned.

Tugge was in the reading-room trying to write and rolling a big quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"Come," said Hardy, going up to him, "we are all ready."

"Have you got the—the—the weapons in that—that box?" stammered Tugge.

"Yes."

"Swords?"

"No; pistols."

"Oh!"

Then he followed Hardy and both joined Clarence, neither of the intending principals to the bloody affair having a word to say to one another however.

Hardy led the way out of the town to a quiet place by the river.

Nobody would disturb them here, and they could have their quiet little picnic free from interruption.

"This is just the place," said Hardy, as he paused, "and then, when one of you dies we can throw him in the river with a stone around his leg, and nobody will know anything about it."

Both principals groaned.

The prospect was cheering, to say the least.

Somehow or other, though, neither Clarence nor Tugge seemed to enjoy that sort of thing.

Hardy put down the box, opened it and said:

"Now then, take your pick, gentlemen. There is no difference in the weapons, however."

"Are they l-loaded?" queried Tugge, nervously, as he picked up one of the pistols.

"Yes."

"Oh!" and he nearly dropped the weapon in his fright.

Clarence picked up the other, holding it muzzle down, as if he was afraid it might go off.

If it had, that dude's giddy shoes would have gotten a fine peppering.

"How many paces shall we say?" asked Hardy.

"Will five be too many?"

"Bettah say ten," said Clarence. "I can shoot bettah at long wange."

"Say twenty," gasped Tugge. "I don't want to murder the fellow."

"Yaw a fellah yawself," cried Clarence, indignantly, "and if you'll put on the gloves with me I'll pawlyze you."

"Come, come, we can't have any of this," said Hardy. "Now then, get to business. Are you satisfied with being shot at twenty paces away, Fitz Roy?"

"Yas," answered Clarence, with the same cheerful alacrity a man might display when asked if he was ready to be hanged.

Hardy then paced off the distance agreed upon, and put Clarence at one end of the line and Tugge at the other.

"Now, then," he said, "you must turn your backs to each other."

"And fiah ovah our shouldabs?" asked Clarence.

"I never could hit him that way," growled Tugge, assuming a bravery which he did not feel.

"And when I count 'one' you are to turn; when I count 'two,' raise your arms, and fire at the next count."

"Aw!" said Clarence.

"Oh!" muttered Tugge.

"Now, then, are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then face about."

Both contestants turned their backs on each other.

"One!"

They faced about, both trembling with fright.

"Two!"

Up went two gleaming weapons, Clarence and Tugge shaking like two fever and ague patients.

"Three!"

Both men shut their eyes, pulled the triggers and fired.

Two thundering reports rang out upon the calm summer air.

Then two bodies fell over upon the green sward and lay as still as bugs in a cheese.

"Hurrah!" cried Hardy. "Wounded honor has been vindicated. Now I guess I'll go through both corpses and see what I can find worth swiping."

PART IV.

The duel between Clarence and Tugge had apparently resulted disastrously to both participants.

Both lay stretched out upon the grass and showed no sign of life.

"Both dead," said Hardy, gleefully. "I guess I'll go through them and see if they have anything worth taking, and then I'll chuck the remains into the river."

These words had a most startling effect.

Both the supposed stiffs sat bolt upright in a moment.

Something had galvanized the upper parts of their anatomies most wonderfully.

"I shan't be wobbed, even if I am dead!" cried Clarence.

The parrot-souled monomaniac who presumes to appropriate any of the appurtenances of a deceased person deserves strangulation!" cried Tugge.

He meant the same as Clarence, but it took him longer to say it.

"What! aren't you dead?" asked Hardy, apparently very much surprised.

"No, I'm all right," said Clarence, looking around, "but the othah fellah is as dead as a hewing, don't ye know."

"Does that grinning satire on humanity dare to say he is alive?" cried Tugge. "I won't have anybody grin at me, I can tell him."

"No, Clarence, you must not grin, you know," said Hardy, with a laugh. "You know what the song says:

"You may not grin, you must not grin,
It's really quite a sin to grin."

"Aw, does that squinting twaveling doctah daiah to say that he isn't dead?" said the dude. "Well, he ought to be, don't ye know, because he squints."

"It's quite wrong of you to squint, Tugge, if you did but know it," chuckled Hardy.

collared his cases and went out to catch some trade. The first place he entered was kept by a cross-grained old duffer, who yelled out as soon as Clarence came in:

"I don't want anything, so you may as well get out."

"I didn't say you did want anything, me deah sah," said Clarence, affably. "Howevah, I am going to show you some of the latest styles, you know."

"No use; I won't buy anything."

"Don't want you to, me deah fellah. I quite insist on yaw not pawchasing anything, ye know. In fact, I intend to make you a pweesent."

"Don't want it," snarled the other. "Always pay for what I get, and I don't take presents from nobody."

"Aw, yas, don't ye know," continued Clarence,

course of half an hour he had sold him a dandy bill of goods.

"Weckon a fellah has got to be pweetty smawt to get wid of me when I want to sell him anything," remarked Clarence, as he went out, preparatory to hooking a fresh victim.

He succeeded in getting two more good customers, and took large orders from both, by which time it was the dinner hour at the hotel.

"Well, how did you make out?" asked Hardy, when the two drummers met.

"Fawst wate, deah boy. I would weally like to wope in all the dealahs in town, don't ye know, and I believe I could do it if I stayed a day aw two longah."

"Beware of the sin of covetousness, Fitz," laughed Hardy, "and remember the fable of nobody's pup."

"Vewy pweetty," said Clarence, when Hardy had finished his pathetic recitation; "but why the dooce didn't he go out the daw when the cook came in instead of twying the window? Any fool would know he couldn't do it astah eating a whole pot full of soup."

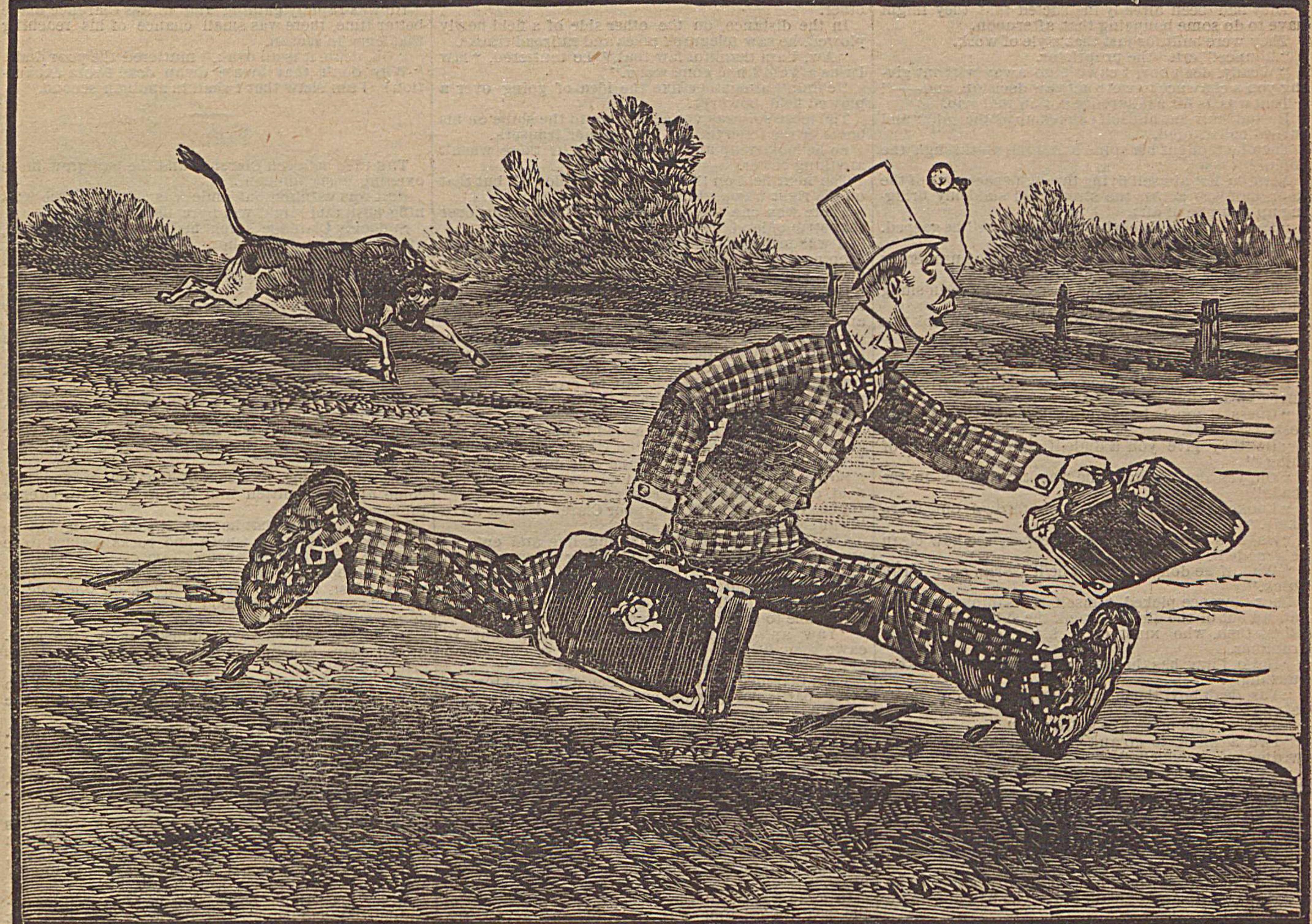
"There's the story, moral and all," laughed Hardy, "and I can't go back of the records to tell why he didn't do thus and so, when you have the facts all before you."

"Aw, well, me deah fellah, that sawt of thing may be vewy well saw childwen, don't ye know, but it don't covah my case."

"Oh, I think it does."

"No, sah; and I'm going to collah ewebody in town that sells my line of goods, deah boy."

"You may think you will, but you'll get left."



He was rapidly gaining and unless Clarence made better time, there was small chance of his reaching that fence in season. "Oh, deah, it is all ovah," muttered the poor dude. "Why don't that bwute dwop dead fwom exhaustion? I am shaw that I shall in anothah second."

spreading out his samples, "but when a fellah is pooah and twying to get along, we like to help him, don't ye know."

"Who said I was poor?" snapped the irate merchant.

"Why, it's all awound town, don't ye know. They all said I couldn't sell you anything, 'cause you hadn't any money, and so I determined to give you a lift, me deah sah."

"Give me a lift, eh?"

"Yas, give you the goods and let you sell 'em at yaw own pwice. We often do that with the desawving paw, don't ye know."

"Who told you I didn't have money enough to pay for goods?" muttered the mad merchant.

"Why, it's the genewal stowy on the street, me deah saw."

"It is, eh?" and the merchant's brow darkened. "Well, I'll show those duffers that I can outbuy and outsell the lot of them. What have you got in my line?"

"Eveything, me deah sah, and I can show you vawties that I didn't show any one else, faw I deawmined to let a paw man like you have the best in the mawket."

"Yes, and I can buy it, too; don't you forget to remember it, so trot out your best."

Clarence did trot out his best, and continued to work the surly merchant while he was in the right vein, knowing that when the fit was off he would buy nothing.

Clarence might be dull in some things, but he always had had brains for selling goods, being evidently born for just that sort of work.

He managed the old fellow so adroitly, that in the

"But I don't know the stowy of nobody's pup, deah boy."

"Don't you? Then I'll recite it to you. It goes thusly:

"Nobody's pup sat on a back stoop,
Hustling his fleas in an agonized way,
When he sniffed a whiff of savory soup,
Which a hash house cook had made that day.
The pup looked in at the little back winder,
And scented the soup as it steamed in the pot,
And then as he saw there was nothing to hinder,
Determined to scoop in the whole blooming lot.

"The winder was small, but the pup was thin,
For he hadn't had nothing for over a week,
So he leaped on the rail and jumped nimbly in,
And forthwith in the soup, did moisten his beak.
The cook had gone out; the soup was so handy,
And though pretty hot, he soon had it cold,
Guzzling and lapping it up like a dandy,
Then licking his chops, so saucy and bold.

"He swallowed the whole and licked out the pot,
When in walked the cook and saw how he'd
sinned, oh,
Then up jumped nobody's pup like a shot,
And straightway made a dash for the window.
The hole was too small and he stuck in it tight,
For the savory soup had fattened him up.

"And so while he struggled the cook came in might
And hammered the life out of nobody's pup.

"Now let this sad tale be a warning to all,
And ne'er let your bosoms with envy swell up;
Don't bite off too much, for pride has its fall,
So remember the fate of nobody's pup."

"Not at all, deah boy, not at all."

After this they went in to dinner, and Clarence thought no more of Hardy's warning.

That practical joker had Clarence in mind, however, and determined to put up a dandy job on him.

"It'll take some of the cheek out of him," he mused, "and every drummer has more of that than he needs."

Surmising what places Clarence would visit that afternoon, he went into the first one, being well known there, and said:

"Say, Jack, you want to look out for a fellow calling himself Jones and pretending to be a drummer. He's got the real Jones's papers, but he's a skin and is on the make."

"Oh, he's a snide, is he?"

"Yes, and you want to look out for him."

"Don't you be afraid, my boy, but what I'll do that," and the other wunk a wink.

Then Hardy melted away like a cake of ice on a hot sidewalk, knowing that he had planted good seed in rich ground, and that a daisy crop would come up at the proper time.

Not very long after that Clarence came in, presented his card and said, affably:

"Can I show you the newest things in yaw line,

sah, both domestic and imported?"

"No, sir, you can't," said the other, very decidedly, looking at the card, "so get out."

"Aw, I don't think you wealize what gweat baw-gains I can give you," said Clarence, nothing abashed.

"I don't want nothing to do with you, nohow, so get out," howled the dealer.

But Clarence wasn't going to be bluffed that way

making up his mind to sell the man something, whether or no.

"My deah sah, you weally don't know the chawnce yaw throwing away," he said, as he began to open his cases.

"Will you get out, or shall I fire you out?" asked the other.

"Aw, me deah fellah, when you see my samples, you will say that there nevah was such a chawnce to buy goods, I asshaw you."

"Then you won't get out?" yelled the other, in a howling rage.

"Me deah boy, I wouldn't depwive you of the chawnce of a life time faw the whole wawld, I weally wouldn't."

The shop-keeper gave the wink to two brawny porters who came sauntering along from the rear end of the store.

They had been already instructed that they might have to do some bounacing that afternoon.

They were built for just that style of work.

"Bounce!" cried the proprietor.

"Weally, deah boy, I cawn't go away without giving you a chawnce to wetwact yaw decision, and—"

That was as far as Clarence got on that trip.

He suddenly felt himself yanked up by the collar and turned half around.

Then he thought his spine had gone up through the top of his head.

Next, he felt himself flying through space, out of the deor, half way across the street, and suddenly bringing up in a pile of dirt.

"Faw Hevvin's sake what's the matter?" he gasped.

"Has thaw been an awthquake?"

Then he got up and looked around, as numerous small articles came flying toward him.

They were his samples, the cases having been slung out of the store directly after his own exit.

They fell all around him and made the road look like a dry goods store run riot.

Such a sudden outgoing as Clarence's could not fail to create a sensation.

Everybody came out to see what was the matter and offer explanations.

"Guess it must be raining knickknacks to day, Josh," said one.

"Do they give you a dude if you buy that sort of thing?"

"Oh, yes, don't you see he was thrown in—in the road?"

"Looks to me as if he'd been thrown out, more likely."

"Oh, he's the new street sweeper; see how clean he's made it."

"Wall, if he don't look out he'll be run over, putty quick."

Poor Clarence picked himself, his samples, and his hat, up out of the dirt and took the sidewalk.

Just then, who must come along but Hardy, the drummer.

"Hallo, Fitzy, has the weather changed?" he asked, quizzingly.

"Yas, deah boy, theah has heen a fweeze out, don't ye know?"

"Looks to me more like a fire out."

"I've a mind to go and pawalyze the duffaw that twweted me so wudely."

"So you didn't capture all the trade there was in the town?"

"No, deah boy, and I shawn't stay in such a one-hoss place any longah, and I shall nevah come heah any maw."

"Oh, you'd better have another try at it, I guess."

"No, sah, no maw faw me, if you please."

Then they separated, Hardy presently going in to see to his friend and explain the job he had put up on Clarence.

He did this so the man might not spread the report that Clarence was an impostor and so hurt his business.

The man laughed, and, to atone for his little bit of fun sent an order for goods to the dude's employers, giving Clarence the credit of having sold them.

The traveling dude went straight to the hotel, mailed his orders, packed his trunks, ordered them sent to the station and then, grabbing his grips, started to walk.

In his hurry he got into the wrong train and did not know it till the conductor came around.

"That ticket is no good on this road," the puncher of passes observed.

"Awn't you a little bit off yaw wollahs?" asked Clarence.

"No, sir, my rollers are still firm."

"Then why do you say my ticket isn't good, my fwend?"

"You are going to Newburg?"

"Yas."

"Well, this is a branch road and goes to the Mountain House."

"Faw Heaven's sake, is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gweat Scott! What am I going to do?"

"You can go to the end, stay over night, and go back in the morning."

"Cahn't I get back to-night?"

"No, sir."

"Then I won't go at all! Stop the twain."

"And lose my job? Not much!"

"I'll give you a dollah," said Clarence.

"Can't do it for that."

"I'll make it two, deah boy."

"Too little."

"Will a fivah wemunewate you sufficiently?" asked Clarence, in great desperation.

"I think it would."

"Then stop the twain befaw we go any fawthaw."

"Hand over the ducats."

Clarence passed over the dollars, and the conductor

stopped the train long enough for Clarence to get off.

"Follow the track a mile or so and then strike south," he said to the dude.

"Aw, yas, thanks awfully," said our traveler, as he alighted.

Then he tramped wearily along, having no eyes for the beautiful scenery all about him, but berating himself for having been such a fool as to get into the wrong train.

At last he could see the other railroad in the distance, and concluded to go across lots to reach it.

So he left the track and started over the fields and through woods toward the right road.

On and on he tramped like a regular road agent, otherwise bum, seemingly coming no nearer to his journey's end after a walk of an hour than before.

Finally he got out of the woods and came to three or four fields, fenced in and lying adjacent to each other.

In the distance, on the other side of a field newly plowed, he saw telegraph poles and railroad tracks.

"Aw, I am thankful faw that," he muttered, "faw I was afraid I had gone wong."

He didn't altogether like the idea of going over a plowed field, however.

The loose soil was not conducive to the shine on his boots or the fresh tints of his summer trousers.

So he looked up and down to see if there wasn't anything better.

The next field on the left was also plowed, but that on the right was pasture land.

There was one strong objection to his passing over that strip of land, however.

It was principally occupied by a big black bull, who even now sniffed and snorted as if objecting to Clarence's presence even at that distance.

Clarence had no partiality for gentleman cows, having had past experiences with them not of the pleasantest description.

"I cahn't see why they put that howid bwute in theah," muttered the dude. "It's a weal outwage, that's what it is, baw Jove."

There was nothing for it but to cross the plowed field, for the one beyond where the bull was was also plowed.

"I know I shall look like a clod-hoppah when I get acwoss," sighed Clarence, "but what's a fellah to do? I don't like these cwechaws, and they don't like me."

So he got over the fence and started across the field, carrying his sample cases.

The ground was soft, and poor Clarence went up to his ankles at nearly every step.

The bull came up to the dividing line and entered angry protest against the dude's being separated from him.

He roared and tossed his head, stamped on the ground, and didn't seem at all to like the idea of not being able to get at the intruder.

"Yaw an old fwand," cried Clarence, "but ye cawn't get at me, don't ye know, so ye can hollah and bellah all you like, faw it's no good."

Then Clarence struck across the field, walking not being particularly good over the freshly-turned up ground.

Mr. Bull went down the line, still making impudent remarks expressing his dissatisfaction with the existing state of circumstances.

Clarence, thinking he was safe, continued his travels over the heavy ground, and turned his back completely upon his bovine friend.

Presently, however, he heard a roar and a rush and a thundering sound behind him.

He turned his head instinctively, and what little hair he had nearly lifted his hat from his classic brow.

In some way or another the bull had gotten out of the pasture lot and was now coming across the plowed field.

He meant business, but though it was a pleasure to him it was anything but that for Clarence.

"Gweat heavens, the howid bwute is coming aftah me!"

Clarence concluded that he had a business engagement elsewhere at that particular moment.

So he hoofed it across that field as rapidly as the yielding nature of the ground would permit.

The bull gave a roar as Clarence increased his pace, and started in full chase.

"Oh, Lawd, if I can only weach the fence," thought Clarence.

Locomotion was anything but easy over that hillocky field.

The freshly turned earth stuck to the dude's boots, and every succeeding step was worse than the last.

Before long Clarence's feet looked like red garden boxes or gaudily painted coffins.

The red black and brown earth stuck to his feet, plastered itself on his trouser legs and leaked over on to his giddy socks.

His feet were the size of small boats, and were getting bigger every time they struck the earth.

Burdened with such pedals as those the poor fellow's progress became more and more difficult every minute.

The bull, on the contrary, did not seem to mind it, but came on as fast as ever.

The unhappy dude stretched his long legs, gripped his valises tightly, and tried to put on a spurt.

The fence was not far away, and if he could only reach it in time, he would be all right.

"I don't see why they want to tawn such vicious bwutes loose faw," he muttered as he ran. "It's a weghulah nuisance faw pedestwians, don't ye know."

The owner of the animal might have questioned Clarence's right to cross his land, but the dude did not think of that.

He only thought that if the fence were a few rods nearer he would be all right.

"If I owned that fellah, I'd take him to the but-

chaw's vewy quick," he muttered. "It would weally gawfaw me a gweat deal of pleasaht to know that he was cut up into steaks and woasts, it would weally."

On came the cow's side partner, roaring and bellowing and thrashing his tail from side to side.

On went Clarence with his big muddy feet, white dicer, grips, and giddy clothes, doing his best to reach the fence in time.

"Oh, deah, if I only had wings, don't ye know," he gasped, nearly out of wind. "Why cahn't we have 'em' befaw we get to Heaven, I'd like to know? They'd make twaveling a gweat deal easier."

Fancy a dude in Heaven, ye lovers of artistic and æsthetic propinquities.

However, he didn't have wings and so he made the best use possible of his legs.

But the bull was doing the same, and held one pair better than Clarence in the little game.

He was rapidly gaining and unless Clarence made better time, there was small chance of his reaching that fence in season.

"Oh, deah, it is all ovah," muttered the poor dude. "Why don't that bwute dwop dead fwom exhaustion? I am shaw that I shall in anothah second."

PART V.

THE race between Clarence and the bull grew more exciting every moment.

Bull was gaining, but dude was almost at the winning post, and might win by a neck yet.

Suddenly Clarence stuck his foot in a rut, tripped, and went down like a shot.

He measured his length on the soft ground and struck his nose on a convenient stone with considerable force.

He ejaculated some remarks, and got up as speedily as possible.

Then he bounded away on the home stretch, the bull in hot pursuit.

The spurt came too late, however, and that fall had lost the race to poor Clarence.

After him came the bull, head down, and tail up, and letting out a full blown roar.

Suddenly the dude felt himself lifted up in the rear and then went flying through the air at a breath-taking pace.

The next thing he thought that the ground had come up and smitten him in the rear with twenty mule-hoof power.

Then he realized that he was sitting down, but he was dizzy—that trees, fences and rocks seemed to be dancing a quadrille all around him.

Pretty soon the crazy dance stopped and things were at rest, while he sat on a hillock on one side of the fence and the bull stood glaring at him savagely on the other.

He got up and surveyed himself sadly, the overgrown tears chasing one another down his dirt-bearded cheeks.

His beautiful checked trousers were ripped up from ankle to hip, and fluttered like streamers in the wind.

His elegant cutaway coat was so much cut away, that it was little less than a total ruin and barely covered his shoulders.

His dandy waistcoat was spattered with red earth, split up the back and busted entirely at the armholes.

His high dicer would have disgraced a tramp, his choker collar was limp and forlorn, his conflagration scarf was torn to shreds, his eye-glass was smashed, his gaiters were soleless, and his gay socks muddy and torn.

As for his sample cases, they had followed his example and had come over the fence with him, but were now gaping wide open on the grass, their contents scattered about on all sides.

The wreck was a total one, and poor Clarence just stood there and wept.

tered Clarence. "The misewable bwute thwew me ovah the fence and wuined my clothes."

"Sho! That animile wouldn't hurt a fly. He's as gentle as a lamb. Guess yew must ha' pestered him."

"No, sah, I didn't say nawthun', and he wun me wight acwoss the field and tossed me ovah the fence. He's a dangewous animal, and if you don't shoot him I'll have you complained of and put in jail, me deah sir, and made to pay a fine in the bawgain."

"Shucks!" ejaculated the countryman, spitting again, "that ere bull wouldn't hurt nobody. Yew shouldn't er run from him and then yew'd ha' been all right."

"Well, if you don't awdiah him killed, I'll send the shewiff aftah you," said Clarence, in a determined way.

"Pooh, I tell yew that bull wouldn't hurt nobody

"Now I reckon he won't think the bwute is so awfully clevah any maw."

"Jumping Julius Cæsar!" remarked the countryman, when he had caught his breath once more. "Are yew sure that critter tossed me clean over here?"

"If you don't believe he can do it, pa whaps yaw'd bettah twy it ovah," remarked the dude, sententiously.

"No, I guess I'll take your word fur it."

"He's weal clevah, isn't he?" laughed Clarence.

"Yew git eout!" snorted Country.

"As gentle as a lamb, ain't he, me deah fellah?"

"Oh, yew go soak yer head."

"Wouldn't hawt nobody, would he?" continued Clarence, taking a fiendish delight in tormenting the clown.

rived, to be gone until the next train passed through, and the dude was left alone.

The weary hours crawled lazily on, and at last, at dusk, the train came steaming up and Clarence got on board, glad to be once more on the move.

He sat in the darkest corner of the smoking-car, so as to escape observation, and sat thus till Newburg was reached, after dark.

He found his trunks, had them sent up to the hotel and then followed on foot, not caring to ride in the bus and be stared at.

Reaching the hotel, however, he found that his troubles were not yet over.

When he went up to the desk to register his name the all-important clerk gazed contemptuously at him and said:



He realized that he was sitting down, but he was dizzy—that trees, fences and rocks seemed to be dancing a quadrille all around him. Pretty soon the crazy dance stopped and things were at rest, while he sat on a hillock on one side of the fence and the bull stood glaring at him savagely on the other.

if yew go at him right. Jest yew see how docile he is."

Thereupon the rustic got over the fence and walked confidently toward his bully nibs.

"So, so, boss, clever critter," said Country, soothingly.

"Oo—oo—oo!" remarked the clever critter, lowering his head.

"Good fellah, nice bossy, clever bully," continued the clodhopper in the soothiest kind of way.

His tenderness was all thrown away, however, for the bull put his head lower yet and charged at him like a goat at a man tying his shoes.

"Gosh! guess he means business arter all," muttered the bumpkin, turning tail in quick order and starting to run.

He hadn't taken more than three steps before the bull caught him square in the rear.

He was lifted up as easily as a child grabs up a kitten, and tossed, all a-flying, clean over the fence.

He struck on his head, turned completely over, and was so bewildered that he didn't know where he was for fully two minutes.

"Has the 'arth come to an end?" he finally asked.

"No, sah, but that deah, gentle, clevah, kind-hawted ewechaw ovah yondah has thwon you out of the lot," answered Clarence.

When that rustic had come flying over the fence he had been actually tickled with joy, and felt as jolly as an old maid to whom the all-important question has just been put.

Seeing that countryman go journeying through space did as much to soothe his aching joints as a dozen boxes of salve would have done.

"I declaw, it sawves him wight," he chuckled.

"Wall, nuther he would, till yew pestered him with them ere stuns an' lumps o' dirt," retorted Country. "I reckon that'd spile the temper of any critter."

Then he got up and went on his way, carefully avoiding the field where the bull was, however, and making a long detour in order to obviate the necessity of a second interview with that clever critter as he called him.

Meanwhile Clarence had gathered up his samples, replaced them in his cases and had somewhat improved his personal appearance.

He pinned up his trouser legs, fastened the bursted seams of his coat with patent clasps, put on a new collar and scarf, brushed off his shoes, straightened out his dicer and made himself pretty presentable for a dark night and nobody in sight, but not for the crowded streets on a bright afternoon.

Then he resumed his journey and presently reached the railroad track, the station being in plain sight.

His trunks had gone ahead, and he could not fix himself up till he reached his destination.

He had missed his train, and there would not be another for three hours, a pleasant prospect, truly.

There was nothing to do, the town was a mile away and the dude's appearance would have been decidedly against him if he had appeared on the street looking as he did.

There was no restaurant, no billiard-room, no cigar stand, no nothing within a mile, and as Clarence was never a dandy at thinking, the time passed cheerlessly enough.

The station-agent was deaf, and conversation with him was wearisome, our dude friend soon giving up the attempt to make the fellow talk.

Then, too, he went away soon after Clarence ar-

"Well, you must have a gall. Want to register, do you?"

"Of cawse; why not?"

"Do you think this is a ten-cent lodging-house?"

"No, sawtainly not. It's the best hotel in the city."

"Right you are, and we don't take tramps."

"I am not a twamp, me deah fellah; I am a com-mawcial twavelah. Heah is my cawd. My twunks aw heah already."

"That won't do," laughed the clerk. "It's a well planned trick, but it won't work."

"What won't wawk, my fwied?"

"Your plan is to get a room and go through some other fellow's trunks. It won't go down."

"But the twunks aw mine, and heah is my cawd."

"'C. Fitz Roy Jones, C. T.' So that's the man's name, is it? Yours is Dirty Mike or Limpy Jack, I suppose. You look like a regular old-timer. How did you manage to collar the man's cards? Robbed him, I suppose?"

"Yaw an insolent fellah!" cried the poor dude, and I shall see the pwoprietah and have you dis-chawged."

"I guess you won't!" snorted the clerk. "Here, Tom, Bob, Joe, fire this fellow out in short order!"

Three big porters rushed up, and were about to give poor Clarence the grand bounce, when a young fellow came hurriedly upon the scene and said:

"Here, what are you going to do with that gentleman?"

"He's no gentleman at all, sir, but only a tramp, and we're going to bounce him," said one of the men.

"Well, you just let him alone. He's a friend of mine and a gentleman, and if you lay a finger on him I'll knock you down!"

The men fell back a pace, and the young fellow, who was none other than Hardy, of course, said pleasantly:

"Well, Fitz, old man, what has happened to you since I saw you last."

"Aw, Hawdy, me deah fellah, I'm delighted to see you once maw, strike me dumb if I ain't, me deah boy," cried Clarence, shaking the drummer's hand most cordially.

"But what has happened, that you are in this sorry plight?"

"Oh, I've had a dooce of a time, don't ye know. A howid bull tossed me ovah a fence and taw me clothes, and the clawk heah said I was a twamp and awdawed these fellahs to flah me out."

"Why, that's too bad, but it was all a mistake. That's all right," he continued, addressing the clerk. "Mr. Jones is a friend of mine, and has met with a mishap."

"Oh, if you vouch for him, Mr. Hardy, it's all right," said the clerk, somewhat abashed, "but you must admit that his appearance was against him."

"Yes, he does not look like the average dashy drummer, for a fact," laughed Hardy.

Then Clarence had his trunk sent up, and went off to repair the wreck and put on another and better suit of clothes.

When he appeared, an hour later he was greatly changed, and looked like an entirely different person.

Hardy knew that Clarence had gone to Newburg, and had followed him, or rather preceded him, thither, being greatly surprised upon his arrival to find no trace of the dude.

He and Clarence spent a couple of hours together very pleasantly, and then they turned in, promising to see each other in the morning.

The next day Clarence started out early, so as to do the town and get away by the afternoon train.

Sailing giddily along the street, winking at the girls, putting on lots of lugs and thinking himself very big pumpkins, he could not fail to attract attention wherever he went.

Entering a large store, where he had been told he would be sure to sell a big order, he handed up his card and said:

"Nice weathaw, isn't it?"

Instantly there was a terrible racket under the main counter, and Clarence thought the counter was going to fall down.

"What's that?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"Old gag alarm," said the proprietor, smiling.

"Aw, is that all? Well, let me show you some samples. Aw house sells cheapah than any othaw in—"

Again there was an awful racket, and Clarence couldn't be heard for a full minute.

"Gweat Scott! do you keep up that sawt of thing all day?" he gasped.

"Oh, no, only when antiquated gags are perpetrated."

"Can I show you something this mawnin'? I'll do the best I can faw you," continued Clarence.

This time there was no noise, and the merchant said, with a grin.

"That isn't old, but when you get to saying that you're the biggest house in the trade, or can undersell anybody, or carry the largest stock, or have more men on the road, or sell only the best goods, you'll hear that racket, and then you'll know that you are saying something we've heard before."

"Aw, weally," returned Clarence, "that's vewy funny. Will you see what I've got, and tell me whethaw you want to awdah anything?"

"That'll do very well," laughed the other. "Now show me what you have and give me your prices."

Clarence got through without having the alarm sounded more than once or twice after that, and made out very well.

"I wondah if I couldn't get one of those indicatahs to cawy in my pocket and have it go off when Jimmy Gwimes aw Jack aw anybody else twied to play twicks on me?" thought Clarence. "It would save me a gweat deal of twouble, don't ye know, faw I'm always getting bitten by some fellah."

Jimmy might have told him that there wasn't any room in his head for the connecting wires of such an indicator, and that he would have to learn wisdom from experience.

During the morning, after having scooped in considerable trade, he met Hardy on one of the main streets, and the two exchanged greetings.

Presently a well-dressed, rather good-looking girl passed them, and smiled as she saw Clarence.

In fact, that dude's appearance was so stunning that it would have made a cat laugh.

"Chawming gawl, eh, old fellah?" said Clarence, when the young lady had passed.

"Yes; don't you know who she is?"

"No, deah boy."

"Why, she's the richest girl in town and lives on the swellest street. I can get the address at the hotel."

"What faw, deah boy?"

"So you can call, of course. Can't you see that she's gone on you. She smiled, and that's what all the young fellows in town have been trying to get her to do for a year, but she won't look at them hardly."

"Aw, yas. Theah is a sawtai chawm about my mannah that the gawls cawn't wesist, don't ye know," said Clarence, his vanity coming to the front.

"To be sure there is, and you've struck this one real hard. You ought to follow up your conquest, old man."

"Yaw shaw she would weceive me if I called?"

"Why, certainly. Just ask for Miss Mary at the front door, send in your card, and you're all right."

"Thanks, deah boy, awfully. I'll take a wun up theah this aftahnoon."

"What's the matter with going this morning? You

can follow her at a distance. Leave your cases with me."

"Quite an ideah," muttered Clarence. "Aw, she's tawned the cawnah."

"Yes, and you don't want to miss her, either. Hurry up, old man."

Clarence dropped his cases, stuck his glass in his eye, and followed on the trail.

At the corner of the street he saw the young girl on the next block and followed, keeping far enough away not to attract too much attention.

At last she turned into a fine, wide street, where the residences were of the most elegant description.

Clarence was nearer now, and as she turned in at the gate of one of the best houses on the street, he passed by, tipped his hat, smiled blandly, and went on.

He didn't turn again till he had reached a side street, and by that time the young lady had disappeared.

"Chawming cwechaw that, baw Jove," muttered Clarence, "and weally I made a gweat impwession. The way she smiled on me the lawst time was weally wavishing."

He had fixed the house in his mind as he had passed, and so would have no trouble at all in finding it again.

He must follow up his successes at once, for he had undoubtedly made a decided impression.

"She must be awfully wicb, don't ye know," he mused, "to live in a gwand house like that. Pawpahs the old fellah, haw fathaw, will do the handsome thing diwectly we aw mawwied."

He must give the young lady time to get her things off and arrange her toilet before he called, and so he passed the next ten minutes in smoking a mild cigar.

Strong cigars were too rich for the dude's blood, and too many mild ones were none too good for him.

At last, when he thought a sufficient time had elapsed, he threw away his butt and walked back to the house.

His heart was thumping against his striped shirt-front like the piston-rod of a forty horse-power engine.

He opened the gate, walked up the path as though treading on air, and ascended the steps with his head in the clouds.

"I know the deah cwechaw is waiting faw me," he murmured, "but, of cawse, she will pwetend to be vewy much sawpwised, and quite pwopah, too, don't ye know."

Setting his hat in the very best position, buttoning his cutaway, and whisking a speck of dust off his patent leathers with his smashed gooseberry silk handkerchief, Clarence rang the bell.

His heart thumped so that he felt sure the people would think he was pounding on the door, and he tried to assume a calmness which he was far from feeling.

It only made him look more insahe and idiotic than ever.

Presently a tall footman, liveried and powdered up to the very top notch, opened the door.

"Miss Mawy at home?" inquired Clarence.

"Yes, sir," said the footman, looking a trifle puzzled.

"Take in my cawd, please, and tell haw I would like to see haw."

"Which Mary is it, sir?" asked the footman. "Mary the cook, or Mary the housemaid."

Poor Clarence felt himself turning as red as a beet.

"Neithah!" he said icily. "The young lady who came in a few minutes ago—the young lady of the house, to be shaw."

"There isn't any young lady here at all, sir, and you must mean Mary the housemaid. If you want to see her, you'll have to ring at the basemert door."

Poor Clarence!

You could have knocked him down with a straw, he felt so weak.

He had been mashing a chambermaid!

What would the boys say when they found it out?

PART VI.

WHEN Clarence discovered that he had been flirting with a pretty chamber-maid instead of a rich young lady in high life, he was mad enough to kick himself down the front stoop.

The way he made tracks from that mansion would have put the lightning express to shame.

His flying coat-tails appeared one moment, and at the next they had vanished around a corner.

"The ideah!" he muttered, very much disgusted. "That fellah Hawdy has been playing twicks on me, and I'll nevah speak to him again—nevah."

Then Clarence hied himself back to the hotel, and thence made the rounds, catching considerable trade, though he was so mad that his usual suavity was nowhere in sight, and he actually bullied his customers into buying what they really did not want.

He reached the hotel late, and found a telegram awaiting him, sent by the firm, which read as follows:

"JONES,—Cross the river and go to Albany. Further instructions later. L. & W."

"Cwoss the wivah?" muttered Clarence. "I wonder how I am to get acwoss when there's no bridge?"

"You might swim," said the hotel clerk, with a leer. "Fact is, I think you'll have to do it."

"But I cawn't swim and cawwy my twaps on my back, deah boy."

"Put on lead shoes and walk on the bottom then."

"Yaw vewy facetious," muttered the Traveling Dude, very much disgusted. "Isn't theah a fewwy boat which wuns acwoss heah?"

"Yes, but you're too late for that. Last boat went half an hour ago."

"Weally, now, that's too bad. What's a fellah to do?"

"If you had been here when the dispatch came you might have taken the boat."

"Yas, me deah boy, but I wasn't, don't ye know."

"Well, I guess you can get a boatman to take you across as it is," said the clerk, after thinking a moment, a sly twinkle in his eye at the same time.

"Cwoss the wivah in a wow-boat?" asked Clarence.

"Certainly. There are plenty of 'em here and the owners know the river like a book."

"Aw, could I catch a twain on the othah side?"

"Certainly. The express goes through at midnight and stops if signaled."

"Aw, that will do pawfectly. Can I have some supah?"

"Certainly, and I'll engage a boatman while you're eating it."

"Thanks, vewy much, deah boy. Have a cigaw?"

"Don't mind if I do. Supper will be ready in ten minutes."

"All wight. I'll go up-staahs and pack up."

"You'll have plenty of time to do that after supper."

"Aw, weally; then I'll take a stwoll."

After supper Clarence packed his trunks and cases, got himself up in his mashingest fashion, lighted a cigar and lounged about the office.

At ten o'clock a boy came to him and said:

"Boat's at the river, sir, and your things have gone down. Will you come with me?"

"Do you wun the boat?"

"No, it's my father's, and he sent me after you."

"Aw, that's all wight, me little fellah. I'll be with you pwesently."

Then Clarence walked to the desk, paid his bill, and asked for his friend the clerk, whom he wished to bid good-bye.

"Gone off for the night," said the assistant. "You'll find the boat all right, however, Mr. Jones. Good-night, and a pleasant trip."

"Thanks, vewy much, deah boy. Pway wemembah me to Mistah White and thank him faw me, faw his kindness, won't you, me deah fellah?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jones. Good-night."

Clarence then followed the boy down to the river, where, at a little dock of its own, lay the boat which was to take him over.

There were two men in it, Clarence's trunks being put up forward, and as the dude stepped in one of the men said gruffly:

"Good-evening, sir. What do you allow is good pay for a job like this?"

"Weally, me deah sah, I nevah hiahed out boats, don't ye know, and I couldn't say. What do you think is pwopah?"

"Ten dollars!"

Just then the boy who had piloted Clarence down, gave the boat a shove off and jumped in.

What between the suddenness of the movement and his surprise at the price asked, Clarence sat down with more alacrity than grace on the after thwart.

"Baw Jove, I don't want to pawchase the boat, felah?" he said.

"Ten dollars is a fair price," said the man, who as well as his assistant, was now pulling steadily at his oar, the boy steering.

"It's an outrage, I won't pay it, I won't hiah yaw old boat at all," cried Clarence, too mad to cry, as he generally did, when in trouble.

"The boat has been taken and you've got to pay for it now," muttered the other.

"I shan't stand it, I'll wait till mawning. Wow back at once, sah!" and Clarence stamped his foot.

"You don't land till you pay me ten dollars," growled the man.

"I shan't pay you a cent, so theah, fellah!"

"Oh, you won't, eh?" and the two men kept up a steady rowing.

"No, sah, and I'll have you awested faw a paiah of swindlahs. Stop that wowing this instant."

"Have you got the ten dollars handy, my friend?" chuckled the boat

Clarence's knees played a regular tattoo against each other, and his high collar began to wilt.

"You howid fellahs!" he cried. "I will not die without wesistance. Advance one step and I'll blow your bwains out!"

"Ha, ha! that pop ain't loaded," cried the boy at the tiller. "I took all the cartridges out. Sit down or I'll plug you!" and the urchin produced from under the seat a pistol nearly as big as a gun.

"Let's go through him, Bill," said the boatman.

"All right," and both men advanced upon the trembling dude.

"Sit still, or I'll make a sieve out of you," cried the boy, Clarence having already sat down at the bad, bad boy's bidding.

"Oh, deah! this is tewible," moaned the poor dude. Then those horrid, bad ruffians seized him and pro-

piece of human clay, an ensanguined lump of dead meat, and a dozen other things, all in the course of five minutes.

At last he could see the outlines of the shore, but there were no lights, no houses, no anything.

Presently the boat stranded on the beach, and the chiet villain said:

"Now you get!"

"Get what?" gasped Clarence.

"Get ashore, and be lively about it."

Clarence hesitated, and both men grabbed hold of him as a terrier grabs a rat, and gave him the bounce.

He landed on all fours in the sand, and immediately afterward the boat was pushed out into the stream.

"Come back with my twunks!" cried Clarence, in tears.

"Get on board," he said to Clarence, and then, as the latter climbed up the steps, said suddenly: "Oh, by the way, is your name Jones?"

"Yas—Fitz Woy Jones," answered Clarence.

"Well, here's a letter and a package I was told to give you."

Clarence took the things mechanically, the man waved his lantern, the conductor gave a yell, and the train began to move off.

"Good-night, Jones," cried a familiar voice. "I'll meet you at the cross roads."

Clarence thought he knew that voice, but he wasn't sure, and as the train was beginning to buzz along at a great rate, he concluded to go in and sit down.

Then he looked at the letter, turned it over and over, and finally knocked spots out of the envelope and read the inclosed:



One after another of the clerks, salesmen and other employees gathered about till Clarence had a large and appreciative audience. They all praised his goods, and so he went on till he had everything spread out upon the counter.

ceeded to go through his clothes clear down to his socks in the most approved Jesse James fashion.

They did not leave him as much as a toothpick or a postage stamp, and poor Clarence felt that he was ruined forever.

"Oh, deah, I shall nevah dalah to go on the woad again," he sighed. "Nobody will twust me any maw."

"You shut up," growled Bill, "and if you dare to say a word or move an inch I'll shoot ye full o' holes."

Clarence sat as still as a mouse under a load of hay, and did not even dare to wink for fear of being made a receptacle for cold lead.

The men took up their oars again and pulled lustily for the further shore, meanwhile indulging in cheerful remarks.

"Don't you think we'd better drop him into the river along o' the anchor, Tom?" said Bill.

"No—guess we'll let him swim for it."

"How would it do to let the boy use him fur a target. He's a putty good shot now, but he wants practice."

"No, he might hit him in the eye, or knock his front teeth out."

"Well, what do you say to hanging him on a tree?"

"No, that's too old-fashioned."

"Oh, I tell you, we might put him on the railroad track and let the cars go over him. Wouldn't that be immense?"

"Ah, them sort o' things is too common nowadays."

Poor Clarence did not know what else the sanguinary boatmen would suggest, but he feared the worst, and was all of a shake in consequence.

He imagined himself a floating corpse, a perforated

"Go soak your feet!"

"Oh, deah, oh, deah, what shall I do?"

"Walk!" was the advice that came floating over the cut-glass waves.

There was nothing else to do, and Clarence started off, presently reaching the railroad track, and following that till he saw a light ahead of him.

"Pawhaps I can put the officaws of the law on the twack of the wuffians," he muttered, "and bowwow enough money to get to Albany on."

After a pretty good tramp he reached the railroad station, which at this time of night was deserted, except by the agent.

"Hallo!" said the man. "Where are you going?"

"Albany," said Clarence.

"Got your ticket?"

"No, I've been wobbed on the vivah and haven't a cent."

"Well, I might send you on as freight, I suppose," chuckled the man.

"Oh, deah, I'd wide on the engine wathah than not go," sighed the dude.

"Well, I guess I'll fix it for you," said the man, as he started off with a lantern to look after some baggage at the end of the platform, "but don't you stir or you'll get left."

Clarence sat down on an empty truck and pondered sorrowfully over the events of the evening.

He did not derive very much comfort from this sort of business, however, and he soon gave it up.

Before long a glowing white eye appeared in the distance and came rapidly nearer, a shrill shriek arousing Clarence to a sense of its being the approach of the night express.

The agent performed some funny business with a red lantern, and the train came to a stand.

"DEAR CLARENCE: Guess you'll find everything all right. Your watch, purse, tickets, cash, etc., are in the packet. Your trunks are in the baggage car. How did you enjoy your trip on the river?

"Your true friends,

"HARDY,
"WHITE,
"BOB, Bell-boy."

The cat was out of the bag at last.

Poor Clarence had been sold again.

That daring robbery on the river was all a huge gag.

The bold, bad villains were Hardy, the hotel clerk, and one of the bell boys.

Clarence found all his valuables and the checks for his trunks in the package handed him by the agent.

Then he realized that the familiar voice he had heard as the train was moving off belonged to Hardy.

The whole thing was put up by Hardy, who had hired the boat for his own use, and concluded to make things pleasant for Clarence.

After leaving the luckless dude on the beach, knowing very well that he would take to the railroad, he had rowed to the station and had Clarence's trunks landed and taken care of as well as his own.

There never was a more complete sell, and Clarence was mad enough when he realized that this made two in one day that had been gotten up for his benefit by his lively traveling companion.

"Oh, deah, I wish some fellahs wouldn't be so funny," muttered Clarence to himself, and just then the conductor came around and took his ticket, knocking his musings in the head.

On his arrival at Albany our dude hero went to the Delavan, which is not at all a drummer's stopping

place, but then, Clarence was high toned and wanted to be unlike anybody else.

He did not see Hardy that night nor the next day, that lively fellow having put up at another house, for which Clarence blessed his stars.

In the morning, after a good night's rest, Clarence gathered up his grips and set off on a tour of the business part of the town.

He struck Broadway first and entered a large furnishing store where everything in his line was sold.

Approaching one of the clerks he asked if the proprietor had come in yet.

The counter gymnast touched a button on the counter and a card came up bearing the legend:

"DRUMMERS KILLED ON SIGHT."

"Aw, good-mawning," said Clarence, leaving the clerk and passing on to the next one.

"I'd like to see a membah of the fawn," said Clarence.

The clerk said nothing, but touched a button, and up came another card, with big, fat, black letters on it, reading thusly:

"NO DRUMMERS OR OTHER BUMMERS ALLOWED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT."

"Yaw vewy insulting," cried Clarence, as he hurried down the store.

Pausing before a third clerk, he had hardly opened his mouth before another card shot up, on which could be read:

"Special Graveyard for Traveling Men in the Cel-lar."

"Won't you call the pwopwietor?" asked Clarence, beginning to get sick of this sort of business.

The clerk only grinned and showed another card:

"NO TRAMPS NEED APPLY."

"I would like to show you some of the vewy latest—"

Up came another card—a yard square, with the motto:

"The Last Drummer that Came in Has Not Been Buried yet. Wait a Week."

"Baw Jove, don't ye know, I'll sell these fellahs something, if it's only a paiah of socks," muttered Clarence, under his breath.

Then he went down to the end of the store where a cross-looking old fellow in black clothes, a white vest and a big watch chain was sitting reading a paper.

"Aw you the head of this fawn?" asked Clarence.

"I am!" snapped the old fellow.

"I would like to make you a pwesent of some vewy choice goods."

"Don't want to buy anything," snarled the man with the white vest and big watch chain.

"I don't want you to buy any goods," said Clarence, sweetly. "I wish to make you a pwesent in awdah to introduce ouah awticles."

"H'm! guess I can pay for goods if I want 'em," snapped old white waistcoat.

"Sawtainly, I know you can, sah. They tell me yaw the wichest man in Albany. Howevah, I desiah to make you a pwesent, all the same."

"What have you got?" asked the merchant, getting up.

Clarence opened his cases, spread out his samples and said:

"How would you like me to give you six dozen of these socks, assawted colaws."

"All right."

"And the same of these fahncy silk handkhaw-chiefs?"

"Very good."

"And as many silk cwavats, faw-in-hands and othah vawieties."

"You're doing this thing."

"Also a dozen slumbah wobes of the vewy newest patahns?"

"I'd just as lief."

"Likewise a dozen suits of vawiegated undah-weah?"

"Put 'em in."

"Aw, yes, and I know you'd like hawf a gwoss of summah cwavats?"

"So I would," said the old fellow, thinking that Clarence must be a confounded fool to give away all that stuff.

The wily dude knew what he was about, however, and you can write it on your shirt front.

He put in something of every kind of goods he had till he had run up a bill of a couple hundred of dollars.

"Would you like one of my cawds?" asked Clarence.

"Yes, certainly; I'll take one."

Clarence handed over a card, packed up his cases and got out, the boss taking him for a first-class idiot.

"The goods will be heah to-mowow," were the last words Clarence said, as he shut the door.

When the morrow came, that over-confident merchant found that the dude had slightly got ahead of him.

The goods were all right and there was nothing to pay on them, but at the same time there came an express package, very heavy, though small in size, on which there were charges equal to Clarence's bill.

The book-keeper received it, thought it was all right, and paid the charges.

When the case was opened, it was found to contain nothing but pig iron and an envelope addressed to the boss.

Old Pomosity opened this when it was given to him an hour later, and in it he found a card bearing the following:

"TO JOHN WHITECOAT & CO.

"Rec'd pay't for one visiting card,

"C. FITZ ROY JONES,

"WITH LISLE & WOOLLEY."

Then the would-be wise and knowing old gentleman in the white vest and big chain, realized that the idiot dude, as he considered Clarence, had decidedly gotten the best of him.

Clarence managed to take half a dozen very good orders that day, and in the afternoon took the Central road to Utica, putting up at the Baggs Hotel, and starting out early the next day on his travels.

Utica is quite a lively town, and scores of travelers swarm down upon it every day, not always to the delight of the merchants.

Clarence sailed into one store on the principal thoroughfare, the proprietors of which had a first-class reputation for bouncing drummers.

Our friend knew nothing of this, however, and in he waltzed as chipper as a June bug, presented his card, and began to open his prize packages.

"You represent Lisle & Woolley, eh?" said the senior member of the firm, with a smile.

"Yas, and I can sell as weasonably as any othah house in the twade."

"Very good firm, I believe," put in the junior member, coming up.

"Those are good samples," added the Co., making another of the group around Clarence.

Then one after another of the clerks, salesmen and other employees gathered about till Clarence had a large and appreciative audience.

They all praised his goods, and so he went on till he had everything spread out upon the counter.

He was sure he had struck it rich in this place, and had already erected a whole row of air castles out of the proceeds of this sale.

The head of the firm gave the youngest cash boy a wink, and he went to the rear and yelled down a tube:

"All right, Joe; it's ripe."

What did he mean?

That expectant dude with all his samples spread out would soon ascertain.

PART VII.

OUR traveling dude was in a state of very high feather.

He had collared the trade of the biggest furnishing house in Utica, as he fondly imagined.

He had the two partners and the Co., the cashier, the head book-keep'e, the assistant ditto, the entry clerk, the shipping clerk, the boss salesman, all the second salesmen, the porters, the cash-boys and the errand boy standing around, all praising his goods.

Everybody spoke in the highest terms of his stock, and he made sure that he would sell at least a thousand dollars' worth of stuff.

In the midst of it all the chief cook of the establishment had winked to the smallest boy in the force.

The boy had glided to the rear of the store and had called down a mysterious message to the regions below.

In another moment up came a man in his shirt sleeves, a paper cap and a general greasy look, who rapidly advanced to the front.

"You want to get right out of this in half a shake!" he cried. "The whole cellar is on fire, and the boiler will blow up in half a second!"

It was the engineer who thus spoke these warning words.

"Oh, deah! what shall I do?" cried Clarence, in a fright.

"Get right out of here, if you don't want to be blown in forty thousand bits," answered the engineer.

"Hark! There she goes now!"

"She'll blow up in a jiffy!"

"Get out as fast as you can!"

"Oh, deah, I haven't packed my cases."

"Never mind them!"

"Get out!"

Everybody was talking at once, and all was confusion.

All hands began running about and yelling like a band of cannibals.

Clarence stretched out his arms, scooped in his samples and cases, hugged the lot to his manly bosom and dusted.

Somebody had kindly opened the door for him or he would have gone right through the glass.

Out he rushed, panic-stricken, hugging his belongings, and looking as white as new-laid snow.

He was not quite sure about it, but he seemed to be propelled out of that door faster than he could have gone of his own volition even when urged by fright.

It might have been the concussion caused by the exploding steam boiler, but it felt decidedly like the toe of a number ten boot.

Out he went at any rate, samples and all, and never stopped till he brought slap up against a lamp post at the edge of the curb.

"I beg yaw pawdon," muttered Clarence, thinking he had run up against some one.

Then he saw his mistake, and knelt on the sidewalk to pack up his duds.

"Oh, deah! I forgot," he suddenly exclaimed.

"That howid boilah might fly wight out heah!"

As he looked up he caught sight of an interested group in the front windows and doorway of the store he had just left.

The two proprietors, the Co., the cashier, the tally clerk and the boss ink wrestler, stood behind the glass door grinning like a whole family of the noted breed of cats from Cheshire.

In one window were the porter, the engineer, the salesmen and the entry clerk, while the other was graced by the presence of all the cash boys, mes-

sengers and errand runners, all grinning their lives.

Furthermore, there was no more appearance of a fire or an explosion than is generally found in an ice house.

No glass was shattered, no bricks had left their little beds, no busted columns attested to the ruin of a once noble house.

In fact, the only thing that was broken up was Clarence himself.

The grinning group, the absence of any and all signs of ruin, the calm placidity all around, all these convinced Clarence that once more he had been sold.

The house which had the dandy reputation for bouncing drummers had sustained its high standing in that line.

They had the thing down fine, and could take out a patent for variety and diversity of resources, every bouncing being performed in an entirely new style.

Clarence gazed only once at the crowd of grinners, and then hurriedly picked up his curiosity shop and lighted out.

"It's weal mean," he muttered. "Theah wasn't any fiah at all. I declaw, I'd like to stick those fellahs like old Whitecoat, I would weally, but when a twavelah is weceived so politely as those men tweated me, who would suspect he was going to be bounched? I thought I was going to sell eval so much, don't ye know?"

That was the best part of it, for Clarence had a knack of getting around fellows who showed fight at the first, and nearly always succeeded in selling them something.

He took his stock in trade into another store, half-way down the block, and put it to rights before starting out again.

In the next store that he tackled he was treated with rather more consideration and managed to sell a pretty good bill of goods.

After that he ran across one of the regular crusty sort of dealer, a fellow that was determined not to buy a thing, good or bad.

"Good-morning, me deah sah," said Clarence, in his airiest tones. "Lovely weathah, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you don't mind telling a lie, it is. Cold winds, lots of dust and millions of flies."

"Can I sell you anything this morning?"

"No, you can't, and you'll get sold if you think you can."

"Aw, but me deah fellah, you don't know what a pwetty lot of goods I have, don't ye know."

"Don't care if they would outshine old Solomon for gorgeousness, I don't want 'em."

"But just let me show you some of them," continued Clarence, beginning to take the fettters off his cases.

"Ain't no use in showing me them, I tell you. 'Cause I don't wan't to buy anything."

"Aw, then, pawhahs you wouldn't mind my looking at them myself, don't ye know. It's weally a pleashaw to look at them, and I don't often get a chawne."

There was something so fresh and breezy about this request that the crusty old fellow merely gasped for breath.

Then Clarence snatched his opportunity and spread out his treasures before his victim.

"Theah's a paiah of gents' corsets, now, that weally collah the cwullah, don't ye know," began Clarence.

"I've got on a paiah of them myself, and I can asshaw you they aw just too splendid faw anything."

"The man who wears corsets must be an ass," snapped the other.

"Aw, but they show off the figgah to such supewiah advantage, don't ye know, and theah's nothing a gawli likes in a young fellah so much as a good figgah."

"H'm! then she's as big a fool as the fellow himself."

"And heah's a paiah of suspenders. I weah that kind myself."

"Have you got any muzzles?" asked the merchant testily.

"Muzzles, me deah sah?" said Clarence, slightly taken aback.

"Yes, muzzles, regular puppy dog muzzles."

"Why, weally, me deah sah, we don't sell that sawt of thing," said the dude, with a little inane chuckle.

"H'm! I'm sorry, because I thought you might wear one of them," snapped Crustiness. "You seem to wear everything else."

Clarence colored, for he had been fairly caught.

"Why not?"

"Because it's weally doing you a favah fav me to talk to you, don't ye know?"

"What do you want, anyhow?"

"To sell you something. The fellahs all said you couldn't afford to buy as much as a pen-wipah, and I made a bet that you could."

"Well, I guess that I can buy as mnch as any of 'em and pay for it besides."

"That's what I said, ye know, but they gave me weal heavy odds."

That last caught the old duffer, and Clarence collared him for a good big bill.

Having finished this little transaction, he coralled his samples and salied out in quest of another expected purchaser.

Elated with his success he thought that he was going to sell out the entire stock he represented.

"I don't want anything to-day," said the merchant, in ice-cream freezer accents.

"But, me deah sir, allow me——"

"Such a clumsy lout as you are ought not to travel."

"Weally, now, if you will have shawp pointed instruments lying awound, you must not be sawpwised if——"

"No explanations are necessary, sir. I shall expect you to pay for that pane if you don't get out."

"Why, sawtainly, sir, on condition that you——"

"John!" cried the other, in a loud voice.

A big fellow, weighing two hundred pounds, entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Turn on the steam to the bouncer."

"Yes, sir."

He was the envy of all the young men, and the delight of all the girls as he walked along the avenue.

His pride was away up and still rising, so that he quite forgot that pride goes before a fall.

This time it was a waterfall and a good big one at that.

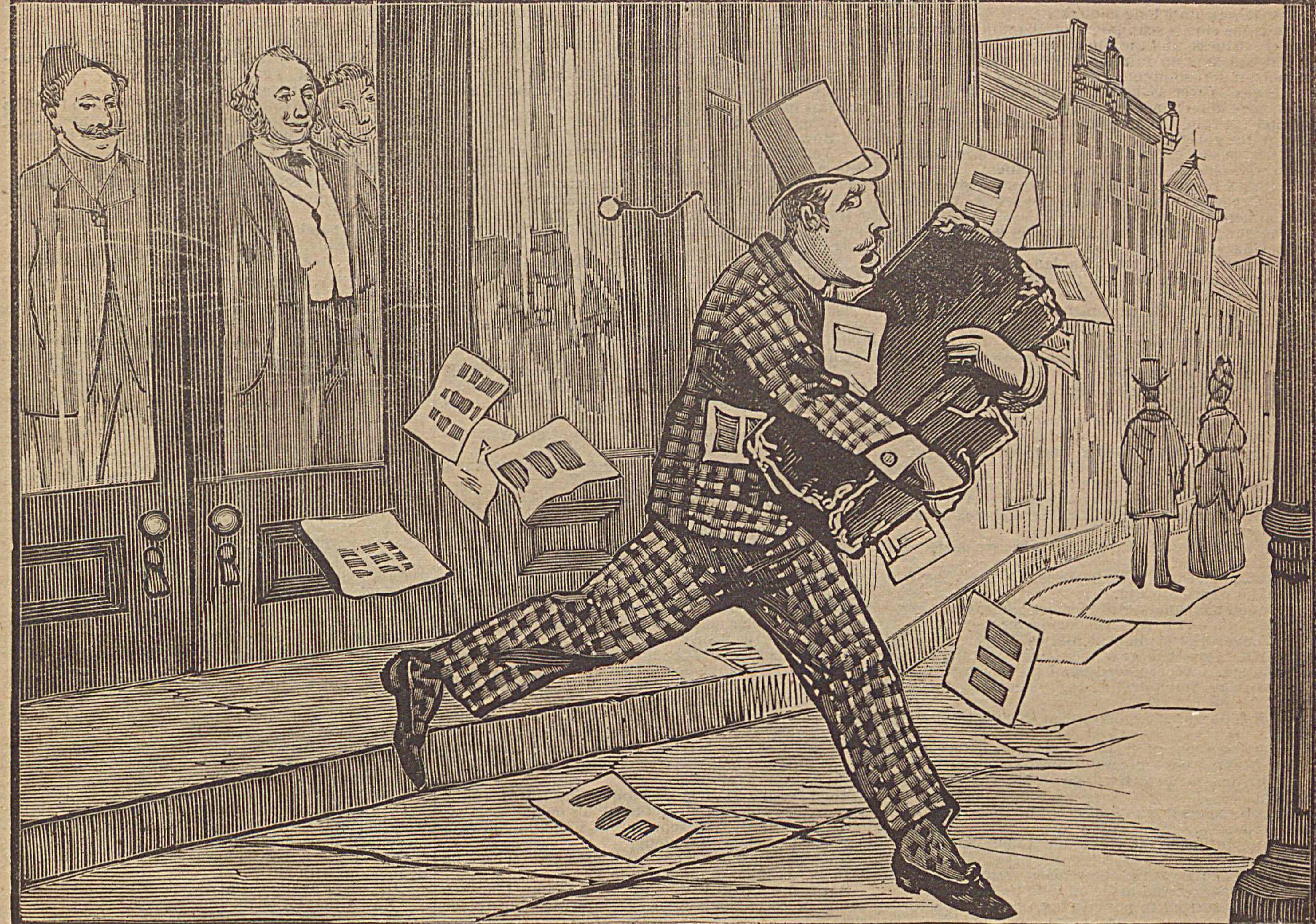
The day was a scorcher, as we may have remarked previously.

By and by huge white clouds looking like bales of cotton that had burst their confines and very much slopped over began to pile themselves up in the heavens.

To the wise those clouds were a warning.

But Clarence was not wise, and he sailed along as innocently as a drove of calves to the slaughter house.

The clouds became thicker and thicker, and at last met overhead.



Out he rushed, panic-stricken, hugging his belongings, and looking as white as new-laid snow. He was not quite sure about it, but he seemed to be propelled out of that door faster than he could have gone of his own volition even when urged by fright.

It doesn't always do to get puffed up too much, however, for sometimes one sits on a tack and then the bubble explodes.

That is just what Clarence did, and it knocked the smartness all out of him.

He came up to the scratch, smiling like a champion sluggist as he pranced into a big store and asked to see the proprietor.

"Sit down, please," said the office-boy, leading the way into the sanctum. "The boss will be in presently."

Then Clarence sat down, but wished immediately afterward that he had not been so anterior.

His posterior was suddenly punctured by about an inch of carpet-tack, and up he jumped, and went smack through a glass window.

At that very moment the boss of the place came in.

There was Clarence, half in and half out of the door he had butted, looking like an unlucky harlequin.

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I'm going to get out when I can, don't ye know," replied Clarence.

"What do you mean by smashing the glass in that fashion?"

"I weally beg yaw pahdon," said Clarence, squirming out, and thereby tearing a long rent in his nobby walking-jacket, "but I sat on a daggah aw a speah, aw something similah, that was placed in the chahah."

"Nonsense!" said the other, examining the furniture.

Of course there was nothing of a pointed nature to be discovered.

The office boy had taken precious good care that there would not.

Clarence had had one experience with engineers that morning and one was a dose.

He did not stop to investigate any further, but got out with commendable promptitude.

He could tackle hard nuts, crusty customers, and men who told him he was an idiot, but he desired no acquaintance with hired bouncers or stalwart engineers.

Consequently he hied himself away in the fluttering of an eye-winker and sought fresh fields and pastures new.

He finished up Utica that day and went on to the salty city of Syracuse, hanging out at the Globe, the general resort of gentlemen of the road.

Syracuse is a lively little place for a town so far away from the metropolis, and manages to hold its own with its huge rival in many respects.

Clarence found it as hilarious as he could wish, and managed to do a fairly good business.

By noon it had grown quite warm, and Clarence, desiring to be comfortable, as well as to make a good impression, changed his raiment just before dinner.

When he sallied out again he was clad in the dizziest sort of a white flannel suit, *decollte* shoes, colored socks, conflagration cravat and a nobby white straw hat with a striped ribbon.

He looked just too presumptuously lovely for human eyes to gaze upon, and it was a wonder that all the giddy beauties in town did not try to carry him off bodily.

He finished up his business in an hour or two, and then as there was nothing to do and no need of taking a train till evening, he determined to take a walk.

Now their whiteness turned to inky blackness, and forked lightning began to play around quite promiscuously.

A first-class, no discount thunderstorm arose in just half a jiffy.

Then how the rain did pour down upon that luckless dude.

It was a perfect Niagara let loose.

In two minutes he was as wet as if he had fallen overboard.

His giddy straw hat was as limp as a last year's bustle, and his high collar, like the last rose of summer, was wilted and gone.

Torrents of water ran down his back, and his embroidered shirt bosom was a wreck.

The rain gushed out of his low-necked shoes, and his dainty socks tumbled down about his classic ankles.

But oh, that gauzy flannel suit, don't speak of it.

It was like many a friend we have, good only for sunshine and balmy airs.

When the storms came there was no dependence to be placed upon it.

Like the arguments of many a reformer, it would not wash.

The first thing that Clarence discovered was that his clothes did not seem to fit him.

They fitted him altogether too suddenly, in fact.

If they had been six sizes too small they could not have been more snug.

His trousers choked him around the waist, and the legs thereof crept nearly up to his knees.

The coat pinched him under the arms and gave him the true dudish look of always carrying parcels, for

he was obliged to carry his elbows at right angles to his chest.

The middle of his coat was above his shoulder-blades, and the tails had gone up higher, like a good Christian.

His waistcoat shrank up till it protested, and the buttons popped like hot chestnuts on a stove.

In fact, that flannel shrank like the assets of a "busted" firm.

Clarence looked like a man wearing boys' clothing, and all the starch was taken out of him.

Where, now, was all his pride and giddiness of soul?

Washed away in the gutters, swollen with the rain.

There was no shelter at hand, he had no umbrella, and he was forced to endure all that Heaven sent.

It sent the heaviest kind of shower, and poor Fitzy took it all in.

It only lasted a matter of seven or eight minutes, but that was quite long enough.

Then the clouds scampered off, the rain let up on its funny business, and the sun shone out in all its glory.

If it had kept on raining Clarence would not have minded it half so much.

He was as wet as he could get, and would just as soon have gone home that way.

After the rain, the mud, as the poet sings, after the storm, the giddy girls.

With the sun came also the promenaders who had been wise enough to go in when it rained.

With the renewed pleasantness came a greater influx of pleasure seekers, and the street was soon full of them.

And our poor dude had to run the gauntlet of the whole dizzy lot.

The girls tittered, the boys laughed outright, the sober citizens guffawed and the children cried for it, nay, shrieked.

Worse than all, Clarence met several fashionable acquaintances of his, young ladies from New York, who had come hither to spend the summer.

He was not too much ashamed to bow, but they just looked at him and giggled.

"How funny Mr. Jones does look," he heard one lady say.

"Yes. I wonder if he is trying to introduce knee-breeches?"

"Maybe he thinks that's English, you ought to know."

"Well, he looks like a regular guy."

The unhappy dude's spirit was crushed and he hurried down a back street with all the dispatch he could summon.

In so doing, he got into a locality known as decidedly tough.

Here he met some rude, boisterous Syracusans, who made life weary for him.

"Get on the canary bird in short pants!"

"Salt him down, so's he'll keep over night!"

"Wonder what wind blew him here?"

Then a dozen or more of the toughest of the lot got around him and proceeded to amuse themselves.

"Go away, you howid fellahs," said Clarence, very much inclined to cry.

"Catch on to the Seymour coat of his nibbs," cried more.

"Let's see less of it, then," roared another, as he whipped out a big knife and ripped up the garment.

It only needed a starter to go all the way of its own accord.

In two shakes it was split clean up from the tails to the collar.

A similar hint to the vest made it look like a pair of napkins.

Then a fellow yanked Clarence's watch and chain out of his pocket and made off with them.

Clarence started in pursuit, but one of the fellow's pals tripped him up and sent him sprawling into a big pile of refuse.

When the dude got up he looked as if he had been having a mud bath.

Even a barrel-hoop will turn when trodden upon, and Clarence was now very mad.

He sailed into that crowd of toughs, and proceeded to wipe up the street with them.

He would have gotten on very well if there had only been half a dozen, and he could have taken them singly.

As it was, however, they were all anxious to make a date with him at the same time.

The whole gang pitched upon him, and Clarence thought a house had fallen down.

He was pummeled and hammered and dragged through the dirt till there was nothing left of him but his striped underwear.

That darling flannel suit was not even fit for rags.

In the midst of it all, wonderful to relate, along came two policemen.

It was marvelous enough to see one in that locality, but to have two at once surpassed all belief.

The way their clubs banged about was worth double the price of admission.

On the heads, on the backs, on the feet of those toughs they danced and jumped like a shower of brickbats on a glass roof.

In two seconds or less the toughs were gathered in like butts before an Italian snipe hunter.

Three or four of the beats were collared, the rest beatings themselves to more congenial quarters.

Clarence recognized one of the captives as the man who had snatched his watch, and, as the ticker was found upon him, he was yanked in.

"You'll have to come to court and enter a complaint," said one of the officers.

"But I cahn't go looking like this," said Clarence.

"Put him in a hearse and take him up," said the tough. "Dat's de only way to treat such duffers as him."

"Yaw a howid bwute," said Clarence, "and you

ought to get six yeahs. Offleah, call a cawriage and I will go to cawt this vewy minute, just as I am, be Jove."

There was more sand in the composition of that dude than one might have supposed after all.

PART VIII.

CLARENCE's offer to go to court clad only in his underclothes and mud, to enter a complaint against the man who had stolen his watch was not accepted by the officer who had made the arrest, for a very good reason.

Just then a new-comer arrived in the person of Hardy the drummer who, like a bad penny, had a way of turning up at most unexpected times.

"Hallo, Fitzy, old man, so you didn't get quite carried away by the toughs?"

"Aw, how do?" said Clarence. "Glad to see you, old chappie, I am weally. Would you please awdah a cawriage?"

"Why, certainly. Ha-ha, you couldn't go through the street in that rig, could you?"

"No, sal, vewy decidedly not. It was lucky the officials awived when they did aw I shouldn't have had this much to weah."

"H'm, you may thank me for that."

"How so?"

"Well, I saw you dive down here, and as I knew it was a hard neighborhood I summoned a couple of men as soon as possible and then hurried after you."

"Thanks, deah boy, vewy much, I assshaw you."

Hardy now got a carriage and took Clarence to the hotel, smuggling him through the halls enveloped in a long linen duster.

The thieves were lugged off to the lock-up, where they were left to cool off till Clarence could enter a formal complaint.

This detained the dude till the next morning, but he at least had the satisfaction of seeing the principal tough sent off for a couple of years, and the others for six months each.

"I am vewy glad I am doing a good twade," mused Clarence to himself as he started for the train which was to take him to Rochester. "My wawdwobe is getting wathaw low, don't ye know."

When Clarence wanted new clothes he generally got them some way or another.

He wanted them now very muchly, but he knew how to get them.

He would order and pay for them, charging the same to his expense account.

He wasn't fool enough to put them down as clothes, however.

They went in as sundries.

Oh, Clarence was pretty fly in some respects, though he might be only half backed in some others.

His having done a good trade during his trip would make it an easier matter to run in two or three suits of clothes on the firm.

They would wink at the little fiction of "sundries" so long as he had made good sales.

Let him be light on orders sent in, however, and they'd be down on him like a load of bricks.

Clarence's various little experiences had told pretty heavy on his wardrobe, as he had remarked.

He felt the necessity of replenishing it, but was happy in the thought that he could safely do so with no expense to himself.

Upon leaving Syracuse, he found that Hardy was to accompany him, not altogether to his delight.

He liked Hardy well enough, but something always happened when he was along.

If Hardy himself did not work off a gag on him, he seemed to influence others to do so.

Hardy did not sit with him all the time, Clarence being in the smoking car, at intervals during the ride.

When they were not far from Rochester, the dude having just entered the drawing room car, Hardy met him and said slyly:

"Clarence, do you see that nice-looking girl midway down the aisle, the one with the ostrich tips in her hat I mean?"

"Yas, deah boy, but how do you know she's nice-looking?"

"Oh, I've been talking to her."

"But she weahs haw veil down, deah boy."

"Yes, just now she does."

"Wathah a pwetty figgah, eh?"

"Oh, charming."

"Vewy well dwessed, too, baw Jove."

"In very good taste."

"Good talkah?"

"As witty as she is good-looking."

"Got haw mothaw along?"

"No. She is quite alone."

"Aw, baw Jove, can't you introduce me, old chappie?"

"Why certainly."

"Thanks, vewy much."

Clarence was a great fellow on the crush, and he thought he had things all his own way in the present instance.

Hardy just wanted to introduce him to the young lady for a reason of his own.

He led Clarence up to where the young lady was sitting, there being a vacant seat alongside, and said:

"Miss Black, this is my friend Mr. Fitz Jones."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Fitz Jones," said the lady in a low tone.

"Fitz Woy Jones, if you please," corrected Clarence, as he sat down. "My twiend Hawdy sometimes fawgets."

"It's so much more elegant," whispered the lady.

"Weally quite Euwopean, don't ye know?" muttered Clarence. "Jones itself is so vulgah, but the Fitz Woy quite wedeems it."

The lady presently explained that she was suffering with an extremely bad cold and must be excused from speaking loud.

She did not say much, in any event, but Clarence rattled along in his giddy way, and made himself very amusing.

He noticed that the lady was expensively dressed, wore light kid gloves and a dainty hat, though her head was completely enveloped in a heavy dark veil.

"Chawming weathah," said Clarence. "The sum-mah is not hawlf so wawm heah as in the city, don't ye know?"

"Oh, no."

"I cawn't stay in the city duwing the hot weathah, and I always twavel," fibbed the dude.

"How nice!"

"I expect to go to the Falls, ye know, and down the St. Lawrence, pawhaps stop at the Thousand Islands, and then twy a month aw so at Sawatoga and the mountains."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yas, I did think of going to Fwance in my yacht, don't ye know, but the beastly cawft was out of we-pahah, and I had to give up the twip."

"How unfortunate!"

"Yas, it was weally; but I shall go down to Flowida and Bawmuda and all awound in the wintah, foh I cawn't stand the cold any betta than I can the heat, don't ye know."

"It must be nice to be so rich."

"Yas, I appwecciate it," said Clarence, listlessly.

"And so entertaing!"

"Oh, yas."

"And so handsome!"

"Aw, weally," blushed Clarence.

Then he treated his companion to another budget of fairy tales, while she dosed him up to the muzzle with taffy.

When they reached Rochester he asked her if he might not escort her to her hotel.

She said he might, and having turned over his baggage to an expressman who had passed through the train, he offered the lady his arm and they sailed out upon the street.

Clarence was togged out to shoot, and felt as proud as a kid with a new dress as he walked along.

He knew that all hands and the cook were looking at him, and he was glad of it.

Presently, however, he thought that the levity expressed upon the countenances of those who met him, was rather more than the occasion required.

It wasn't, but Clarence thought so.

The truth of the matter was that he did not know what they were laughing at.

As he encountered broad grins, heard regular guffaws, out-and-out shrieks of laughter, and other hilarious expressions of delight, he became greatly puzzled.

"I wondah what they are laughing at?" he mused.

There was little cause for wonder, however.

The lady had removed her heavy veil, and her face was now exposed.

It was not a homely face, but it was as black as night.

Clarence's companion was a bona-fide, fast color, dyed-in-the-wool negress.

The picture that she and the dude made walking arm in arm along a fashionable promenade can better be imagined than described.

"There he goes—the fellow without a hat!"

At that moment Clarence and the fugitive reached each other.

The crook whipped Clarence's dicer off his head and put it on his own.

Then he hurried away, not quite so fast as before, while Clarence turned to demand an explanation.

"Hi—hi! Stop the bareheaded fellow! He's a thief!"

Poor Clarence Fitz Roy!

He was collared by a dozen different men in half a second.

"That's the fellow; hold on to him!" yelled one of the thief takers.

His being without a hat was proof positive that he was the thief.

"Yes, sir—a dozen."

"Put him in a cell."

"All right."

Then Clarence began to blubber:

"It isn't all wight," he cried, with a burst of indignation. "It's all wong. I ain't a pickpocket, I'm a dwummah."

"Take him away, Tompkins."

"I won't go till I have a chawnce to speak," yelled Clarence. "It's a howwid mistake. I nevah saw Wochestah till ten minutes ago. I've just come in on the twain, and my fwends came with me."

"He was identified by half a dozen people," said Tompkins.

"Where are they?"

The officer looked out at the crowd gathered about the station, but the witnesses had departed.

"Yaw a fool yaw ownself," bristled Clarence, getting mad, "and faw faw cents I'd put a wool ovah yaw peepah, you old duffah."

Then he made a pass at the man who had angered him, merely with the intention of scaring him.

The feint had its due effect, and the man jumped back as though a bull were after him.

He banged against Tompkins, sprawling that redoubtable officer across the rail, and nearly fell over a big stone spittoon half full of old sogers, grasshoppers and extract of cut plug.

The captain laughed, and was about to call in the reserve force, when the door was opened and in came Hardy.

"There's a mistake here, captain," he said. "This is a friend of mine—a drummer, representing a repu-



The truth of the matter was that he did not know what they were laughing at. As he encountered broad grins, heard regular guffaws, out-and-out shrieks of laughter, and other hilarious expressions of delight, he became greatly puzzled. "I wondah what they are laughing at?" he mused.

Up came a policeman at the end of the line, and Clarence was rudely seized.

"What do you mean, sah?" gasped Clarence, as he was being lugged off.

"You'll find that out at the station."

"He's the one; I saw him do it!" cried an excited woman.

Notwithstanding the fact that Clarence was tall and slim and fair, and the thief heavy, thick-set and very dark, the woman identified the poor dude.

"He's bare-headed and that's enough!" cried a man all out of breath.

"A fellah wan up and snatched my hat, don't ye know," Clarence tried to explain.

"Too thin!" yelled the crowd.

"Search him!"

"Club him!"

"Put on the nippers!"

"Paralyze the scoundrel!"

Everybody had something to suggest, and if all the propositions had been carried out that unhappy dude would have had a hard time of it.

It was bad enough as it was.

The cop yanked him by the collar and hauled him along like a bag of potatoes, the crowd pushing and struggling and acting generally like a lot of lunatics, as a crowd always does.

The station was not far off, and this was lucky, for if it had been, Clarence's clothes would have been torn from his back.

He was rushed in, the crowd was kept back, and then he was hauled up before the captain.

"What have you got there, Tompkins?"

"Pickpocket."

"Got any witnesses?"

It was enough that the man was locked up, and after that they did not bother their heads about him.

Presently, however, a man pushed his way through the mob and entered.

"Have you got the thief?" he asked.

"Here he is," said Tompkins.

"H'm! you've arrested the wrong man as usual," grunted the individual. "That's not the fellow at all. The other one was goo-l-looking."

This was adding salt and vinegar to Clarence's wounded pride.

The idea of a pickpocket being thought better looking than he was!

"Perhaps this fellow is an accomplice," said the captain. "Search him, Tompkins."

"Don't you come neah me, fellah!" cried Clarence, stepping back. "I'm not going to be sawched by any low policeman, if I am awaw of it."

"He's no pickpocket," said the gentleman. "He doesn't know enough."

Here was another black eye for our peripatetic dude.

"Search him, Tompkins," said the boss of the shop again.

"He shawn't do it," cried Clarence, squaring off. "I'll take a wound out of him if he does."

Clarence was a dandy with his fists, and his position showed the officer that he would have some pretty tough meat to chew if he tackled the dude.

"Don't you come neah me, you howid fellah," said Clarence, striking an attitude worthy of a boss slug-gist. "If you do I won't ansaw faw the wesult."

"Let the fool go," said the gentleman who had come in to make a complaint. "He's perfectly harmless."

table New York house. He's no thief, I give you my word."

"All right, Mr. Hardy. If you say so that is sufficient. I hardly believed him guilty myself, but thought it was necessary to go through the form of searching him."

"If my fwend wants to sawch me, all vewy well," said Clarence, "but I nevah will pawmit a howwid, wude policeman to do it."

"It's all right, Fitz," laughed Hardy. "Come along. I've got a carriage. By the way, what did you do with your mash?"

"Yaw a weal mean fellah to fool me with a nigh-gah," cried Clarence, "and if you hadn't got me out of this swape with the policeman I'd nevah ad-dwess anothaw wemawk to you, nevah!"

"Oh, that's all right," snickered the drummer as he pushed Clarence into the carriage, followed and slammed the door. "You know I always was a friend of yours, Clarence."

"Yas, me deah fellah, but I do wish you wouldn't be so fwesh sometimes."

The two friends were driven to the Whitcomb House, where they were to stop, and Clarence, after fixing himself up a bit, sallied out to catch whatever was going.

Just as he was leaving, however, an express messenger came up and asked:

"Do you know any Mr. Jones here, sir? There's an express package for him."

"My name is Fitz Woy Jones."

"That's it; package from Lisle & Woolley, New York."

"That's all wight. Chawges paid?"

"Yes, sir."

The boy delivered the package which was not large, and Clarence signed the book and gave him a quarter for himself.

"I wondah what it is?" mused the dude, cutting the cords.

Inside the first paper was a note addressed to himself.

"DEAR JONES.—Send sample of new line of goods. Try 'em on in Rochester. L. & W."

That was what the note said.

"Now saw the new line of goods," remarked Clarence.

The sample had a good deal to do with the clothing line, or rather the clothesline, for it was a hoopskirt.

"What an idea!" said Clarence, as he held the skeleton up. "They want me to twy that thing on, be Jove!"

Now the firm's idea of trying on differed somewhat from the dude's.

They meant for him to see how the thing would sell.

He thought they meant to try the thing on, literally speaking, the same as one would treat a new coat or any other garment.

"You don't sell those things, do you?" said the first prize clerk behind the counter.

"Yas, me deah boy, I sell everything, don't ye know."

"Hoopskirts, too?"

"Sawtainly. I've sold skawts and wibbons and bawd cages and picket fences—"

"Bird-cages and picket-fences!" cried the clerk. "Those are not in the dry goods line."

"Aw, we call bustles bawd-cages, don't ye know," tittered Clarence.

"And what are picket fences then, for goodness sake?"

"Cawsets, me deah boy. When I was in the wetail business in New Yawk I sold all those awticles, don't ye know."

Clarence then folded up his skirt and set out upon his travels.

He did pretty well in the gentlemen's line, and finally struck a place, a big one, too, where they sold all sorts of things.

Having shown his samples and taken a good order, he looked around and said:

"Aw, I've something else, me deah fellah, something in yaw line too, I see."

Then out came the skeleton skirt.

"Heah is something vewy new in the way of a hoop skawt," said Clarence. "It is weally a bustle, don't ye know, as theah aw no wiahs in fwont, only tapes, you pawceive."

"H'm, we have that style already."

"Beg pawdon, but you haven't, me deah boy," said Clarence promptly. "This is the vewy latest thiug, just impawted fwom Euwope."

Then Clarence expatiated upon the various improvements embodied in this skirt adjuster, and seeing that he had caught his customer's attention, concluded to obey instructions and try the thing on.

"You cahn't tell weally how an awticle looks till it's twied on," he continued.

Then he proceeded to try it on forthwith.

He got into that collection of wires, tapes, and straps, like a little man, and put himself on exhibition before the glass.

"Theah you aw, me deah boy," he said, turning slowly around. "Obsawve the neat appeahwance of the fwont, and the pawfekt cawves of the weah. Thaw's weally nothing like it, ye know."

It was funny to see that dandy dude posing before a glass in a hoop skirt, particularly as he was so solemn about it.

The boy of the period was employed in that establishment, and as he twigged Clarence a bright idea popped into his busy brain.

He went to the rear of the store, and then came suddenly rushing to the front yelling at the top of his lungs:

"The bull-dog has gone mad and has busted his chain, and here he comes ready to chew us all up."

Then a loud bark was heard in the rear in confirmation of the boy's words.

"Gweat Hevins! a mad dog loose in the stoah! I shall be killed, I know I shall!"

Then without further ado Clarence made a bolt for the door and dashed out into the street, white dicer, giddy suit, hoop-skirt, and all.

PART IX.

THE sudden appearance of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones, the Traveling Dude, upon the principal street of Rochester, wearing a combination hoopskirt and bustle about his manly waist, created no little sensation.

"Bewaw of the mad dog!" yelled Clarence, as he darted a frightened look behind him.

The boy in the store where Clarence had been exhibiting his samples and himself had yelled out that the dog was mad and had broken loose, and that accounted for the dude's sudden exit.

Everybody ran to the door or the windows when Clarence ran out, expecting that there would be a circus.

And so there was very shortly.

"Take caiah; he's going to bite," cried Clarence, as he ran plump into a fat man coming leisurely up the street.

The fat man sat down on the sidewalk with great suddenness, whilst Clarence pitched over his head and slid along the walk on his classic nose.

However, that was nothing compared to what the bite of a mad dog would be, and the dude jumped up and hastened away with all speed.

Then the small boys of the town caught right on to the exhibition and laughed delightedly.

"Look at the monkey carrying his cage along with him!"

"That ain't a monkey, it's a poll parrot; can't you see?"

"Well, you can't catch him."

Then all the boys started off on the run, while Clarence, hardly knowing what he was doing, fell foul of a big policeman who was coming his way.

The blue-coat collared Clarence at once, demanding sternly:

"What do you mean, sir, by drawing a crowd this way? Don't you know it's against the law?"

"What do you mean, fellah," demanded Clarence in return, "by sopping me in this mannah? Aw you awaw that theah is a mad dawg loose?"

"Take him in, copper," yelled the boys.

"Mad dog or not, you've no right to go around in disguise."

"Me deah sah, theah is no disguise about it. I have on my pwopah wig, don't ye know."

"Proper rig, eh? Do you call a hoopskirt a proper rig?"

Clarence had forgotten all about that, in his hurry to get away from the jaws of the mad dog.

The policeman's words recalled it to his mind.

"Oh, weally, I sawgot all about that, don't ye know," said Clarence, with a silly giggle. "I was descwibing its vawtues to a customah of mine, when the dawg bwoke loose. I am a twaveling dwummah, don't ye know."

Then Clarence proceeded to get out of that bird cage, mousetrap, or whatever else you might call it, folding it up into a small compass and putting it under his arm.

"There wasn't any mad dog at all," said the copper, doubtfully.

"Oh, theah weally was, ye know, and you can go to the stoah and pwove it."

Just at this moment, up came the obese party, against whom Clarence had run in his mad flight.

"Oh, you've got him, have you?" he puffed. "That's right. Lock him up, and make him pay damages. He knocked me down, the mutten-headed caricature of a human being."

Then Clarence stared at the big man, and the big man gazed at Clarence.

The big fellow was Clarence's old acquaintance and adversary, Dr. E. Galen Tugge, phrenologist.

The vocabulary gave him away, for Clarence had not at first recognized him.

"Why, bless my hawt, it's Doctah Tugge, 'pon me wawd!" cried Clarence.

"H'm! it's Jones, turned up again, as I'm a suffering, sorrowful sinner," muttered Tugge.

The doctor did not care to have a second controversy with Clarence, knowing from experience that he was a bad man.

Clarence, on the other hand, was not a bit afraid of Tugge, and felt inclined to chaff him.

"I fancied you waw dead, doctah, I weally did," he chuckled. "saw you disapeahed so suddenly aftah a sawtai little occuwence ovah in—"

Dr. E. Galen Tugge did not wait to hear any more, but got out of that in the quickest time on record.

The people in the store now came out, and Clarence was liberated, the self-satisfied copper warning him not to do it again, whatever it was.

There was a grand laugh on the dude, on account of that mad dog snap, and Clarence was glad to pack up his duds and get away without making a sale.

As he was sailing down the street on the lookout for another customer, he saw a door suddenly open, and a man come flying out as though there had been an explosion.

After him came a couple of sample cases, staring wide open, and their contents jumping all over the walk.

"Anothah mad dog, I weckon," said Clarence to himself. "Weally, theah seems to be plenty of 'em in this town at pwesent."

Then walking up to the man who was now busily engaged in scooping in his samples, the dude said:

"Beg pawdon, deah boy, but has theah been a fiah?"

"Fired out, I guess," laughed the other.

"Yaw a twavelah, I pwesume?"

"Yes, didn't you see me travel out that door just now?"

"What was the mattah?"

"Want of appreciation on the part of the donkey who keeps the place."

"Aw, so you waw bounced, in othaw wawds?"

"That's about the bigness of it, but I'll get square with 'em."

"Yaw in the notion line, I pawceive," said Clarence.

"Yes, and I've a notion that it would take an ocean of blood to wipe out the insult."

"Aw, you must westwain yaw emotion, me deah boy."

"A motion! Yes, and a very rapid motion it was, too. I'd like to have restrained it, but I couldn't."

"I mean you must not let yaw angwy passions 'wise."

"See here, you're a drummer, arn't you?" asked Clarence's companion.

"Yes, deah boy."

"Been long on the road?"

"About a month, deah boy."

"Ever been where I was just now?"

"You mean fiahed out?"

"Yes."

"Yes, deah boy, sevewal times, but I nevah lose my gwip, don't ye know."

"You'd lose it if you tackled those fellows. You'd be so mad you'd want to go right home, shoot the business, and never sell another thing."

"No, sah; yaw in ewaw."

"No, sir; nixey error."

"I'll pwove it," said Clarence. "I'm in yaw line, me deah boy, and I'll sell all those fellahs something inside of hawf an houah."

Then Clarence grabbed his little grips and marched straight into the place whence the other drummer had been ejected.

"Good-mawning," he said to the boss. "Heah is me cawd, deah boy. Can I show you anything? Yas? Aw, I thought so," he went right on, without waiting for an answer.

"I don't want anything!" yelled the boss.

"Yas, you do, me deah boy, and I cawn't take no faw an answah. I don't mind being bounced faw a cent; I weally love mad dogs, don't ye know; me twoosahs aw bawglah pwoof, and I can stand kickin': I weah wubbah undah gawments, and you can play the hose on me all day; I nevah get fiahed of wawking my chin; I nevah give cwedit to a fwesh house, and I'm going to sell you something if I wemain heah all day."

Clarence's cool cheek was a regular paralyizer.

His victim was a man who had a reputation for bouncing drummers.

"Here, Tom," he gasped. "Fetch up a dozen hand grenades and put this fellow out."

"Can't do it," said Clarence. "I'm bomb pwoof, deah boy."

"Where do you live when you're home? You're cool enough to have come from the North Pole."

"Yas, me deah boy, and miles beyond it, don't ye know," went on Clarence, displaying his samples.

"Now what's the use of your showing me those things?"

"Because yaw going to buy them, me deah fellah."

"I won't buy as much as a pair of shoestrings."

"Sowy I haven't any, sah, but I can awdah you a gwoss thowough anothah house. Do you like leathah aw silk best?"

"Oh, go hang yourself."

"Yas, deah boy. Let me show you some dwess suspendahs that nevah bweak. You could hang yawself vewy conveniently with 'em, old chappie. Will you take thwee dozen?"

"Hey, Tom, Joe, Jerry, Mike, Ned! Come up here and bounce this tramp."

"Cahn't you call some moah?" asked Clarence. "I weah an electric battewy undah my waistcoat, and I can administah a shock to seventee pawsons at a time. Would you like to twy it?"

"If you don't get out of here I'll murder you!" gasped the victim.

"All wight, me deah fellah. My life is inshawed faw sawtay thousand in faw companies in favaw of my brothaw dwummahs, who aw all swawn to avenge my death."

"What do you want for the silk handkerchiefs?" groaned the other.

"Ten dollahs a dozen, wholesale. Take thwee dozen and I'll call it thawty-five."

"Better give me one, then."

"Thanks, vewy much. Anything else?"

Then Clarence displayed his whole stock, rattling away concerning the elegance and cheapness of his goods till the listener grew tired.

He saw that there was nothing for it but to buy, for Clarence only smiled at the abuse heaped on him, and seemed wound up for all day.

That dandy dude stuck him for a cozy sum, and then packed his cases, tucked his orders in his vest pocket and faded away.

He met the other drummer at the hotel, and told him of the success he had had with the bouncer.

"Well, I thought I had as much cheek as anybody," said the other, with a grin, "but you just take the bakery."

"It's all in knowing how, don

THE TRAVELING DUDE.

the racket they were getting ready for Clarence, and presently they went up to his room in a body.

They found him smoking and reading a book, and Moss came at once to the point by asking:

"I say, Jones, old man, will you show us that rope-tying trick?"

"Of cawse, deah boy, with the gweatest pleashaw."

"I know you can do it," said Moss, slyly, "but my friends say you can't. I'll bet ten dollars you can."

"Aw, thanks, vewy much, deah boy, faw yaw confidence in me," said Clarence, tickled to death.

"So you see, I've brought a rope," continued Moss, "and we'll do the trick right here."

"All wight," said Clarence, "and if you'll follow my diwrections I'll show you how the twick can be done."

"We haven't any cabinet, so we'll tie you in a chair," said Moss.

There he sat, as helpless as a pig on skates, wondering if something was not wrong after all.

He could not move hand nor foot, and could scarcely wink even, so tightly was he tied.

"Aw you all through?" he asked.

"On, yes."

"We have no more rope, or we might make a few more knots."

"Let's see you get away now."

"Guess you'll get out in time to catch the train in the morning."

"Ah, me deah fellahs, just you go out of the woom a few seconds," said Clarence, "and when I call you, come back."

"Well?"

"You will be sawpvised to find me fwee."

"Oh, what a surprise!" sang Moss.

"Oh, yes, you'll be free—in your mind."

He could not start the very first one of all those knots.

Worse than that, he could not move a single part of him.

His hands, his feet, his knees, his elbows, his head, every bit of him, in fact, absolutely refused to budge.

The jokers had done their work up in dandy style.

If they had handcuffed him and shut him up in a trunk he could not have been more helpless.

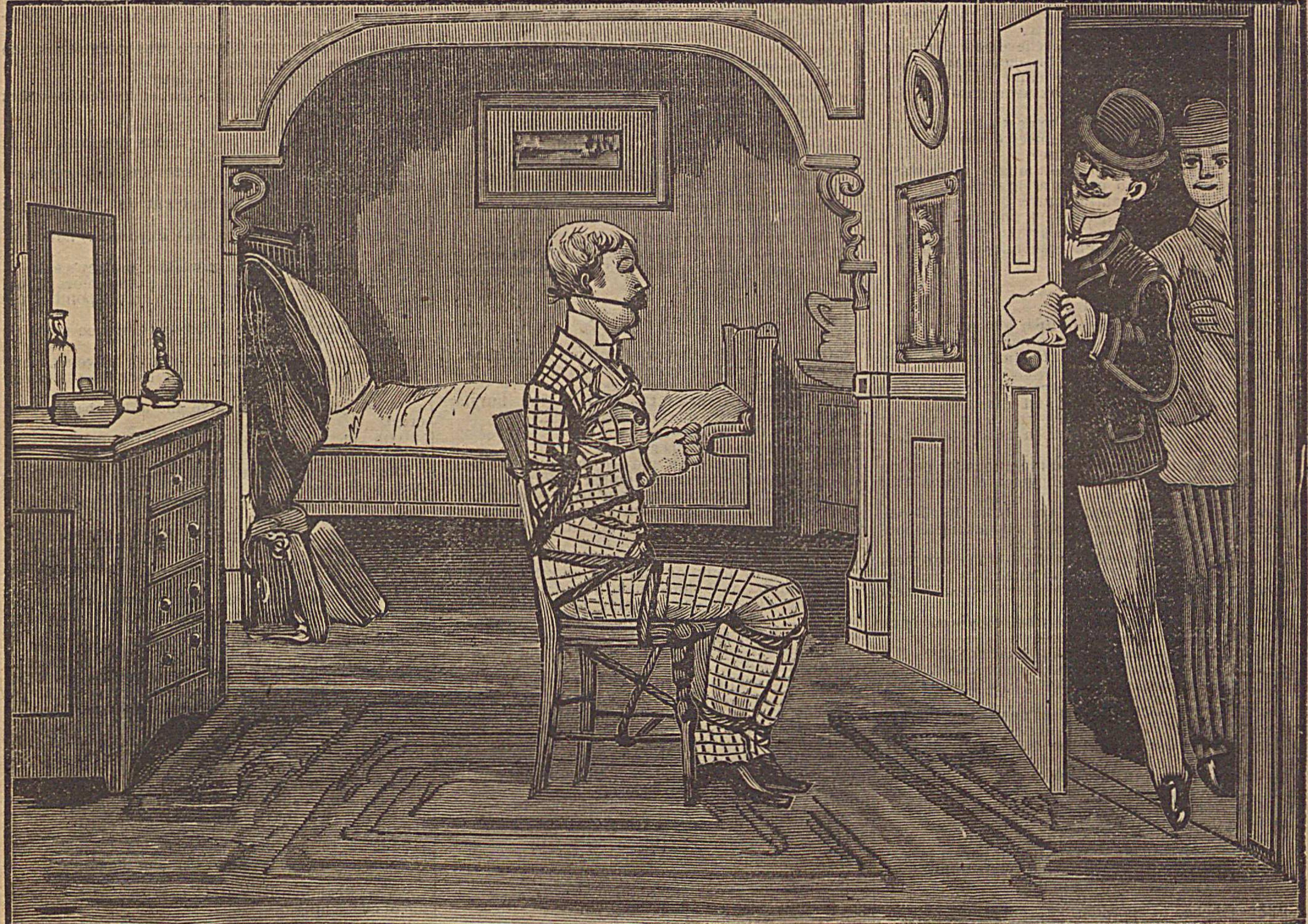
Then, too, he was gagged, and that made matters ten times as bad.

He could not call for assistance, he could not rap on the floor, he could not do anything to attract attention.

He tried the various methods for releasing himself known to professional jugglers.

Not one of them would work.

In fact, he could not as much as wink.



"We'll come in and let you loose in the morning." "Tra-la-la, Gussie!" "Don't go away, Fitzy dear." "We'll call you in time for breakfast." "Over the river, Clarence." Then those jokers turned the gas away down low till only the faintest spark was visible and left the room.

"Yas, that'll do fawst wate. This one will do," and Clarence sat down in an ordinary straight up-and-down chair.

"You fawst put the wope awound my body and the chaiah toghah, make a loop and then go awound again and make anothah loop in the opposite diwrection," he began, "so that when a pwesshaw is put upon them the two loops will come apawt. That is one of the secwets of the wope tying, don't ye know."

Moss and his cronies followed Clarence's directions, with a few slight modifications, and passed on to the next step.

They took care, however, to make a good solid flat knot behind Clarence's back, instead of the slip knot he desired.

Then they secured his arms to his side, trussing him up like a fowl for roasting.

His legs were bound together, his ankles secured to the chair legs and ropes were passed over his lap and under the chair seat.

His knees were also made better acquainted by means of ropes, while his elbows and his ribs found themselves in closer quarters than ever before.

"Yaw following my diwrections?" asked Clarence, with no slight misgivings as the tying proceeded.

"Oh, certainly."

"We're doing just as they did on the stage."

"We're really making it easier for you, I think."

"All wight, then; go ahead."

And they did go ahead for a surety.

They tied that dude so securely that if the last trump had sounded he would have been late getting into heaven from having to untie himself.

The rope went around, and over, and across, and under him, till every inch of it was used up.

"Free as a frog in a well."

"Hold up," said Moss; "we must gag you first, and then we will know that you can't call any accomplice to your aid."

Thereupon they proceeded to gag that gay and festive dude, much to his alarm.

He was beginning to be a little doubtful as to the success of the trick.

He had tried it before, but not always with the desired result.

In other cases his directions had been followed literally.

He was not certain that they had been in this case.

When the gag was put in his mouth he began to wish that he hadn't let the drummers tie him.

What if they went off—but no, they wouldn't do such a thing.

"There you are," said Moss.

"As snug as can be, old boy."

"Guess you're good for all night."

"We'll come in and let you loose in the morning."

"Tra-la-la, Gussie!"

"Don't go away, Fitzy dear."

"We'll call you in time for breakfast."

"Over the river, Clarence."

Then those jokers turned the gas away down low till only the faintest spark was visible and left the room.

They took the precaution also, of locking the door on the outside, and taking the key with them.

Then that poor dude, being left alone, tried to get out of his bonds.

Get out?

If he had been offered ten millions of dollars to get out he could not have earned a cent of it.

Finally the conviction dawned upon him that he had been duped.

Sold!

Played for a flat!

Put through a grinding machine and regularly done up!

Alas, poor Clarence!

Alas for him who puts his trust in drummers.

"It's weal mean," thought Clarence. "I'll bet those howwid fellahs did this on pawpose. That fellah, Moss, is a weglah cad, don't ye know, and I'll nevah speak to him again. That othah fellah, Hawdy, was weal bad, but he would nevah do anything like this. If I cawn't attwact the attention of the waitahs aw the pawtahs aw the girls, I shall be obliged to stay heah all night."

That was very evident.

As he could neither move nor call out, there was certainly no chance of attracting any one's attention.

"If I only had a pack of cigawettes now I would not mind it at all," he presently thought.

That was just like Clarence.

If he had the cigarettes he could not smoke them.

Perhaps, however, he meant that if he had them he would be able to smoke, and, consequently, free to do as he liked, and, in other words, safe out of his troubles.

Such a course of reasoning might have suggested itself to him, but we very much doubt it.

Seconds ticked themselves into minutes, and minutes piled themselves into hours.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal" started in for their innings.

One o'clock came sneaking along, and after it, seemingly three hours late, came two, and then, more behind time yet, three came slowly around.

"If a fellah could sing the time would not pass so slowly," thought Clarence.

Sing, indeed! when his mouth was walled up with a big gag.

Four o'clock, five o'clock, six, seven and eight came around, and then it was broad daylight, and Clarence felt as rabid as a government mule.

Nine, ten, eleven!

There he was still and nobody came to disturb him.

Surely some of the servants would come in to look after the room?

They did not, all the same, though, now and then he could hear passing footsteps.

Oh, for one instant's power of speech!

Wouldn't he make things ring?

Well, he would just giggle if he did not.

Noon came around, and then one, two and three, in the order named, as the papers say.

And still nobody had come to relieve poor Clarence.

This was getting to be decidedly more than a joke.

Evening followed day, night came rushing down the West, and another day slunk away into the forgotten past.

And there sat Clarence, tired to death, letting go his grip on hope, and in his heart a deep despair.

Were they all dead in the house?

So it seemed, or else, horrible thought! there was a well organized plot to get up a big sensation in the town with him as the central figure.

At any rate, the hours passed on, and there he sat apparently no nearer deliverance than when he had first trusted himself to the tender mercies of his brother drummers.

PART X.

Moss, the drummer, had put up a job on Clarence. He, with the assistance of two other drummers, had tied the dude in his chair under the pretense of doing a rope tying trick.

Then they had gagged him, turned down the gas, locked the door on the outside, and gone away.

They had not intended to leave the poor dude for more than an hour or so, and then meant to release him.

The place where they use good intentions for paving stones must have had a fresh invoice of them that night.

First, Moss went off and played billiards till one o'clock, incidentally filling himself with strong lemonade and forgetting all about Clarence.

The other fellows supposed that Moss would call them when he was ready, and so they waited in a neighboring billiard room until the proprietor requested them to leave.

It was then three o'clock, and when they went back to the hotel Moss had gone to bed.

"Guess he must have let the dude out himself," they said, and then they thought no more about it.

The next morning they left town by an early train, leaving Moss still asleep.

The perpetrator of the joke slept until eight o'clock, jumped up hurriedly, dressed himself, swallowed his breakfast, and bolted out of the hotel, all in ten minutes.

He just succeeded in catching his train, and did not think of Clarence again till he reached Buffalo, when, in feeling in his pockets for change, he came across the key of Clarence's room.

"Great Scott! that dude must be getting awful hungry!" he explained. "Well, if that isn't a lark."

Then he sent the key back to the Whitcomb House, Rochester, with the following note:

"Jones locked in his room. Forgot all about him. Let him out. Moss."

This letter, being addressed to the night clerk, did not reach that august individual till late on the second night of Clarence's imprisonment.

The clerk showed it to two or three of his friends, and all hands had a good laugh over it.

Poor Clarence was just beginning to fall asleep in his chair, to which he was tied so securely that he could not by any possibility fall out, when suddenly he heard a noise.

It was at the window.

Some one was evidently getting in, or trying to do so.

Presently the sash went up, and he heard a voice say:

"All right, Bill; the way is clear."

"Nobody about?"

"Not a blessed soul."

Thump!

A man had jumped in at the window, with an utter disregard of silence.

Two others followed, as Clarence could tell by the sound of their gentle feet hammering the carpet.

"We'll go through this room and then pass to the next."

"We'll lug away all the boodle we can swipe."

"Yes, and kill any bloke that tries to stop us."

The blood of Clarence Fitz Roy was like ice-water. These men were burglars.

Horrid, nasty burglars, who would stop at nothing.

They walked across the room, and one of them ran slap up against the dude in his chair.

"Ha—ha! we are discovered!"

Crack!

Clarence thought for sure that he was shot.

It was only the explosion of one of those obtrusive parlor matches.

In an instant the gas was turned on, and the room was brilliantly lighted.

"Hello, Bill, the fellow is here!"

"Don't let him utter a sound, Jack."

"Be sure not to let him move, Tom."

Then the men came and stood in front of Clarence.

They were regulation burglars, sure enough.

They wore slouched hats, stockings were drawn over their boots, and they carried dark lanterns.

"Hush! not a sound!"

"Don't you dare to move!"

"Sit right where you are if you value life!"

Thus did they address themselves to the helpless dude.

"Don't move!" thought Clarence. "Just as if I had moved faw twenty-faw houahs."

"Sh! not a word!"

"Why, I haven't said a wawd since lahst night," mused Clarence, inwardly.

"He won't dare to stir, now we've told him not to."

"He won't open his head after that warning."

"He'd sooner die than leave that chair."

This might have been a grim joke, but Fitz Roy did not see it.

The whole thing was an awful reality to him.

He stared with wide open eyes at the three burglars, and wondered what they were going to do.

He was not left long in doubt.

"Turn out your pockets, young fellow."

"Hand us out your watch and chain."

"Fork over your dazzling."

It is needless to say that Clarence did not comply with these modest requests.

How could he, when he was tied hand and foot?

"You won't do it, eh?"

"Then we'll have to search you."

They did so forthwith, and relieved Clarence of his watch, chain, diamond pin and studs, pocket-book, loose change and keys.

"Not a whisper."

"Don't you dare give the alarm."

"Sh!"

"Oh, deah! I wish they wouldn't tell me to hush. I ain't saying a wawd. I only wish I could. They aw making a lot of noise themselves."

Such were Clarence's thoughts as the burglars tramped around like a lot of cavalrymen.

"Let's go through his trunks."

"Yes—we can hock his clothes."

They pulled a sheet off the bed, laid it on the floor, opened Clarence's big trunk, pulled out all the bureau drawers, and began to help themselves generally.

Checker-board trousers, rainbow vests, song-and-dance coats and dazzling shirts—all went into that sheet.

Every now and then they would pause in their work, come in front of Clarence, and threaten him with the most awful punishment if he dared to speak.

Shaving his mustache, taking his quizzing-glass from him, keeping him on one cigarette a day, cutting him down to milk instead of soda-water, and cutting his bangs, were some of the awful penalties they threatened.

Clarence would not have moved less if he had been soldered up in a length of lead pipe.

Having impressed upon his mind the awful consequences of his speaking or moving, the burglars went on with their work.

All of Clarence's lovely night-shirts, his very stunningest cravats, his dizziest handkerchiefs and his swellest gloves went into that pile.

"Do you think we want any more, Jack?"

They already had nearly everything that was in the trunk.

"No, we would be suspected if we carried too big a bundle."

It was as big as any one of them already.

"Do you think he will squeal?"

"Not if I warn him."

Then the boss burglar came up to Clarence, and said in Dime Museum, high tragedy utterances:

"Don't you get out of that chair for an hour, or perish!" cried one, putting a big pistol to his head while another held up the dude's watch.

"I shall peewish befaw that time, I'm awfaid."

"If you make the slightest noise you die."

"Oh, deah, just as if I hadn't been twying all day to ahouse the house."

"Say, Bill, hadn't we better cut his throat before we leave?"

Clarence's spinal column was like a lump of ice.

Suppose they did carry out their threats?

"No, that's too dirty. It'd soil the carpet."

Nice, genteel burglars, weren't they?

"Well, we might empty our pops into him, just to make sure he keeps quiet."

Clarence felt as if he had eaten twenty plates of ice cream all at once.

What if they were to make a bullet pouch of him, after all?

The thought took all the cosmetic out of his moustache.

"No, that's too common. Let's hang him to the gas-burner. They'll think he committed suicide."

Poor Fitz!

He thought his final hour had struck to a certainty.

However, none of these gentle suggestions were carried out.

"Sh-sh!"

"Don't move for an hour."

"Don't speak, or you die."

With these parting words the three desperadoes opened the door and left the room.

The unhappy dude scarcely dared to breathe.

The injunctions not to move or speak he considered slightly superfluous, for if he could have done both he would not have dared to.

The perspiration ran down him till his shoes were nearly washed off.

He had been robbed of all he had, and now he was to die of fright.

It was a hard fate for one so young and fresh—very much too fresh, in fact.

However, he was not left in the dark, and that was one comfort.

For all he knew, though, the wind coming in at the open window might blow the gas out, and then he would be smothered.

Or, it might blow the curtains into the flame, they would take fire, and the house be burned up.

These and other cheering thoughts passed through what was generally conceded to be his brain.

An hour passed away thus cheerily, and then a fairy footstep was heard in the hall.

It paused suddenly, the door was opened and in waltzed a chamber-maid.

She let out a yell that would have frightened an Indian.

"What are yez doin' here?" she asked, recovering her self-possession.

Then she saw that Clarence was gagged, and she removed the obstruction.

"Faw hevvin's sake let me out!"

These were the first words that emanated from that long silent mouth.

"Phat are yez doing here, annyway?"

"I will explain, but faw gracious goodness do cut these cawds, me deah gawl."

The woman went away, and presently returned with a butcher-knife.

"If I should let it shlip and cut yez, don't moind it," she advised him.

Clarence realized that he was exposed to new dangers.

"Be caiahful, me deah gawl, faw mawcy's sake."

She managed not to cut his clothes more than a dozen times, not to stick him with the point of the knife more than six.

At last the ropes were all off and Clarence stood up a free man.

The tingling blood, rushing through his veins, made him jump, however, and he fell back into his chair almost helpless.

"Faw hevvin's sake, give me a hot bawth," he cried.

"Oh—oh, listen to him?" yelled the maiden, very much shocked.

Then she fled from the room leaving Clarence to his own meditations.

She locked the door, moreover, and Fitz Roy was again a prisoner.

Just then Clarence heard the clock down-stairs strike twelve.

"It isn't late," he remarked. "I can still call faw assistance."

Then he summoned help from below, by means of the annunci

"What is it?" asked the dude, very much puzzled.
"I don't know. Open it."
"Isn't it wathah big, deah boy?"
"Maybe it's your washing."
"Or your love letters returned."
"Open it, Clarence."
"Aw, pawhah I had bettah cawy it up befa I open it," mused Clarence.

Then he took hold of the cord which secured the bundle, lifted it and started off with it.

Snap!

Something suddenly gave way.

Clarence had a piece of twine in his hand, while the parcel lay on the floor.

It had opened in a manner provokingly peculiar to parcels, and its contents were revealed.

They consisted mostly of clothes.

One glance at them sufficed for the dude.

In one place, after he had made two or three good sales, he was met very gruffly.

"Don't want anything, Mr. Jones," said Gruff, the proprietor.

"Aw, who said you did?" said Clarence, sweetly. "I only want to look at my samples. I haven't seen them faw sevewal days, don't ye know, and I've weally fawgotten how they look."

Then he proceeded to open his cases and spread their contents out upon the counter.

"I tell you I don't want nothing," said Gruff.

"Yas, you do, deah boy. You want an English gwammah and you want to study it weal hawd."

"None of your impudence! We bounce saucy drummers mighty quick."

"If you bounced me you'd be like the falls of Niagara."

"Why so?"

a place, I'm shaw, if yaw staw is a sample. Good-mawnin', old wed-nose."

"I'll punch your head, if you call my nose red," growled Gruff.

"Yaw nose be blowed," said Clarence, packing up his samples. "I've got some nice handkawchiefs, if you want to buy any."

"I'll buy a horse-whip, and lay it over your back, you donkey."

"Don't hawt yawself," answered Clarence with a grin, tipping his hat as he went out.

The next place he went into proved to be much better, and he made a good trade, besides telling a funny story at the expense of Gruff.

In fact, he used his time to good advantage, and left early the next morning for Cleveland, putting up at the Weddell House and striking the town with both feet.



Every now and then they would pause in their work, come in front of Clarence, and threaten him with the most awful punishment if he dared to speak.

They were his own.
Then he took a gigantic tumble.
Once more he had been sold.
"Don't you dare move, Fitzy."
"Don't speak on your life."
So said his friends with grins and chuckles.
Clarence took another tumble.
Here were the very burglars who had frightened him so.

The whole affair was a huge joke.
"That'll cost you a basket, Fitzy."

"We'll let you off on one, though, and not be too hard on you."

Clarence did not mind having to treat; it was the occasion that galled him.

He grabbed that bundle—collared on to it with both hands, and rushed up-stairs with an utter disregard of cramps or aching joints.

In that parcel he found all his clothing, his watch and money, and other valuables.

"It's weal, awfully mean to scaiah a fellah so," growled Clarence. "I declaw, I am almost dead."

However, he felt better after he had had a bath, a nice little hot supper and a smoke, and then he went to bed.

Rochester was too warm for him, however, and the very first thing in the morning he packed his trunks, paid his bill, skipped out and went to Buffalo.

"If I can find that fellah, Moss, heah, I will tell him what I think of him," he remarked, but Moss had attached himself to some movable body and had rolled off.

Clarence got right down to business soon after his arrival in Buffalo, having to make up for the loss of a day in Rochester.

"Because it would be a gweat waste of powah."

"Yes, you ain't worth it, that's a fact."

Clarence wished he had not made his riddle.

It was like a two-edged sword and cut him instead of Gruif.

"No, I meant that I would be like the falls," he explained, "because you cahn't stop me, you know."

"From running, I suppose? Yes, you look as if you'd run from a mouse and never stop."

"Quite like yaw tongue, don't ye know. Why don't you attach a belt to it, deah boy, and wun the elevatah?"

"H'm! I say something when I open my mouth, you idiot."

"What do you say? Bwandy stwaight? Yaw nose looks like it?"

"Sir! Strong drink never passes my lips."

"No, because you don't give it a chawnce, deah boy. You dwink it befa it has time to pass."

"Do you know that you are as near to a fool as I ever saw any one?"

"Well, deah boy, I can get neahwah to one if you'll let me stand beside you faw a moment."

"Bah! I don't look like you."

"No, faw if you did you wouldn't be so howid ugly, don't ye know."

"H'm! You're as green as grass."

"Yas, but you cahn't walk on me faw all that. Then yaw too paw to buy anything to-day?"

"Too poor! No, indeed. I don't want to buy."

"Don't have any twade, I suppose? Well, yaw place does look wathah played out. Let me put in some new stock, deah boy."

"My place is as good as any in Buffalo, I'll let you know."

"Aw, weally. Then I cahn't sell anything in such

Looking over the hotel register, he saw that his friend Moss was stopping at the same place.

"That Moss is too fwesh," remarked Clarence. "I'll have to take him down, don't ye know."

In the evening, after a good day of business, he went into the smoking-room, and saw Moss standing talking to two or three friends.

"I'll sawpwise him," muttered Clarence.

Going up behind Moss, he hit him a stinger on the back and said:

"How do, deah boy? Glad to see you, weally."

The blow nearly knocked the man off his feet.

He wheeled around quickly, however, and Clarence saw that it was not Moss after all.

"Aw, beg pahdon," stammered Clarence. "I made a mistake."

"You did, eh? Well, then, I'll make another."

Quick as a flash the fellow hauled off, took Clarence a crack under the chin, knocked him about ten feet, and landed him right on top of a big stone cupid, where he sat looking like a fool.

"Throw him a life-preserver, some one, or he'll be drowned!" cried a well-known voice.

It was Moss, and then Clarence discovered what he had not noticed before, that the drummer and the stranger wore the same kind of clothes.

Moss had left the group as Clarence was approaching, and the poor dude had been taken in by appearances.

"Ah, there, Fitz, old boy," said Moss. "How is that rope tying trick of yours? I was just telling my friends about it."

"The howid fellah," muttered Clarence. "He'll have evewybody laughing at me, don't you know. I'll get squaw with him befa I leave town aw I'm a duffaw."

PART XI.

WHEN Clarence made up his mind to do a thing he generally made a pretty good attempt at it.

If he did not succeed in carrying out his intentions it was not through the lack of desire to do so.

He had determined to get even with Moss, the drummer, for the trick the latter had played on him.

When he met Moss in Cleveland that evening he resolved in some manner to get hunk.

After dinner, happening to go into the barber shop connected with the hotel, he saw Moss enter one of the bath-rooms.

"Pweepawing to take yaw yeahly wash, I pwe-
sume?" said Clarence, blandly. "You ought to make it once evewy six months, deah boy. You need it, don't you know?"

"Oh, you go soak your head!" muttered Moss when the laugh on him had partly subsided.

"I'd have to soak all ovah faw a week if I didn't take a bawth any moah than you do. Let me see—
you caine ovah heah fwom Jewusalem five yeahs ago, I believe, and this is yaw fawth bawth, ain't it, Moses?"

There was another shout at this, and Moss, who was getting mad, for he could give a joke much better than he could take one, snarled out:

"My name is not Moses. Do you think I'm a Jew?"

"I'm awfaid I would offend the Hebrew tribe if I wahl to say so, deah boy, so I weckon yaw a mongrel."

Moss could not stand the laugh that this sally created, and he beat a hasty retreat.

Clarence waited till he could hear a splashing, and then he bribed one of the bell-boys to get the bath-room door open.

Moss was floundering around in the tub when there came a knock on the door.

"Who's there?"

"Is this Mr. Moss?"

"Yes."

"Here's a letter for you."

"Shove it under."

"I can't. It's too thick."

"Leave it outside."

"It's immediate."

"All right; I'll open the door."

Then Moss got out of the water, put a big towel around himself and unlocked the door.

Instead of the boy he saw Clarence.

"Hallo Jones, what do you want?"

"I've come to see if you do the thing pwopably, me deah boy. Don't you want a hoe and a scwubbing bwush aw something?"

"Get out of here!" cried Moss, angrily.

"Sawtainly," said Clarence, and with a dexterous movement he tripped Moss up and sent him flying into the bath.

He had already abstracted the key from the lock, and now with one fell swoop he gathered in all of the drummer's clothes.

Then, while Moss was picking himself up Clarence dusted out locked the door on the outside and skipped.

"Ta-ta, deah boy," he remarked. "I'll see you latall."

"Let me out!" yelled Moss, kicking the door.

"Don't do that, Moses, you'll hawt yaw feet."

In fact, kicking against a door with one's bare feet is not conducive to comfort by any means.

"I'll punch your head for this," growled Moss, but Clarence had departed.

"I'll give you five dollahs not to let that fellah out till mawnin'," he said to the boss barber when he went out.

"All right, Mr. Jones," said the man. "You want to get square on him, I suppose?"

"Yas."

"He was laughing about a snap he played on you in Buffalo, just before you came in."

"Yas, but I weckon he won't laugh any maw."

Clarence then walked off with the apparel of Moss, and carried it to the desk, where he had it made up into a neat bundle and addressed to the owner.

Meanwhile Moss was banging away at the door, without success, for no one paid the slightest attention to him.

Then he howled and yelled and raised Ned generally, but all to no purpose.

"I'll smash that dude's jaw for him," he growled, but all his threats availed nothing.

Finally he quieted down, thinking that some one would come and let him out when he got quiet.

The effect of his silence was similar to that of his rackets.

He did not get out for a cent.

Then he calmed gently and calmly to be released, for the joke had gone far enough.

It was N. G. O., no get out.

After a time he began to yell, to pound and to kick. This time a new feature was introduced into the show.

Clarence had given the straight tip to a copper that there was an escaped lunatic in the bath room, and that no one dared touch him.

That copper was one of the kind that never take a dare.

He got two other coppers, presumably to show them how brave he could be, and sailed into the shop.

He heard the pretty little concert that Moss was giving and got his back up, just like a camel, in two shakes.

He hunted up that bath room, followed by his partners in guilt, in no time.

"Here you, come out of that," he said gruffly, as he opened the door.

The three of them grabbed Moss, clad only in a towel, and rushed him out quicker than scat.

"What are you arresting me for?" demanded Moss.

All the answer he got was a rap on the bare feet.

"I haven't done anything."

"Then you ought to be made to work."

With that the three coppers hustled the luckless drummer out of the barber shop and into the street.

"I'll report you fellows," he protested.

But he only got a prod in the ribs for his trouble.

The station-house was not far away, and thither poor Moss was hustled, and clapped into a cell as a dangerous lunatic.

He could not get any attention paid him until morning, by which time the sergeant at the station had been informed that a mistake had been made.

Moss was liberated, sent for a suit of his clothes, and returned to the hotel as mad as a man ever need be.

Clarence meanwhile was out on the street picking up trade.

"I weckon Mistah Moses won't fool with this chapie again," he remarked, complacently, when he returned to the hotel and found that Moss had left.

Moss was of the same opinion, and felt decidedly more respect for the traveling dude than before.

Leaving Cleveland, Clarence went to Toledo, and put up at the Island House, where he found drummers in all lines, the Island being largely patronized by this jolly set of fellows.

The first customer that Clarence encountered when he started out in the morning asked him:

"Drummer, eh? From Chicago, I suppose?"

"No, sah; I'm from New Yawk."

"Where's that?" asked Buckeye.

Clarence concluded the fellow was trying to guy him, so he said:

"New Yawk is an obscuah village not faw fwom Coney Island, with a few hundred people."

"They have a bridge there, don't they?"

"Yas, they call it that, but it weally don't amount to much."

"Can't come up to the one at St. Lewis, can it now?" asked the Ohio man.

"Cann't hold a candle to it, deah boy."

"In fact, the West knocks the East silly in everythang, don't it?"

"Yas, indeed."

"We have bigger bridges, bigger hotels, bigger cities—"

"Biggah hogs," put in Clarence.

"Eh?" said the man of big ideas.

"Moah cheek, too," said Clarence.

"H'm!"

"And gweat deal biggah fools, don't ye know. Oh, yas, the West is a gweat place."

"Oh, it is indeed—"

"To move away fwom," added Clarence.

"Well, now, you must admit that Ohio is a great State," said the Ohioian.

"Yas, as a back doah to New Yawk," put in Clarence.

"Where will you find better statesmen?"

"Holding the offices that Ohio wants."

"Or better schools?"

"Oh, they aw all wight, if you fellahs would only go to them and lawn something, don't ye know."

"Or better whisky?"

"Well, you ought to be a judge of that; you look as if you had sampled all kinds."

"Or prettier scenery, or finer rivers, or finer towns, or—"

"Fellahs with maw nawve than you've got," interposed Clarence. "I weckon you think Ohio is the whole awth? She may want it, but she won't get it, deah boy."

Buckeye was astounded, for no sane man could talk like that, he argued.

"I think you must be from the West," he muttered.

"No Eastern man could be as smart as you."

"Me deah boy," smiled Clarence, "the East had got its gwoth and was a thwiving man while the West was only a baby, don't ye know. Fact is, if yaw a sample, I don't think it's gwown vewy much yet."

"Ah, you want to come here and live for a little while."

"Yas, I will when I'm weddy to die. Can I sell you anything this mawnin'?"

The fellow, seeing that Clarence was too many for him, bought a large bill of goods of him, and our dude went away happy.

In the next place, however, he met with contrary winds.

Sailing in under a full head of steam, expecting to knock the cover off the sphere, make a three bagger hit, and come in under the wire a length ahead of all contestants, he got a black eye, so to speak, in the first round.

"No peddlers allowed in here," said the boss counter-jumper as Clarence waltzed in.

"Good-mawnin'. Vewy fine mawnin'," said Clarence.

"Ain't! It's afternoon," warbled the man behind the counter.

"Can I sell you anything to-day?"

"No!"

"Well, let me show you my samples."

"Don't want to see 'em."

"Well, then, let me look at 'em myself. It's weally so long since I've seen 'em that I don't know how they look."

Rash youth.

He had worked that ancient joke several times on this trip.

He ought to have known better than to work it again.

He did not.

The long suffering clerk had, only that morning, read it in an old almanac, printed in the time of the flood.

Consequently he was mad at hearing Clarence repeat it.

He grabbed up a piece of shirting as big as a small boy.

Biff!

Clarence got it right on top of his white dicer.

Both he and the dicer were crushed.

The hat collapsed like a patent bustle.

Clarence sat down on the floor with the dexterity of a trained gymnast.

"Work off old rackets on me, will you?" cried the exasperated clerk.

Clarence did not wait to prolong the interview.

He gathered in his grips and faded away like the froth of a glass of beer.

When he had pulled himself out of his hat he didn't feel so funny.

"Guess that fellah must have hawd that joke be-faw," he mused.

Just ahead of Clarence was an old party from the backwoods of the Maumee walking leisurely along eating bananas.

As he ate he dropped the skins on the sidewalk, reckless of consequences.

The guileless countryman is often an instrument in the hands of fate, meant to cause our downfall.

But sometimes retribution, swift and sure, overtakes the aggressor who sows danger in our path.

Ambling nimbly along, thinking of his woes, came Clarence.

He planted one of his giddy gaiters, size number 6A, cloth uppers, hand sewed, upon the banana peel dropped by the Maumee hermit.

His feet instantly sought the explanation in the stars.

They also collided with the back hair and spinal column of the granger.

One of Clarence's tooth pick shoes rubbed violently against his asinine right ear.

Bump!

Down came Clarence on the seat of war.

Away went the hermit, giving a yell as though all his haystacks had caught fire.

When he paused and turned about, he saw Clarence sitting on the sidewalk looking at him in a dazed kind of fashion.

"Where be you going at?" cried Hermit. "What in thunder be you kicking me fur, anyhow?"

"You howid lehah! what for did you twip me up?"

"Didn't nuther."

"Yaw an infawnal lehah, that's what you aw, and I'll take a wound out of you in thwree seconds."

"Guess you won't," muttered Hermit, striding forward.

One of his big plantations connected with a squash banana which he had dropped in

The stream flowing therefrom took Solidity right in his choker collar.

It knocked his little joke and himself endwise in a jiffy.

"Ow! it's kilt I am!"

So remarked Patrick.

"Ugh! ker-chew! ugh, take it away!"

Thus remonstrated the millionaire as he sat down in a puddle.

Patrick dropped his hose and gazed surprisedly at his master.

"Faix, is it ye, sor?" he asked.

"I think it is," murmured the other.

Just then the hose, with a strange perversity common to such things, gave a twist as it lay on the walk.

The nozzle pointed straight at the proprietor of the ranch.

He planted one of his ten-buttoned, spring-heeled shoes right on top of the hose.

As a result the water only gurgled gently out at the nozzle.

"Phwat's got into the wather at all?" muttered Patrick.

Then he turned the nozzle toward himself to examine it.

Bad boy took away his foot.

Spat!

The released water, gathering volume from being shut off, rushed forth with a hurrah.

It knocked Pat's hat into the middle of the road and plowed through his stubby hair like soap-suds rushing down a sink.

"Begorrah, if I'd got that in the mouth it'd've taken me head off."

"Hallo there! Turn that stream the other way!"

He had his suspicions that the youth was connected with the former outburst.

So he laid it down and went to the fountain-head.

The water had been turned off at the plug, on the edge of the curb.

"Ye little pest, av yez fools wid the wather anny more I'll soak ye," growled Pat.

"Who's been fooling with it?"

"Ye have."

"How do you know?"

"I know, faix."

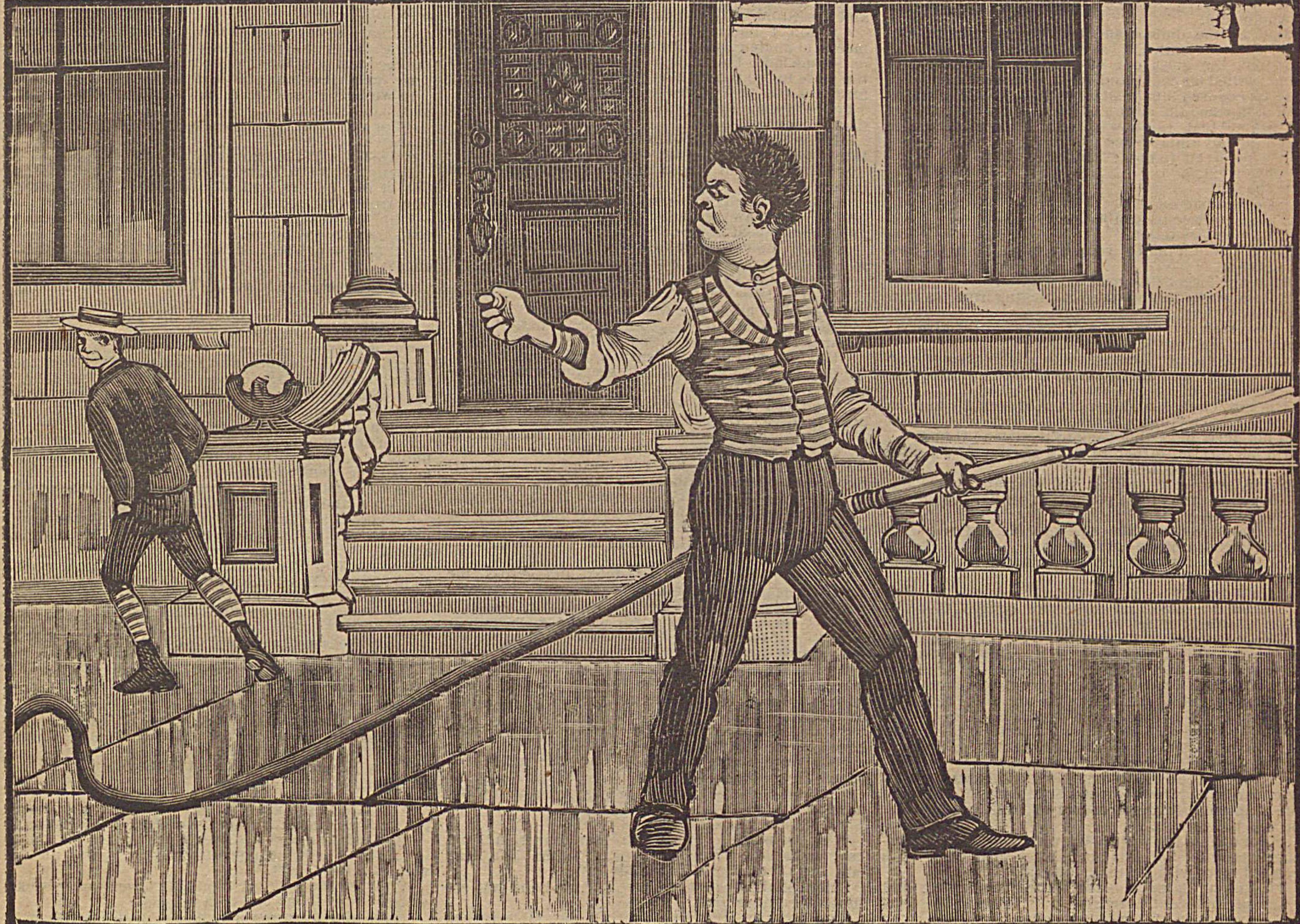
"Did you see me?"

"No, but I smelled ye, and that's as aisy."

"Oh, go take a wash!"

"Begorrah, it's wan I'll give ye if I get me Irish up wanst," declared Patrick.

Then he turned the water on again, took up the hose and continued his aquatic sport.



"Begob, me laddy buck, I'll make a mud poi av ye, if I catch ye," he growled, shaking one fist and holding on to the hose with the other.

Of course the hissing stream, speeding over the walk, took him in the pit of his stomach as he sat there.

"Hi, take that blasted thing away!" he yelled, though he did not say it as nicely as it is written.

Patrick switched off the stream and assisted the boss to arise.

"It's sorry I am that ye got a wettin', sor," he said, apologetically.

"H'm! so am I, you fool," grunted the other.

His little surprise party for Patrick had gone off at the wrong end like a busted cracker, and had burned his own fingers.

Somehow or other, however, he did not seem to see the joke.

Some men never can appreciate a snap when it's on the other side of the fence.

"You mustn't put so much water on the walk, Patrick," he growled. "It makes puddles."

"Sure, that's the fault av the walk not bein' level and not av the wather at all," said Patrick. "If it were built right, the wather would run off quite decently, sor."

The proprietor did not stop to argue the point, but went into the house.

Then Patrick proceeded to give the front of the mansion a wash.

"Faix, I wondher the master didn't say anything about me wettin' him," he mused. "I wondher phat shtruck me in me spinal colyum at that toime, anyhow?"

Just then along came a youth—a bold, bad youth in knickerbockers and striped stockings.

He was a youth of the period, and so he came to a full stop.

Thus ejaculated a gentleman on the other side of the street, whose white trousers Patrick had splashed.

Oh, he was having lots of trouble with that hose, was Patrick.

He turned and saw the boy standing as innocent as skim milk, at the edge of the walk.

"Phwat are yez doin' there?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Well, go an off and do something then."

"Do you own the walk?" inquired the youngster, saucily.

"I do not, faith. If I did, I'd pull up a bit av it and t'row it at ye."

"What have I been doing?" asked young innocence, serenely.

"Ye're up to mischief, ye young vagabones."

"Oh, go whitewash your mug and cover up the green!"

"Faix, it's not wastin' time I'll be talkin' to ye," muttered Patrick, returning to his work.

He was just giving one of the front windows a daisy wetting, when the water suddenly gave out.

"Phwat's the matter now?" he inquired.

He turned around, but there was the lad looking as solemn as an owl.

"Get off the nose, ye little tormint."

"I ain't on it."

"Well, get on it, thin, and don't be shtandin' there quite as a mouse, makin' a loiar av me."

"Who's touching you?"

"Phwat's become av the wather, annyway?"

"Go ask it!"

Patrick was not going to examine that nozzle any more, with that small boy standing around.

Master youth did not step on the hose again, for fear of a sucking.

There were other means of enjoyment, however.

Gathering a lot of loose soil from the gutter, he mixed it with water and made a ball as big as his two fists.

Then, taking good aim, he pasted Pat on the side of the jaw with it and lighted out.

"Be heavens, I'm shot!" howled Pat, putting his hand to his face and feeling something wet.

He removed the obstruction, saw what it was, and turned to shake his fist at the retreating youth.

"Begob, me laddy buck, I'll make a mud poi av ye, if I catch ye," he growled, shaking one fist and holding on to the hose with the other.

He wasn't any too careful where he sent the water, however, and thereby hangs a tale.

PART XII.

PATRICK continued to shake his fist at the retreating bad boy.

He also continued to hold the hose with his other hand.

What between his wrath and his natural clumsiness he forgot all about how the water might be going.

Consequently he lowered that hose and turned it down the street.

The house stood on a corner, as we have before remarked.

Now Clarence, flushed with pride, was coming along the side street.

He appeared on the scene just as Patrick lowered the hose.

That dude always was a lucky fellow.

He caught that stream of aqueous fluid square in the kiss.

He thought that he was going to Heaven this time, in dead earnest.

Next moment he thought he was not.

The stream knocked him flying, his surprise did the rest and he tumbled over backwards, landed on top of his high white hat and did the balance act.

The hat transformed itself into an accordion and shut up at once.

Then Clarence fell in a heap on the wet sidewalk, and life was very weary to him.

At this moment Patrick, who had taken his attention off the escaping youth, saw Clarence on the walk.

A brilliant idea seized him.

"Faix, the man has a fit!" he cried.

His duty lay square in front of him.

Cold water was good for fits.

He would give Clarence a dose.

And he did.

Just as the dude was about to get up he collided with a water spout.

It took the gloss out of his pink and white shirt-front, wilted his collar and deluged his socks.

It also caused him to sit down in a puddle of water, and dampened the bosom of his pants.

"Stop o' that, you howwid fellah," he remarked, in anything but amiable accents.

"Is the fit off ye now?" asked Patrick.

"The what?"

"The fit."

"I neval had one."

"Faix, ye wor in wan just now."

"Yaw a story tellah."

Never doubt a man's veracity when he has a hose in his hand.

Clarence forgot this good old maxim.

Consequently he got another ducking from the irate Patrick.

"Begorrah, av yez haven't had a fit I'll give yez wan," he remarked as he let drive.

Clarence did not taink it worth while trying to argue the point, and hurried off as though trying to beat the record.

His wet clothes and generally broken-up appearance got him a laugh wherever he appeared, and he did not delay in getting back to the Island House.

On his way he started to cross a street by a short cut, so as to save time.

Some men were putting up telegraph wires, one sitting at the top of the pole like a bird and signaling to the others.

As Clarence struck the sidewalk, he did not see a wire which lay on the ground.

He stepped across it just as the man on the ground at the next pole called out:

"Haul away!"

The men hauled, and that wire caught Clarence right between the legs in a second.

Before he knew it he was doing the high kick act with one foot in the air and the other on the ground.

Up went the wire, higher and higher, and Clarence was upset and deposited on the walk all in a muddle.

"Faw hevvin's sake, what's the mattah?" he asked.

"Get on to the dude on the slack wire!"

"Look at the high kicker on his muscle!"

"Had a tussle with a sprinkling-cart!"

"Or slept in the sewer!"

Clarence knew that something had happened, but whether he had been kicked by a mule, fooled with the champion slugger or been run over by a dirt-cart he was not certain.

"I'm afraid the weathah is very cold," he remarked to himself, "and I had bettah get away from heah besaw I meet with fawthah disastah."

That night Clarence dusted out of Toledo, bag and baggage, and went to Detroit, putting up at the Russell House upon his arrival next day.

While walking around, drumming up trade in the afternoon, he came upon his friend Hardy, looking as chipper as a blackbird.

"Hallo, Fitzy, old man, I'm deuced glad to see you," said the drummer, grasping his hand. "How's business?"

"Pwetty good, deah boy. I'm awfully pleased to see an old fwieand, don't ye know."

"Same here, old chap. I'd no notion of seeing you. I fancied you were in 'Frisco by this time."

"Oh, no, deah boy, I shawn't go as faw as that. I may go to Kansas City, but no fawthah. Shall you run in pwetty soon?"

"No. I shall strike Chicago, and then go as far as St. Paul, and then home."

"I'd like to go with you, deah boy, to New Yawk, I mean, of cawse. Weally, I am getting tiahed of these countwy towns, don't ye know."

"Why, Chicago is no slouch."

"No, deah boy, but I've been theah once and saw evewything."

They were walking along leisurely when Hardy saw a chance to play a good one on Clarence.

Approaching them was a lady of Irish predilections and a fiery red head, so red, in fact, that it was a wonder the fire department wasn't called out.

She had a bonnet as big as a bushel basket, carried a big umbrella in one hand and a gigantic carpet bag in the other, and looked dangerous.

"Oh, I say, Fitz," said Hardy, suddenly, "go ask that lady where the white horse is."

Now Clarence, though generally up to the times, had not heard the gag of the red-headed girl and the white horse, so he said:

"Is she the pwoprietah of a white hawse, deah boy?"

"She's cracked on the subject, that's all. Just ask her and see the fun."

"All wight, deah boy. Anything faw a wacket."

Then stepping up to the auburn-headed female,

Clarence put on his sickest smile, tipped his hat and said:

"Beg pahdon, madame, but can your infawn me wheah the white hawse is?"

The woman's face grew ten shades redder than her hair in three seconds.

"Can I tell yez where the white harse is, ye monkey-faced babboon?" she vociferated. "No, I cannot, but I can tell yez where the white jackass is."

With that she hauled off and let Clarence have it, right across his blonde mustache, with her big umbrella.

Down he went like a thermometer before a blizzard, and with such force that he thought he must have made a hole in the pavement.

"There's the white jackass at me feet," cried the indignant woman. "and begob I don't think he'll make any more referance to the color av me French twist."

With that she banged the dude's hat over his eyes and passed on, only stopping to remark:

"Begob, I don't think ye'll ax the nixt lady ye meet wid golden hair any questions about the white harse, me lad. Bad luck to the felly phwat forst pit the piece in the papers about them. Go ax yer mother fur the bottle, ye half-weaned idjit."

Poor Clarence struggled out of his hat and realized that he had been sold.

He saw the crowd laughing at him, and knew that Hardy had got there again, as usual.

Still he could not understand the racket, and asked Hardy:

"Will you kindly explain, deah boy, why that wed headed cwechaw assaulted me in that outwageous and unpwovoked fashion?"

At that moment a man drove by in a buggy, to which was harnessed a white horse.

"There he is!" yelled the crowd with a laugh.

"Who do they mean?" asked Clarence.

"The white horse you were inquiring for?"

"Does it belong to the wed-headed woman?"

Hardy fairly shrieked with laughter.

"Oh, Fitz, you'll be the death of me," he cried,

"But, me deah boy, I don't see the welation be-

tween a white hawse and a wed-headed woman."

"Well, ask the next one then, where the white horse is, if you want to find out."

It was not long before a girl with hair like a Gulf of Mexico sunset appeared on the scene.

She wasn't very big, but she looked wiry and carried a parasol with a handle like a club.

"There she is, ask her!" whispered Hardy.

"Beg pahdon, miss, but can you tell me wheah the white—"

That was as far as Fitzy got in his catechism.

Whack!

That stout handled parasol took him across the chin and nearly wiped it off.

"How dare you insult me, you great big fool or a loafer?" demanded the girl with the vermillion bangs. "If you dare to say another word to me I'll have you arrested."

Then that female Michigander walked off, not on her ear exactly, but as mad as it is ever safe for a girl to get, while Hardy and the gang joined in the laugh on Clarence.

"Baw Jove, I think all the gawls in Detroit must have gone cwazy," said Clarence, sadly.

"No," said Hardy, "not all—only the red-headed ones."

"Does it make 'em mad to wemawk about a white hawse?" asked Clarence, innocently.

"Ask them and see?" roared Hardy.

"Aw, thanks, no vewy much," said our friend. "I have had all the expewience I want in that line, deah boy, and I'll take yaw wawd faw it."

Clarence then went on his way, and did not see Hardy till dinner time.

Somehow or other the talk at the table turned upon sleep walking, many curious incidents of somnambulism being related.

"I neval walk in my sleep," remarked Clarence. "I don't see why I shouldn't when othaw fellahs do it, don't ye know."

"It's generally caused by brain troubles," said Hardy, significantly.

"Aw, my bwain neval twoubles me, deah boy."

"Because you haven't any, eh, Fitzy?" said one of the party.

There was a laugh at this, and Clarence subsided.

"It's really very singular, though," continued Hardy, "what queer things fellows will do in their sleep and know nothing about them."

"Some fellahs do queew things when they aw not asleep, deah boy."

"Yes, I've seen 'em," said Hardy, with a wink, whereat the rest snorted.

"Bnt you don't weally believe in it, do you, deah boy?"

"Certainly. We read of cases every day. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I were to walk in my sleep myself."

"Pway, don't go pwomenading the streets in yaw night shawt, deah boy. You might be awested, don't ye know, and it would be dweadfully embawassing to have to appear in cawtin such a wig."

"Wig! I don't wear a wig, Clarence."

"Aw, I didn't say wig, deah boy, I said wig, don't ye know, clothes, appawel, and all that sawt of thing."

"Oh, that's it, eh? I thought you meant false hair, imitation ringlets, and all that."

"Like that phenologist we met on the twain."

"Oh, yes, the fellow you fought a duel with; I remember him well."

Clarence concluded to turn the subject back to sleep-walking—anything, in fact, except that unlucky duel.

"As I said before, I wouldn't be surprised to see us

all go to indu'ging in sleep-walking," said Hardy. "It would be natural enough, I'm sure."

"I thi' k I'd watnah remain asleep in bed, don't ye know, than to go twaveling abut in undwess unisawm. Suppose you should get into some othah fellah's woom? It might be vewy widiculous."

"Yes, especially if the other fellow had a pop and practiced target-shooting on you."

"Baw Jove, that would be dweadful, deah boy. I don't think I'd like to do it."

"Oh, nobody ever hurts themself while they're asleep."

"Yas, deah boy, but they might hawt the othah fellah, don't ye know?"

"Well, if you're awake you ought to know enough to look out for yourself."

"Of course, if the fellah didn't begin popping be-faw I got up."

The talk presently drifted into other channels and at last dinner was over and the members of the party separated.

Clarence went off somewhere that night, came home late, and after the most elaborate preparations got into bed and composed himself for sleep.

He was just dozing off when the door was opened.

In walked a white figure and sat itself down right on top of Clarence.

"For gwacious goodness, what's that," muttered Clarence.

"Hush!" said the figure getting up.

Then it grabbed Clarence by the feet, hauled him out of bed, clothes and all, and proceeded to drag him around the room.

"Oh, the weary, weary load, and the heavy, heavy road," sighed the figure.

If it was weary for him, what must it be for Clarence?

That dude was wide awake now and began kicking vigorously.

The figure held on tight to his ankles, however, and the picnic continued.

"Faw hevvin's sake, let go!" yelled Clarence.

"Ah, the cock crows and I must away," said the figure, dropping Clarence and scooting out the door.

"Gweat Scott! I feel as if I had been used for a sweet sweepah," muttered Clarence, getting up. "I wondah who that fellah was?"

Then he smoothed out the wrinkles in his dazzling night-shirt, combed his bang, waxed what mustache he had and went back to bed.

He was just getting to sleep again, when the door flew open and in came another white figure.

"Where is the villain?" it said. "Where is the base, perjured wretch who swore my life away? Let me get at him!"

Clarence had just awakened when the figure yanked him out of bed, hauled him all around the room, and finally planked him down

him up and fired him on to the bed as though he had been a pillow.

"Oh, Lawd! now I shall be kil'd!" howled the wretched dude.

"However, the sleep-walker suddenly turned the gas clean out and bolted.

"He's gone, thank my staws," muttered Clarence, "and I thought I was gone, too, don't ye know."

Then he arose, lighted the gas, fixed his bed, shut the door, locked it, and dragged a heavy trunk against it.

"Theah, if any maw sleep-walkahs come p'wolving awound, they won't get in, I weckon," he observed, as he turned down the gas and rolled into bed.

Five minutes later he heard a noise at the door, and, looking up, saw something white at the transom.

In another minute there was a thump.

Then he turned over again and was just dozing off when he heard a suspicious sound.

Turning about he saw what made his bangs stand up straight.

Hardy had that white hat on the wash-stand and was filling it with water from the pitcher.

"Faw hevvin's sake!" muttered Clarence.

Then that somnambulistic drummer took a big piece of soap and began washing his hands, using that white dicer for a basin.

"Deah me, that nice new hat will be ruined."

Hardy went right on with his ablutions, however, paying no attention to Clarence's remarks.

Then he took the dude's loose change, his cigar-case, his watch and his diamonds, and was about to souse them all into the hat.

That was too much for Clarence.

He jumped up and caught Hardy's arm.

"Yas, deah boy, quite shaw."

"Why, where can they be?"

"You ought to know that, old chappie."

"Why, how should I?"

"Didn't you take them?"

"Well, wasn't I asleep?"

"Don't know, deah boy. You seemed awfully wide awake, don't ye know."

"That is generally the case with somnambulists."

"So I've hawd, but I cahn't weally ewedit it."

"Why, now I recollect, we were talking about somnambulism last evening," cried Hardy, as if he had just thought of it.

"Yas, I wemembah."

"That's what must have set me off."

"Yas, and it set the whole pahty off."

"What do you mean?"



The stream knocked him flying, his surprise did the rest and he tumbled over backwards, landed on top of his high white hat and did the balance act.

The white something was in the room.

"Gweat Lawd! all the bawdahs in the house must have taken to sleep-walking," groaned Clarence.

The white figure advanced, turned up the gas, and proved to be Hardy.

His eyes were open, but he did not appear to see anything.

"Wondah what he will do?" mused Clarence.

The first thing he did was to empty the dude's pockets, take out his cigar-case and help himself to a weed.

This he proceeded to smoke calmly and comfortably.

"Well I don't caiah how many of my cigaws he smokes if he'll only let me alone," thought Clarence.

Presently Hardy got up, rummaged in Clarence's trunk, found a flask, and helped himself to a drink.

"Aw, he can have all the dwinks he wants, too, if he'll only keep quiet."

Pretty soon Hardy put down his cigar, got out one of Clarence's dizzy handkerchiefs, soaked it with cologne, and tied it around his neck.

"Baw Jove, he can swim in pawfumewy if he wants to, if he don't distawb me."

Then Clarence turned his face to the wall and started to take a snooze.

Presently he heard a noise, his curiosity got the better of him, and he turned around to see what was going on.

There sat Hardy, in the middle of the floor, smoking a cigar, with Clarence's white hat on his head, deliberately bathing his feet in a wash bowl.

"Baw Jove, he can take a bawth, if he wants to," said the dude. "He's vewy quiet, compaiashed with the othah fellahs."

Hardy dropped the valuables, picked up that soaking hat, soap water and all, and clapped it on the dude's head.

Then he pulled aside the trunk, opened the door and walked out.

Clarence had a great time getting out of his hat, but he finally did so, wiped the soap out of his eyes and looked around for Hardy.

"I think it's weal mean," he muttered. "Why cahn't a fellah be held responsible faw what he does in his sleep? It's weally too bad. That hat is ruined, and I declaw, if he hasn't taken all my cigaws, my best handkawchief and a flawks of bwandy. I hope theah won't any maw sleep-walkahs come in."

Then he secured the transom, the door and all the windows, and finally turned in and was not disturbed again, while the jolly jokers, headed by Hardy, were talking over the somnambulistic racket and voting it the best joke yet.

PART XIII.

CLARENCE interviewed Hardy the next morning concerning his sleep-walking adventures of the previous evening, and took him to task for what he had done.

"Why, Fitzy, old boy, you really amaze me," said the drummer. "Did I do all this?"

"Yas, deah boy, you did and maw."

"Really, it's very strange. One would think I ought to recollect it."

"If you don't, I do, deah boy. I have a vewy vivid memowy of the entiah sawcumstances. I'll twouble you to wetawn the awticles you took away with you."

"You're sure I took 'em away?"

"That you wasn't the only fellah that came into my woom lahst night."

"You don't say!"

"But I do say, deah boy. I weckon thaw must have been a pawfect epidemic of somnambulism. I appeal to have been the only fellah that wasn't taken that way, don't ye know."

"It must have been very funny," said Hardy, with a dry chuckle.

"On the contwawy, old boy, it was faw fwom amusin'," said Clarence, very much aggrieved. "It may have been vewy hilawious to the fellahs themselves, but it was extwemely disagweable to me, I assaw you."

"But who knows that you did not walk in your sleep as well as the rest of us?" asked Hardy, seeing a chance to continue the racket.

"No, deah boy, I'm shaw I did not."

"But you don't know that you didn't."

"I would sweah to it. I hawdly got a wink of sleep all night."

"I don't believe but what you walked like the rest of us," said Hardy, and with that he went out.

He posted several fellows, men who had not been in the snap before, and as Clarence was leaving the hotel one of these approached and said:

"What in thunder ailed you last night, Jones? My room is not a dancing academy."

"I nevah supposed it was," said Clarence, "Why do you make the wemawk?"

"You seemed to think it was last night when you came in and danced a jig on the washstand, waltzed all over the bed and did a Highland fling on the bureau."

"Why, me deah fellah, I nevah went out of my woom at all lahest night."

"Why, I saw you with my own eyes."

"Well, you couldn't see me with any othah fellah's eyes, could you?"

"Hallo, Jones," said another man, who came up just then, "I will trouble you to return my watch that you took out of my room last night."

"Didn't know you had a watch, deah boy, and I'll sweah I nevah took it."

"Oh, but you did, for I saw you, and you fairly turned the place upside down. What had you been drinking?"

"I nevah dwink anything stwongah than sodah, deah boy, and I wasn't in yaw woom at all."

"Nonsense!"

"But I say I wasn't."

At this point another man came up and said:

"Were you drunk or crazy last night when you came into my room and balanced yourself on your head on my easy-chair?"

"Nevah did it," said Clarence, beginning to think something must be wrong.

"How can you say that, when I have witnesses to prove it?"

"I couldn't balance myself on my head, deah boy, if I twied a month."

"Guess you must have been awfully off last night, Jones."

"Had 'em bad, didn't you, Clarence?"

"Your brain must be getting affected, Fitz."

"Yaw all cwazy!" cried Clarence. "I nevah left my woom at all."

"Oh!" was the doubtful chorus.

"Well, if I did, I was walking in my sleep," protested Clarence, "and I weally did not suppose theah was any time faw me to cut any such capahs aftah all the sawcus I had with the othah fellahs."

He was really now convinced, however, that he must have been walking in his sleep, though the others would not have it, and insisted that he was awake.

They threatened him with civil and criminal prosecution, swore he must give them all a supper, vowed they would have revenge, and promised him all sorts of dire punishment for the trouble he had caused them.

The poor dude was nearly scared out of his wits, but finally compromised by treating all hands to cigars—regular stunners, too, gold waistcoat, satin-lined, one-in-a-box cigars, that flew high, and couldn't be brought down at less than half a dollar a shot.

Having arranged this little affair, and getting back his valuables from Hardy, Clarence started out to do a little business.

In the first place he entered he encountered a man who might have been his twin.

He was a dude from Dudetown, and had all the airs and graces which made Clarence himself so noticeable.

"Good-mawning," said Clarence. "How's twade, deah boy?"

"Vewy good, thanks awfully," said the other dude. "Can I sell you anything to-day?"

"Aw, that's what I came heah faw—to sell, don't ye know. I'm a twavelah, deah boy."

"Yaw an impudent fellah," said the second dude, flushing. "Yaw making fun of me, ye know."

"Yaw anothah, you saucy upstart!" cried Clarence. "It's you that's twyng to poke fun at me, and if you don't stop I'll take a wound out of you."

"You cahn't do it, you haven't got the sand. I'm fwom Detwoit, and we aw the champions."

"And I'm fwom New Yawk and won't take any sauce!" said Clarence, getting his dander away up.

It was funny to see those two dudes, each accusing the other of making game of him.

It was watermelon and ice cream to the few customers who were in the store, and they saw a regular lark ahead.

"Pitch him into the street, Smithy," said one of the men to the Detroiter.

"Knock the bangs right off his wooden head," said another to Clarence.

"Promenade over his neck, Smithy."

"Take the starch out of him, New York."

"I'll bet on the champion."

"My dust is on the giant."

"Get wight out of this stoah," said dude Smith, "aw I'll put you out."

"I won't take an insult fwom any fellow," said dude Jones, "and if you'll step outside. I'll pawalyze you yaw two cents."

"Weckon that's all the money you've got."

"If I have it's maw than you have. Go pay yaw tailah, you old fwaud."

"Go hiah a nawse gawl to put you to bed, you little duffaw."

"Come out heah and I'll show you what I am, you wude fellah."

Both dudes were as mad as hatties and neither would back down.

Smithy stepped out, upon Clarence's invitation, and the fun began.

First Clarence gave Smithy a rap on the left optic that put it in mourning.

Then Smithy caught Clarence on the nose and made it seem twice its size.

After this Clarence peppered the other dude's cheek and left his mark on it.

To be even with him Smithy caught Clarence under the chin and made his teeth rattle.

Oh, they were as game as two fighting cocks, both of them, and there is no telling how long the fight might have lasted had not the proprietor entered.

"What's all this, Smith?" he asked.

"This fellah insulted me," said Smith.

"Yaw office boy was wude to me," put in Fitz Roy.

"He mocked me, the howid fellah."

"He made fun of me, the nahsty beast."

"What did he do?" asked the boss.

"He widiculed my style of speech, don't ye know."

"He's anothah," cried Clarence. "He made fun of my way of talking, old chappie."

The boss took in the situation, and shot off his mouth in a regular horse laugh.

"You're both of you a couple of fools," he roared, "and you ought to travel together."

"Yaw a fool yawself," sputtered Clarence. "I wepesent a weputable house in New Yawk, and I came heah on business, and not to be twifled with."

"Hold up, that's all right," said the merchant. "Notody wants to insult you, and I admire your grit. What's your firm?"

"Lisle & Woolley, dwy goods and notions," said Clarence, showing his card.

"All right, my boy; trot out your samples."

The Detroit dude retired, somewhat abashed, and Clarence made a good sale and forgot all about the insult to his dignity.

Having finished his business he started off, cases in hand, to look for another customer.

He was sailing down the street in all his glory, when some one suddenly called out:

"Mad dog! mad dog! look out!"

Clarence needed only one invitation to stir his stumps in the liveliest fashion.

He wasn't going to let any daisies grow beneath his gaiters when there was a rabid dog lying around loose.

Therefore, he just hoofed it along like a base-baller stealing to second on a long hit, and made the dust fly.

However, he ought to have looked where he was going.

A little way down the street two fellows were carrying a tall glass-front show-case from a store to a truck at the curb.

They held it right side up with care, and it wore no ulster.

Along came Clarence under a full head of sail just as the two fellows reached the middle of the sidewalk.

Clarence had his head full of that mad dog, and had no room for anything else.

Suddenly he struck the case.

Bang he went right through the glass and against the wooden back.

Nothing short of an oak panel an inch thick could have stood that assault.

Crash went both glass and wood, and Clarence went half through the case.

"Great Scott! what's that?"

"Good heavens! it must be an earthquake!"

Both men let go their hold on the case and over it went.

Just then the mad dog hove in sight, and the men cleared out.

Over went Clarence, case and all, the case on top, right side up.

The dude landed on his head, and his feet knocked out seven dollars' worth more of glass from the show case.

Then he tried to get up, but the case was too heavy and he could not budge it.

"Oh, deah, I shall be smothered, I know I shall!" he wailed.

Along came the mad dog and made a snap at the dude's heels.

Clarence kicked and squirmed and made no end of a fuss.

Just then a cop came rushing up, prepared to murder that insane pup.

He hauled out a big revolver and banged away in good style.

The first shot plowed a hole through the tails of Clarence's cutaway coat.

The second went through the panels of the show case close to his side.

The next smashed a lot more glass in the case, while a fourth caromed off the heel of the dude's left boot.

"Gweat Scott, they are shooting at me," moaned Clarence. "I shall be mawdawed."

Then he made a big effort and partly lifted the case so as to enable him to crawl further through it.

The copper's seventeenth shot killed the dog, and there was great rejoicing.

Then somebody released Clarence, more dead than alive.

"Is the dawg dead?" he asked.

"Yes, but the puppy still lives," said a man who wanted to be funny.

"Aw, weally," said Clarence. "Well, if you don't want the dawg catchaws to dwown you, yaw'd better put on yaw muzzle."

The funny man wilted, and Clarence gathered up his grips and moved on.

Then the fellows who had been handling the case began to look for the man who had run into it.

They saw the funny man laughing at one of his own jokes, a criminal offense, by the way, and immediately settled upon him as the culprit.

"That dude must have been a Scotchman," he was remarking, "for he went by the way of glass-go."

Then, as nobody would laugh, he guffawed himself and seemed greatly tickled.

"Here, you've got to pay for that glass," said one of the porters.

"You may think it's funny now, but you won't when the bill comes in," said the other.

Then they both grabbed him in the way a baggage smasher yanks a Saratoga trunk.

"Here, let go of me," he yelled.

"Not till you pay for the glass."

"I never broke it."

"Yes, you did!"

Then they proceeded to yank him into the store, a proceeding which he resented.

He kicked one fellow in the ribs and hit the other in the mouth.

Then he skipped out, but not in time to prevent being collared by the cop.

Having displayed his marksmanship, the officer was looking for some one to arrest.

The funny man came along just in time, and brass buttons yanked him off with neatness and dispatch, giving him a dose of club sauce to quiet him.

Meanwhile Clarence had fixed himself up, and was traveling on his good looks on the watch for a customer.

He knew nothing of the fate of the funny man, and if he had would have probably said that it served the fellow just right.

Clarence never did have any sympathy for jokers, and if he could have had his way he would have passed a law making the playing of practical jokes a capital crime.

So the funny fellow was lugged off, and Clarence caught on to a good sale, which quite repaid him for the scare the mad dog had given him.

At noon he met Hardy, the latter saying:

"Well, Fitzy, old man, I'm off. Hope to see you later."

"Aw you going away, deah boy?"

"Yes."

"To Chicago?"

"No, I skip that festive town."

"Aw, weally, that's too bad, don't ye know. I'm going theah myself, and I would weally like to see you."

That's what Clarence said, but he thought otherwise.

"I'm glad I'm going to get wid of the fellah," he mused. "He's always up to his twicks."

"When do you go there, Fitz?"

"To-morrow."

"Well, tra-la-la, old boy. See you again, some day."

"Ta-ta, deah boy. I'll meet you in New Yawk."

That was the last Clarence saw of Hardy, just then, though he was fated to see him again.

That yarn of Hardy's about not going to Chicago was a pretty good story, with one exception.

It was not strictly true.

He did not mean that Clarence should see him there, but he was going all the same.

He found out, casually, of course, where Clarence was going to stop in Chicago, and then the game was ready.

He skipped on to the lively city, finished up his business in quick order, and then prepared the way for Clarence.

It was necessary to see the clerk of the Sherman, where Clarence was to stay, so as to make things go better.

The clerk was a bit of a wag himself, and he entered fully into the fun of Hardy's little joke.

Then he saw the newspapers, and the trap was set.

On the morning of the

their bangs with inch square handkerchiefs, and waited the coming of their hero with impatience.

It was a wonder that all the clocks in the house had not stopped, there were so many homely ones.

The girl with big feet was there, to the number of a dozen, and that's how the room was so crowded.

Forty women for one man to choose from!

Wouldn't there be a great pulling of hair when he made his selection?

It was after four o'clock when Clarence put in an appearance.

"Aw, Cholly, deah boy, glad to see you once moah," said the dude.

He had met this particular clerk on a former visit, though he was not then drumming.

"How are you, Jones? Glad to see you. Traveling for pleasure?"

"Are you Mr. Jones?" asked the fat widow.

"Yas, madam, Clarence Fitz Woy Jones, at yaw sawvice."

"That's right!" cried all the ladies. "We want to see you."

Clarence stuck his glass in his eye and looked around upon the assembled congregation with a puzzled expression.

"I nevah saw any of the cwechahs in my life befaw," he muttered.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said the fat widow, taking the office of forewoman upon herself, "hadn't we better get to business at once?"

"Yes, yes, take your pick!" chorused the rest.

"Weally, ma'm, I don't understand."

"I am in here in answer to an advertisement in this morning's paper."

"I'll sue you for breach of promise, just see if I don't!"

"You ought to be horsewhipped, you shameless scoundrel!"

"My deah ladies," began Clarence.

"Not another word," thundered the fat widow.

"Ain't you going to marry us?"

"Weally, now, I cawn't mawwy all of you," faltered Clarence. "I'm not a Mormon, don't ye know, and the law doesn't allow that sawt of thing."

"Then marry one of us," piped in a sawed-off piece female humanity, pushing herself to the fore.

"I cahn't mawwy a little gawl, don't ye know," said Clarence.

The others tittered, and Clarence began to edge backward toward the door.

"The villain is trying to escape!"

"He must marry one of us, the wretch!"



"That's right!" cried all the ladies. "We want to see you." Clarence stuck his glass in his eye and looked around upon the assembled congregation with a puzzled expression. "I nevah saw any of the crechahs in my life befaw," he muttered.

"Yes, deah boy, with a little business thrown in, don't ye know."

"There are some ladies in the parlor who would like to see you."

"Ladies?"

"Yes."

"To see me, deah boy?"

"Yes—they heard you were coming."

"Baw Jove, maybe it's the Dodson gawl—Kitty and Polly—the deah cwechews!" mused Clarence.

"They did not leave their names."

"Aw, I must bwush myself up, don't ye know," muttered Clarence, tickled to death. "It woud nevah do to see the deah gawls in this wig."

"Certainly—you ought to get yourself up to kill, Clarence."

"Will you have my twunks sent up wight away?"

"Certainly."

"And infawm the ladies that I will be down pwesently."

"Of course."

Then Clarence hurried up-stairs, got out of his travel-stained garments, took a bath and rigged himself out in a way that would have knocked Solomon in all his glory completely silly.

He wore his dandiest suit, his choke-me-quickest collar, with a lavender tie, and donned a big quizzing glass with a gold chain on it.

Thus arrayed he tripped lightly to the parlor, and entered.

At first he thought he must have made a mistake.

"Beg pawdon, ladies," he stammered, "I didn't know I was intewupting a woman suffrage meeting, don't ye know."

She flourished a newspaper clipping, and so did all the rest.

"An advawtisement, ma'm?" asked Clarence. "I nevah put any in the papahs. Do you think I am the managah of a ballet two'pe?"

They could not have thought that, for they were all too old for ballet girls even.

"No!" they all answered.

"Aw the pwopwietah of a female minstrel company?"

"No!"

"Then, pway, ladies, do please infowm me of the nachaw of yaw business with me?"

"Read that!" said the fat widow, putting the advertisement under the dude's nose.

Clarence read it and nearly fainted.

"Gweat Scott!" he gasped. "I don't want a wife, and if I did, I wculdn't mawwy any of this cwoowd if she was wouth a million!"

These words were like a firebrand thrown on an open barrel of gunpowder.

PART XIV.

"I WOULDN'T mawwy any lady in the cwoowd, not faw a million dollahs!"

That's what Clarence said, or words to that effect.

The result was startling.

Every individual woman in that gang of forty odd let out a scream of piercing shrillness.

Then each and every one gave vent to her feelings in the strongest words she could find.

"Oh, you horrid brute!"

"You wicked trifler, ain't you ashamed?"

"Oh, Lawd! I wouldn't take a single one of the whole cwoowd faw all the wawld," gasped the poor dude.

Then he made a sudden break for freedom.

Out of the parlor he dashed as though he had been shot from a cannon.

After him came all the women, big and little, fat and lean, tall and short.

It was as if a female seminary had suddenly broken loose.

Parasols, umbrellas, reticules and fans were waved in the wildest fashion.

"Stop him!"

"Don't let him get away!"

"Say—you, there! Hallo!"

"Stop pushing me, you minx!"

"You're pulling out all the gathers of my overskirt, you mean thing!"

"Get off of my feet, you brazen creature."

"Ow-ow—well!"

Such a crowding and pushing and scrambling and screaming!

What a struggling and shoving and quarreling there was to be sure!

Clarence got nearly the length of the hall, while the females were crowding out of the door.

Then they began to race after him in a long line.

The fat widow was a good second to the dude, and after her came the old maid in heliotrope, the sawed-off and the three little '49ers in close chase.

"Gweat hevvens, what shall I do?" gasped Clarence, glancing back.

There was nothing for it but to fly.

So he flew.

Along the hall and down the stairs he went as fast as his legs could take him.

After him came all the women in hot chase.

If they did not catch him they might never have such another chance.

Down the stairs and along the hall they hurried, rapidly gaining on the poor dude.

Desperation gave wings to the dude, but it gave steam power, a full head of sail and an electric battery of speed to the women.

The chance of obtaining a husband was not to be lightly thrown away.

Clarence reached the bottom of the first flight, looked back and saw the fat widow but three steps behind.

The sight nerved him, and he fairly flew along the hall toward the short flight of stairs leading to the office.

As he reached it there were a dozen women within two paces.

Throwing himself boldly forward, our dude slid head first down the entire flight, landing on a rug at the bottom.

"They can't do that, don't ye know," he muttered, as he hurriedly picked himself up.

With a shriek the pursuing ladies came rushing down the stairs after him.

Through the office and out of the front door rushed Clarence.

After him came all the old girls, fat widows, buxom maidens, and would-be blushing brides.

"If they do mawwy me I'll get a divawce," thought Clarence. "Chicago is a weal nice place faw that, don't ye know."

Out into the street he dashed, banging the door behind him.

The sudden high tide of women in the hotel office greatly surprised the regular habitués thereof.

"What in time is all this?"

"What female minstrel troupe is on strike now?"

"Looks like a female boarding-school broken loose, only the girls are too old."

"Maybe somebody has advertised for a cook."

Some of the ladies objected to these remarks, and stopped to argue the point with the irreverent speakers.

Others saw the hopelessness of their case and quietly sloped.

There were a few, however, who were bound to keep up the chase to the death.

Among these were the fat widow, the tall old maid and the girl who had forgotten to grow.

These three stood an even chance, one with the other, of getting first place.

Behind them came four or five others, and to these the race was now confined.

"Stop that man!" yelled the widow, as she caught sight of Clarence.

The dude was not to be stopped, however, but suddenly turned down a side street and made a spurt.

The three leaders came hurrying after him, the others dropping out of the race.

Presently Clarence dodged down another street, hoping to baffle his relentless pursuers.

He was now in the business part of the city, and warehouses abounded on every side.

In front of a big wholesale store stood a wagon, on which men were loading hams put up in cloth bags.

A man stood on the edge of the walk and caught the hams as they were tossed to him by a man in the doorway.

As the man by the wagon caught them he tossed them to another man on the wagon.

A constant flight of hams was thus kept up, one after another being caught in rapid succession.

Suddenly Clarence appeared on the scene.

He did not stop to see what was going on, but thought only of escape.

With his usual luck, he came up at the same moment with one of the hams.

The latter got the best of it, and down went Clarence like a load of bricks.

He slid along the walk for about ten feet, jumped up and went on at full speed.

If that fat widow caught him now it was all up with him.

She had escaped the scooting hams and was right after him.

Suddenly he struck a case of dry-goods standing on the inside edge of the walk.

It was resting on a little truck, but he did not see that.

He sprawled right over the case, and the latter got a sudden move on it.

It was just at the top of one of those long inclined plains of polished iron leading from the sidewalk to the lower regions.

The motion that Clarence gave it caused it to tilt violently to one side and fall off the little truck.

That was all right for the case, but not for Clarence.

He shot suddenly off the case, like a man thrown from a balky horse.

He went through the air like lightning, and struck the inclined plane beyond.

Fortunately he struck on the bosom of his trousers, feet first.

Whew!

Talk of tobogganing!

This sort of business knocked that teetotally silly.

Clarence thought he had mounted a comet, he went so fast.

He flew down that shute like a streak of buttered electricity.

He reached the bottom, three stories under ground, in less than ten seconds.

When he struck the floor there were, fortunately, no cases or other obstructions in the way.

Consequently he slid for forty feet on the rear of his trousers, and brought up in the midst of a group of

men who were discussing the merits of different brands of whisky.

They were supposed to be at work checking off goods as they were shipped, but that was only a supposition.

Clarence struck one of these fellows in the heels, and sent him flying.

"Great Scott! what's that?" cried the other.

"It's only me, deah boy," said Clarence, getting up. "I came down wathah suddenly, don't ye know."

"I should imagine you did."

"What in creation was it that struck me?" asked the other fellow, picking himself up.

"I pwesume it was me, deah boy," said Clarence, with his dandiest smile. "I came down the shute, don't ye know."

"Why the mischief couln't you take the stairs?"

"Didi't have time, deah boy."

"What do you want here, anyhow?"

"I was twyng to escape fwom a howid widow woman, deah boy, who wants to mawwy me, 'pon me wawd."

"H'm! She must be awfully hard up."

"She's blind, isn't she, old man?"

"Did she ever hear you talk?"

"If she did she wouldn't have you."

"I weckon I can mawwy anybody, if I choose," retorted Clarence indignantly; "but I wouldn't have that dweadful woman if theah wasn't anothah in all the wawld."

"You'd better not go up, then, or she will catch you," said one of the fellows, giving the rest the wink.

"Oh, she's gone away now, deah boy."

"Well, I'd better go and see. What sort of woman was she?"

"She was fat, weal stout, don't ye know, and dwessed in black, regulation widow's weeds, deah boy."

"All right; I can spot her from your description," said the joker.

Then he went off and presently came back, saying:

"She's there yet, keeping a sharp watch on the door. You couldn't possibly get out without her collaring you."

"Oh, deah, what shall I do?" gasped the dude. "Isn't theah a weah entwance to the stoah?"

"No, sir, only the front one. I know that woman, and she's a terror."

"Is she weally?"

"On, she's awful! Ain't she, boys? You all know her—Mrs. Sally Jump."

"Mrs. Jump! Well, I should remark! Why, she's had five husbands, and killed every one of them."

"Five! Six, you mean, and I'm not sure it isn't seven. You know she's been divorced three times."

"Gweat hevvin!" cried Clarence, as this discussion went on. "I wouldn't have such a howid cwechaw catch me faw the wawld. Cahn't you call the police?"

"Not the least good."

"She'll swear you're her husband."

"She's got the police solid for her, my boy."

"Oh, deah, what shall I do? She won't wait theah all night, will she?"

"Won't she, though? You don't know her."

"Maybe she'll go back to the hotel and wait."

"No, she won't leave the store till she sees you come out."

"Oh, deah, I cahn't stay heah all night, me deah fellah."

"No, and it wouldn't do any good if you did, because she'll wait for you."

"Couldn't we smuggle him out in some way, Gus?"

said one of the clerks to another.

"We might fasten him up in the middle of a bale of cotton."

"Or head him up in a barrel."

"Oh, deah I shall be smotheawed if you do that," cried Clarence. "aw, some stupid fellah will stand the bawel on the wong head, don't ye know."

"How would it do to borrow a second-hand coffin and take him out in that?" suggested Gus.

"Theah ain't any second-hand coffins," cried Clarence, "and I wouldn't go in one, anyhow. The fellah might make a mistake and buwy me."

"Well, I don't know what we'll do with you, then."

"Cahn't you give me a disguise, me deah boy? Give me some old clothes and a false mustache, don't ye know. Then the tewible cwechaw won't know me."

"We might black him up," said Gus.

"That's so; but his clothes would give him away dead."

"Oh, we can give him some old duds."

"That's fawst wate, me deah fellah," cried Clarence. "I don't mind being a niggah faw a little while, don't ye know, if I can only escape that howible woman."

"We haven't anything but marking-ink," said Gus, "but I guess that will do."

"It'll do fawst wate, old chappie."

Then those jokers blacked that dude's face after a fashion of their own.

They blacked from his forehead down to his upper lip, leaving the tips of his ears, his neck, mouth and chin white.

He was assured that everything was black, and he could not tell but that it was, not having any glass to look at.

Then the jokers gave him an old linen duster, a pair of overalls and a hat that might have seen service in the revolution, it was so old.

Thus, with his hands stuck deep down in his pockets, for he did not want to have them blacked, the dude was led to the front door.

It was now nearly six o'clock, and a good many

places were closing or had already closed, and the street was full of people going home.

"I don't see the howid cwechaw," said Clarence.

In fact, the widow had long since given up the chase, not having seen Clarence go down the shute, and never imagining what had become of him.

She had not even troubled herself to return to the hotel, the conclusion having dawned upon her that the whole thing was a huge joke upon the dude as well as upon the women.

"Wheah is she, deah boy?" asked Clarence.

"St! she may be watching you now," whispered the joker. "Look out for yourself."

Then he and his comrades gave the dude a shove and whisked back into the store.

Poor Clarence hurried on, expecting to be pounced upon every minute by the fat widow and lugged off to a police court.

Nobody took any notice of him, however, till he had gone a considerable distance, and he congratulated himself that his disguise was perfect.

Suddenly a gust of wind getting under his hat lifted it off, as it was considerably more than a fit, and tossed it into the street.

Clarence made a grab for it and then the crowd got onto him.

"Look at the black and white moke."

"Regular checker board, ain't he?"

"Hi—hi, let's paint him all white."

"Faw hevvin's sake, what shall I do?" cried Clarence. "My disguise is discowayed. I fawgot all about my hands."

Then he started off on a run, thinking that the fat widow was after him to a dead certainty.

As he ran the mob laughed all the more, and the poor dude was in an azony of fear.

He ran all the faster, dodged around one corner after another, and finally, seeing himself in front of a hotel, went in boldly.

"I fawen't go back to the othah place, don't ye know," he mused. "faw that awful old woman will be theah, so I will stop heah and have my things sent awround."

Then he walked up to the desk and said:

"I would like a fwont woom, deah boy, and a sample woom to show my goods. I'm a twavelah, don't ye know."

The gilt-edge clerk laughed outright.

"Traveling for a stove polish firm, aren't you?" he said, "and been trying the stuff on yourself to see how it works."

"Oh, baw Jove, don't ye know I fawgot all about that," said Clarence, with a laugh. "You see, deah boy, I was pawsed by a howid woman and had to disguise myself."

Then he proceeded to throw off his old clothes, coming out of them like a butterfly from a chrysalis.

"What are you, lightning change artist?" said the clerk.

"Hush, deah boy, that's my disguise, don't ye know. You can have the gawments, but please get 'em out of the way befaw they aw seen."

the legs of another, and finally rushed breathlessly into the hotel he had left over two hours ago.

The clerk had a fleeting vision of a young man with a black and white face and very giddy clothes dashing up stairs, and then it was gone.

"That's the dude returned," he muttered. "I wonder if those old girls have been chasing him ever since?"

Clarence lost no time in getting into his room, locking the door and shoving two big trunks against it.

Then he looked at himself in the glass.

"Gweat hevins! No wondah the fellahs lahfed. Only half me face is blacked, don't ye know."

Then he proceeded to remove the blackness, but this proved to be a tough job, considering that marking ink and not burnt cork had been used in giving him his Ethiopian complexion.

He did not succeed in restoring his face to something like its original color until nearly nine o'clock, by which time he had ruined half a dozen towels.

like one of his, don't ye know. Theah is only one othaw fellah that could have done it and he, at present, is in New Yawk."

"Oh, it must have been him, then, and not Hardy," said the clerk.

"Pawhaps, deah boy, but I hawdly think it likely, don't ye know. In fact, I don't know what to think, weally."

Clarence did not do any business that day, of course, but on the next he hired a room for the display of his samples, sent word to all his customers, and picked up a pretty good amount of trade.

In the afternoon he started out for a stroll, taking an umbrella with him, as it looked showery.

He scarcely dared to look at any of the women he met for fear he might come upon one of the applicants of the day before.

"Wouldn't it be dweadful," he thought, "if I waw

The parcel was about a foot long and six inches square, and was wrapped up in nice light brown wrapping paper.

Clarence's umbrella was never intended to shelter more than one person.

Consequently, while he shielded the young girl from the rain, he was unable to protect himself wholly.

His right arm, being exposed, presently became quite wet, as did the parcel under it.

The nice brown wrapping paper soon began to get decidedly spongy, and then to wear away where Clarence's sleeve chafed against it.

Then the paper began to peel and slip, and get away from what was inside.

"Oh, deah, I wondah what's inside, anyway?" mused Clarence. "Whatevah it is, it's vewy slippewy, baw Jove!"

Then, fancying that he could carry the parcel better



He made a sudden break for freedom. Out of the parlor he dashed as though he had been shot from a cannon.

After him came all the women, big and little, fat and lean, tall and short. It was as if a female seminary had suddenly broken loose.

nearly scraped all the skin off his forehead and used up two cakes of toilet soap.

Then he went down to get something to eat, having had nothing since noon.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" asked the clerk. "Did you come to an understanding with the ladies?"

"If any maw come to see me, tell 'em I'm out," stammered Clarence. "I don't want to see 'em. Do you weally believe that they actually wanted to mawwy me?"

"You don't say!"

"Yas, deah boy, and I had to wun away fwom them."

"Why did they wish to marry you?"

"Weally I don't know, but somebody must have taken my name, faw one of the gawls showed me an extwact fwom a papah about a fellah that wanted a wife."

"Indeed?"

"Yas, and I weally think—by the way, do you happen to know a dwummah by the name of Hawdy?"

"Oh, yes, quite well; but he has not stopped here now for some time."

"Not wecently?"

"No, not for over a year."

"Aw, I thought at fawst that this might have been one of his little jokes, don't ye know. He is always wahking off twicks on fellahs, but if he didn't stop heah he couldn't do it, of cawse."

"Of course not," said the clerk, laughing within himself at the dude's ready guess.

"I wemembah, too, that he said he would skip Chicago this twip, but the twick looks vewy much

to meet that howid widow woman? I wondah how long she waited yesterday?"

Presently it began to rain lightly and Clarence raised his umbrella.

Pretty soon he met a young girl nicely dressed, and carrying a square parcel under one arm.

Clarence's natural gallantry would not let him see a pretty girl get wet, even if he ran a chance of encountering one of his female acquaintances of the day before.

"Beg pawdon," he said, tipping his hat. "Will you allow me to escawt you undah my umbwellah?"

The young lady smiled and accepted his invitation.

"Won't you allow me to take yaw pawcel?" asked Clarence. "It must be awkwawd, don't ye know."

"Oh, I can carry it, thanks," said the girl, blushing.

"But I insist, don't ye know, I weally do," persisted Clarence. "You'd bettal' take my awm, too, 'cause it's waining hawdah than besaw."

The young girl passed over the parcel, took Clarence's arm and blushed more than ever.

Poor Clarence!

If he had known the trouble he was going to have with that parcel he would have wished it at the bottom of the sea sooner than have touched it.

PART XV.

Two people under one umbrella on a showery afternoon.

One was Clarence, who, besides holding the umbrella in his left hand, had a young lady on that arm and carried a parcel under the other.

in his hand than in his arms, Clarence let it slip down so that he could seize it.

If it had been one solid article, he might have accomplished this feat easily enough.

Unfortunately, however, it was made up of several articles.

When he tried to slide it down under his arm toward his hand the trouble began.

The paper gave way in several places, the string slid off entirely and—bump!

Something had fallen on the sidewalk.

Clarence stooped to pick it up, still keeping hold of the umbrella.

Thump!

Something else had fallen to the ground, banging the dude's toes on the way.

The dude reached down and picked up the two objects.

Bars of soap!

Every day, plebeian washing soap!

Coarse, yellow, strong-smelling, altogether common bars of soap.

And that dude had been carrying them as though they had been gold bricks, or boxes of caramels, or something quite too utterly precious.

There were six bars in that parcel, and each particular bar desired to go its own particular way.

As Clarence picked up the two bars which had fallen, the other four took it into their heads to slip away from him.

Chunk!

Down they went upon the walk, some on end, some on their sides.

"Faw hevvin's sake!" gasped the dude.

He forgot all about the young lady on his arm. In stooping over he knocked her hat off with his umbrella just as he secured two more bars of soap.

"Oh, dear! there goes my hat."

"Aw, beg pawdon, I'm shaw," muttered Clarence. "Pawhaps you'd bettah hold the umbrella, don't ye know."

The young lady took the umbrella, Clarence picked up and gave her her hat, and then scrambled for the soap.

He was having as much fun as a baby with molasses on its fingers and a pound of feathers to pick up.

He would collar one bar, think he had it all right, and then another would get away from him.

If there is anything more unmanageable than half a dozen bars of ordinary laundry soap, we don't want to meet it.

The worst of it was, several acquaintances of the dude came along while he was thus engaged.

Laugh?

They just snorted, while Clarence got as red and as hot as a pot of boiled beets.

He wished five hundred times, if he wished it once, that he had never seen the girl or the soap, or Chicago, or anything nearly or remotely connected with any or all of these.

Finally he annexed all six of those bars of soap, tucked them snug under his arm, and held them there as in a vise.

"Beg pawdon, but I shall have to trouble you to cawwy the umbrella," he stammered. "I dawsen't let go of my awm, don't ye know."

"Certainly," said the young lady.

Now, everybody knows the ease and dexterity with which a woman can carry an umbrella.

When it is closed she carries it in her arms like a baby, slantin'dicularwise, one end up and the other down.

If the handle has a hook on it, she catches every young fellow that comes along.

If it has a knob on it she probes every old codger she meets in the eye.

That's the way she manages when the umbrella is closed.

That's bad enough, but when it's open beware of the umbrella carried by a woman.

She carries it with the stick straight up and down, and never changes its position.

A man will sway to the right or left, according to circumstances—and other umbrellas.

A woman goes straight on, carrying her umbrella like a telegraph pole, and never changing its position.

That's the way Clarence's young lady did.

In the first place she collided with another umbrella, and the dude got a shower of dirty water in his face.

Then she knocked his hat off, and it fell on the top of the crown right in a puddle of water.

"Oh, Lawd!" gasped Clarence.

"Beg pardon," said the young lady.

Clarence stooped to pick up his dicer.

Oh, that soap!

Two bars landed in Clarence's hat, one caromed on his pet corn, one jumped into the gutter, one slid along the walk, while the last stuck fast to his side.

Along came a man in a hurry.

He stepped on the bar that had slidden along the walk.

It proved an effective bar to his progress in that direction.

The coreographic maneuvers that that hurrying pedestrian performed knocked silly all the terpsichorean fireworks of all the ballet girls on the stage.

First one foot went up, then the other, then both, and finally, with a long slide, a shriek and a gasp, the man came down on his spine, slid fourteen feet, and addressed by name several distinguished persons, non-residents of Chicago.

In his slide he had glided right between the dude's long legs.

Over went Clarence, of course, and sat down, facing the man of wrath.

"You great ass-head! What do you mean by knocking me down in that ruffly fashion?"

Clarence, as soon as he could catch his breath, stared at the man sitting on the walk in front of him, and muttered:

"Mawcy sakes, if it ain't the quack doctah again, old Tugge."

"H'm! it's that idiot drummer!" cried Clarence's old acquaintance, E. Galen Tugge, M. D. "He's always around when he ain't wanted."

"Bah! Yaw a duffah!" sneered Clarence.

"If I meet you alone I'll strangle you!" blustered Tugge.

"Pooh! You couldn't kill a fly!"

"Ah!"

Then they both growled and glared and looked terribly ferocious.

The young lady became very much alarmed.

"Gentlemen, pray don't fight; for goodness' sake don't shed each other's blood."

"Pish! that dude hasn't any blood; it's nothing but milk and water!" cried Dr. Tugge.

"Yaw anothah!" sniffed Clarence.

"Oh, deah, they're going to fight," screamed the young lady again.

They were not going to do anything of the kind, but then she did not know that.

Just then the shower began to put in its biggest licks, and the rain came down by the bucketful.

The Chicago girl wasn't going to stay while it was raining like that, even to prevent bloodshed.

She hustled herself out of that in the fastest time known, and sought the seclusion which an awning grants.

As for Clarence and Tugge, they didn't stay there any longer than they could help.

"Gwacious me, that howid girl has wun off with my umbrella," cried poor Clarence.

Then he grabbed his dicer, slapped it on his head and dusted.

There wasn't room in that hat for Clarence's head and two bars of soap at the same time.

The head would not give way, and neither would the soap.

Consequently the top of the hat had to go on strike, the bars of soap shoving themselves up through the crown.

Away went Tugge in one direction, while Clarence took the other, both seeking a shelter from the rain.

Clarence hailed a passing cab, tumbled in soap and all, and directed the driver where to go.

"I've lost my umbrella!" he sighed. "My hat is ruined, and all I've got is two baws of soap."

The young lady never turned up with the umbrella, and Clarence threw the soap into the street.

The shower was soon over, and then, arrayed in his dandiest, Clarence grabbed a big sample case, and started off to catch some extra customer.

His sample case was heavy, but he desired to collar some more trade, and so he did not mind it for a time.

"Good-afternoon, me deah sah, can I show you some of the latest Euwopean novelties?" he asked the boss of a big furnishing goods store, which he presently entered.

"No, sir, we only sell American goods here. Don't want any of your English or German or French nonsense. Yankee notions are good enough for us."

"Yaw just the feliah I want to see," cried Clarence. "Let me show you some nice collahs, the same thing wawn by the President himself, also some extwa fine socks, used by all the judges of the supweme cawt. Why, me deah sah, I couldn't half fill my awdahs in Washington, don't ye know."

"What made you say you had European novelties, then?" grumbled the other.

"I have eweything, deah boy—I wish linen hand-kawchiefs, Scotch woolen socks, Fwench silk suspender, English hawf hose, Gawman silvah collah-buttions and Wussia leathaw glove boxes. Eveything to suit, deah boy, and all the Yankee notions besides."

"Where do you come from, anyhow?"

"New Yawk, deah boy, but my goods aw made in Chicago, don't ye know. They aw the only sawt the New Yawkahs buy, deah boy."

"H'm! the New York fellows are getting sensible, are they?"

"Oh, yas, and they think next yeah of annexing themselves to Chicago, so as to become gweater than they aw, don't ye know."

"I tell you what, my boy, the West is the place to come to, ain't it?" said the merchant enthusiastically.

"Yas—to die," added Clarence, under his breath, for that dude would never allow that anything could beat the Empire City.

His taffy took, however, and he sold the Westerner a fine bill of goods on the strength of it.

The small boy of the establishment had twigged the dude, and he made up his mind to have some fun with him.

Clarence had placed his hat on the counter while talking business, and had moved away from it in the course of his transactions.

Now, the cat attached to that store had a small and very interesting family of one kitten, which she was in the habit of lugging around by the nape of the neck to show to strangers.

She came purring along with her family in her mouth, knowing that Clarence would be glad to see it.

The small boy hooked on to that juvenile feline, dropped it into the dude's dicer, and awaited developments.

Clarence's hat had been a repository for groceries once that day, and now it was a bed for young cats.

Pussy did not mind it a penny's worth, though the old cat was not altogether satisfied.

"Aw, hope to see you on my next twip," said Clarence, strapping up his case. "Pleased to sell you anything, don't ye know."

"Well, if you bring anything good I'm sure to buy of you," was the answer.

Being all ready, Clarence picked up his hat and clapped it on his head without seeing what was inside, being a bit near-sighted.

He thought the weight was not quite right, but he didn't tumble for all that.

Kit, suddenly dumped around and shut up in the dark, did not like it for a good deal.

She dug her small claws in among the slick locks on the dude's head and made it exceedingly lively for him.

"Gweat guns, what's the mattah?" cried Clarence.

The kitten began to howl, and that aroused the old cat.

"Gweat Scott, take it off!" cried Clarence, grabbing his hat.

The old cat located the noise and made a dash for the dude's legs, giving him a token of her regard in the shape of a dig with her claws.

"Oh, Lawd," cried Clarence, "what's got into my hat? Faws! it's soap, and then it's cats."

Shaking the adolescent cat out upon the floor, he speedily decamped, when the small boy went into a fit at the success of his snap.

After waiting about for some time Clarence grew weary of lugging about that big sample case, and looked around for a place to rest his weary bones.

He presently espied it and hurried forward with all the alacrity of a free lunch fiend when he espies a new stopping place on his route.

It was a public park, with trees and benches, and all that.

"Thank my staws, I can west faw a few minutes," muttered Clarence.

He found a vacant bench and sat down on it, putting his case beside him on the seat.

"Aw, these pawks aw a gweat convenience, don't ye know," said Clarence, lighting a cigarette and puffing away contentedly.

Other people found them convenient as well as Clarence, and two or three tramps who sat near him eyed his grip as though they would like to get their paws upon it.

"Shine?" cried a bootblack, pausing in front of the smoking dude.

"Hi, Jimmy, get on to dat shine," cried another bootblack, coming up. "Dat's worth more'n fi' pence."

"Get out, you gilly!" cried Jimmy, in disgust. "Dem's patent ledgers. Don't ye know de diff between them and a real shine?"

"Does de dude wear dat kind so's he won't have to pay for his shine?"

"Dat's it, Petey, you've got it cold."

"Den I reckin he wears a sellerloid collar so's he won't have to pay for washin' it?"

"Right you are, Petey, you catches onto de troot every time."

"Dudes never have any money, do dey, Jimmy?"

"Naw!" said Jimmy, with an air of conviction, "and mighty little else either, only, and don't yet forget it."

Clarence puffed away in silence, for he knew that it would be of no use to answer a lot of street urchins.

Jimmy and the other boys went on, but Petey hung behind, watching Clarence with an eager glance.

"What yer waitin' fur, Petey?" called one of the bootblacks.

"Waitin' fur de butt. He can't smoke much more of it, 'cause it'll singe his mustache if he does."

"Ah, yer wouldn't smoke after a dude, would yer? Dudes only smoke cigarettes, and dem tings is rank pison, don't yer know it?"

"Oh, but dis dude has grease on his hair and kerries a silk wive. He wouldn't hurt nuthin'."

"Oh, come on," called Jimmy.

Clarence threw down his half-smoked cigarette in disgust.

Petey collared it before it had scarcely touched the ground, stuck it in his mouth, puffed out a cloud of smoke, slung his box over his shoulder and strutted off.

"Ta ta, Cholley, old man," he said to Clarence. "I'll meet ye at de bank when I go dere to put in me dust."

Clarence said nothing, and away hurried Petey, calling out to his companions:

"I say, fellers, I've got de dude's cigaroot, and de end of it is jes' like taffy. I told yer he was a reg'lar sweet-scented one."

The rest of them laughed at this, and Clarence consigned all boys in general, and Chicago bootblacks in particular, to the lower regions.

"I nevah saw such wude fellahs, I nevah did, weakly," he remarked. "I'd have taken a wound out of them, only they enjoy police protection, and it would be no use, don't ye know."

After the bootblacks had gone no further attention was paid to him, and one by one the bums, loungers and tramps got up and moved on.

The sight of a sparrow cop walking through one end of the park had had a good deal to do with this, for the police never let tramps alone, and they know it.

Clarence was safe enough, however, for he was well dressed and had no traveling companions with him, and was, therefore, not especially objectionable, even if he was a dude.

It happened, therefore, that Clarence's part of the park was presently deserted, and he sat in the shade alone in his glory.

He was tired when he came into the park and had not yet got over it.

The coolness, the quiet, the sense of rest all had their influence on that dude.

It was not long before he settled back on that bench, leaned his head on his manly, frilled shirt front and snoozed the slumber of the innocent.

The birds twittered, the branches swayed in the breeze, people came and went, and Clarence still slept.

First he took the long strap off of the dude's big sample case.

"Goin' to go troo his keyster?" whispered Jimmy.

"Naw, I ain't. D'yer think I wanter git inter de jug?"

"What yer goin' to do, den?"

"Ah, shut up, Rocksy, and let de artist alone," said one of the boys.

Pete then proceeded to business.

He took that strap, passed it around the dude's waist, and carried the ends over one end of the seats of the bench, behind Clarence's back.

Then he buckled it tight enough to hold Clarence in place, but not prevent his free breathing.

"Get onto de nobby hero chained to de dungeon wall, like dey does in de theayter," chuckled Pete.

Then he took his seat in the orchestra circle with the rest of the gang, and took a look at the show.

my-throat collar, and giddy tie. He ain't no tramp, he's a regular la-la, he is.

"Well, he can't sleep here on the benches if he's the mayor of the town himself."

Then that gallant cop proceeded to lay his hand upon the dude for the purpose of awakening him.

"Here's where de fun comes in, me noble juke," muttered Pete, from a safe point of observation, softly warbling, as he gazed:

"He's a dude, dandy dude,
Don't ye see by his style he's a smasher?"

"Look out for de circus, boys. Don't forgit de day an' date. Come early and git front seats."

PART XVI.

CLARENCE sat snoozing on the bench in the park.

officer. "Do you and the oerch belong to each other?"

Clarence tried to get up of his own accord, and succeeded in lifting the bench off the ground.

That was all he could do, however, and he immediately sat down again.

"Aw, something is holding me back, deah boy," he mused. "I wondah if I'm glued."

Then the cop scented the trouble.

"H'm! you're only financially embarrassed," he remarked.

"Aw?" said Clarence, interrogatively.

"Strapped, you 'now," answered the copper by way of explanation.

"Strapped, deah boy?"

"Yes, strapped to the seat. Hold on, sit still and I'll fix it. Somebody's been playing tricks on you."

"Ah, thaw's nothing singulah in that, deah boy; I'm



He took that strap, passed it around the dude's waist, and carried the ends over one end of the seats of the bench, behind Clarence's back. Then he buckled it tight enough to hold Clarence in place, but not prevent his free breathing.

There sat Clarence, entirely oblivious of all that was going on.

There also sat the bootblacks, enjoying the show, and chuckling to themselves.

"Don't he look putty, Socksy?"

"He's jist a dear little kid tied inter his chair, so's he won't fall out."

"Ah, there, birdie!" laughed Pete.

"Stay dere," put in Jimmy.

"Won't dere be fun when he tries to get up off'n de bench?"

"Somefin' 'll have to come, you bet, when he does."

"Go call de oder fellows, Johnnie. 'Taint often we catch a live dude."

"Cheese it, Nibbsy. Do ye want to wake it up, an' spoil all de fun?"

But Clarence wasn't waking up, being too sound asleep for that.

He knew no more what was transpiring than if he had been in Jerusalem.

Presently, however, the gamins, ever alert, caught the glint of a copper's buttons.

A park policeman, strutting along as if he owned the place, was approaching.

"Cheese de sparrer cop, cullies," hissed Pete. "Sherry yer nibs an' watch de show from de top gallery."

The boys lighted out, and presently along came the copper, as big as life, and caught on to Clarence.

"Asleep in a public park, hey?" he muttered. "Fust he knows, somebody 'll rob him, and then he'll send a complaint to the newspapers, and we hard working officers will get the blame of it."

"Regular dude, too, nobby clothes, high dicer, cut-

A dandy copper had just taken it into his head to arouse the dude.

Pete, Jimmy and some more bootblacks stood a little way off taking in the fun.

"Here, sir, you mustn't go to sleep here," said the copper, shaking Clarence.

"H'm, what you say, deah boy?" asked the dude, sleepily.

"You mustn't go to sleep here, I said. Come, come, wake up."

Then he gave Clarence another shake which knocked his nap away out.

"Aw, yas, I understand now, deah boy," said the dude.

Then he tried to get up. It was no good.

The strap around his middle prevented it.

He sat there looking dazed.

"Get up, I tell you," muttered the cop.

"Aw, but I cahn't seem to do it, don't ye know."

Pawhaps I'm pawalyzed."

"I'll paralyze you!" cried the officer, grabbing Clarence by the shoulder and yanking him forward.

Up came the dude, the bench, and the whole business.

The cop was so astonished that he let go his hold and jumped back.

Down went the bench, Clarence and all back to their former position.

Pete, the bootblack, chuckled softly to himself and warbled:

"It'll never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown—
It'll never do to give it up so."

"Great guns! what's the matter now?" cried the

always having twicks played on me, don't you know," said Clarence, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Then the copper went around to the rear of the bench, loosened the buckle and released the captive dude.

"There, you ought to have a nurse, my boy," he said to the dude, harding him his strap. "I'll see you safe out of here, for there's no knowing what might happen if I let you get out of my sight."

"Ah, thanks, deah boy, awfully. There's a penny faw you," said the dude, patronizingly.

That broke the funny copper all up, and he failed to see the joke.

Clarence strapped up his sample case, and was escorted to the gate of the park by the copper, Pete, the bootblack, following behind and warbling gently:

"What is home without a copper?"

"Tra-la-la, deah boy," said Clarence, when he reached the gate.

"Skip the guttah, Chelley!" cried Pete. "Don't go to sleep in the park again, baby deah, or you might be stolen, don't you know. Oh, get on to his gaiters."

"You howid boy, go away, aw I'll call the police," said Clarence, with great dignity, while the copper only laughed and Pete grinned.

However, a regular cop came floating along just then, and Pete disappeared while Clarence went on his way.

Clarence left Chicago for St. Louis that day, having seen enough of the western metropolis to last him for some time.

Now Hardy had been ahead of him again, and on the day of his arrival all the St. Louis papers had this little item:

"Lord Fitz Roy, of Noodle Hall, Somersetshire,

England, is traveling through the West incog. under the name of Jones. His lordship is very wealthy, exceedingly handsome, and just the right sort of catch for maneuvering mammas."

Clarence thought it a little strange, after he had registered, to be addressed as "my lord" and thought the clerk and porter were guying him.

He was given the best suite of rooms in the hotel, assigned to the post of honor in the dining-room, and treated with more distinction than he had ever received in his life before.

"It's weally vewy funny, don't ye know," he mused, "that ewebody should treat me with such gweat considewation. If I waw wicah as Vandahbilt, they couldn't pay me maw wespect."

When he went out the porters would rush up and say:

"Any orders, my 'lord? Carriage, my lord?"

The head waiter, when he entered the dining-room would bow and smile, lead the way to a seat and say, with great gusto:

"This way, my lord. Is there anything your lordship would like cooked? We are entirely at my lord's service."

"Does my lord want his boots cleaned this morning?"

"Is my lord quite satisfied with his apartments?"

"Would my lord like a carriage to take him around the city?"

These and other inquiries were put to that poor dude till he was nearly wild.

"Wondah what they call me 'me lawd' faw?" thought Clarence. "It cahn't be a twick, baw Jove. Pwahaps they think I'm a British nobleman. I weally have the look of an awistocwat, don't ye know."

So it was "my lawd" here and "my lord" there, till Clarence got quite used to it.

"Peinaps some lawd was expected, don't ye know, and they took me for the pahty," he mused. "Aw, i fatta myself that I can keep up the deception. Lord Fitz Woy. How nice that sounds. be Jove."

Being addressed as a nobleman was pte to Clarence, for he was just vain enough not to correct the wrong impression and try to carry out the deception.

He hired a team of fast horses and a dandy rig, and went driving around the city just to show off.

He ordered wine of the most expensive sort, bought costly cigars by the box and put on other lugs, all because he wanted to be considered something big.

It cost him about a hundred dollars in two days to keep up the style, for he did not do any work and let his customers go whistle.

Finally, as he was sporting around one day putting on airs, talkin of his estates in England and getting a real English twist on everything, along came a man who knew him and said

"Hello, Jones, old man! Why in time don't you send me word when you come to town? Here I've been looking for you two days. I want to buy some stockings of you."

Jones!
Stockings!
Lord Fitz Roy selling stockings!

Either the English lord was a sell or this merchant mistook him for somebody else.

As for Clarence, he felt that his dream was over.

"Aw, I only awwived this vewy mawning," he stammered.

"H'm! you've been here two days driving around and acting like a fool. Does the firm pay for all that, or have you given up selling goods?"

Lord Fitz Roy was only a peddler!
That was the story that went around.

Poor Clarence was cut as dead as a herring. His glory was departed, and those who had helped him the most to spend his money were now severest in denouncing him as an impostor.

He skipped out of St. Louis as soon as possible, greatly disgusted with the place and everybody in it.

He had orders to start on the return route, and lost no time in getting to Cincinnati, which he had not yet visited.

"I shawn't meet Hawdy aw Moss aw any of those fellahs heah," he mused, as he registered at the hotel, "and that'll be weal nice."

He never tumbled to the secret of the Lord Fitz Roy snap, or he might have wished never to see Hardy again, either in Cincinnati or elsewhere.

It was Hardy who had worked that little snap, and two days afterward he was laughing at it when he heard from the hotel clerk how it had worked.

Clarence arrived in Cincinnati late in the evening, hot, tired and dusty.

After disposing of a light lunch and a cigarette, he sat around for a little while and then determined to go to bed.

Going to bed meant a good deal with that dude.

With him it was not just a tossing off of his garments, jumping in between the sheets and dropping off to sleep.

Not by a large majority.

That was a tramp's way of doing business, in Clarence's opinion.

He worked the going to bed snap on an entirely different principle.

First of all he must have his bath.

Then he must arrange his slumber toilet, and that took as much time and thought as did the dressing for mashing purposes.

Arrived in his room and arrayed in gorgeous dressing-gown and slippers, Clarence rang the bell for a servant.

"Aw, pawtah, I want a bawth," he said, when the maid arrived.

"All right, sah; bath-room at the end of the hall, sah. Have it ready in a minute, sah. Hot or cold, sah?"

"Medium, Gawge—not more than eighty, don't ya

know. Ring the bell when it's weady, if you please."

"All right, sah."

And George went away smiling, for Clarence had rewarded him with a generous tip.

While the bath was being made ready Clarence disrobed, put on one of his most surprising night shirts, over which he put a long tunnel dressing wrapper of a most demonstrative pattern.

He intended to go to bed at once after he had had his bath, and that's why he arrayed himself thusly.

He could slip from the bath-room into his sleeping apartment and be ready for sleep without delay.

Presently the servant called him, and he made his way along the deserted hallway to the bath-room.

He had turned the gas low in his room, but he knew the number and could easily find it again.

Then he devoted himself to the washing business with all his soul.

He had a daisy scrub, a smoke, and a shower, and then got into his dazzling slumber robe and wrapper.

He was a trifle drowsy when he entered the hall, and there was not as much light as there had been.

In fact he got a trifle mixed, and could not find his room.

Suddenly he heard the sound of laughter in several octaves and the tramp of approaching feet.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were coming upstairs.

They must never see him in that sort of rig!

"Aw, thank heaven, heah is my woom at lahst!"

He thought it was, at any rate, and in he bounced. It was all dark, and he proceeded to look for a match.

Suddenly there was a terrible shriek, a banging of doors in front and behind, a rushing of figures past him, another slam, and then another scream.

"Faw hevvin's sake what have I stwuck?" he gasped.

Then a light appeared, and he perceived that it came from the transom of an inner room.

He was not in his own quarters at all, but somewhere else.

How had it happened?

"Get out of here, you horrid man!" cried a female voice from the next room.

"With pleashaw, me deah madam," said Clarence, groping toward the outer door in the dim light. "It's all a mistake, I asshaw you."

When he reached the door he found it locked.

"I cahn't get out, don't ye know," he cried. "The daw appears to be fastened. You will have to come and open it faw me."

Then two heads appeared at the transom.

"Oh, it's a man!"

"In his night-dress! Oh, dear!"

"Won't you let me out?" cried Clarence.

"I locked the door myself," cried another voice in the room.

"And took the key, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Then won't you please hand it to me, me deah madam, so I can let myself out?" pleaded Clarence.

"Give my keys to a stranger? I guess not."

"But I cahn't stay heah all night."

"Get into the trunk, into the closet, anywhere, till I can open the door," said the voice.

"All wight," said Clarence, and in looking for the closet he stumbled over a big trunk that he had somehow escaped before.

It was big, it was nearly empty, and it was open.

He fell right into it, and bang went the lid.

It was the old story of the chest with the spring lock, and Clarence was securely caged.

One of the ladies came out, lighted the gas and unlocked the door.

"Now you can go," she said.

At that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Oh, dear!" she screamed, making a dash for the inner room.

In came a gentleman, followed by two porters.

"That's the trunk," he said. "It's all ready I see, and a good thing it is."

The porters grabbed the chest and went away with it, followed by the gentleman.

Now, it happened that the ladies belonged to a female burlesque troupe which had been playing in Cincinnati that night.

They were going to make a big jump that very night, and it was necessary to have all the baggage at the station in season.

The gentleman was the manager, and he had come to collect the baggage.

After he had gone the ladies came out.

"Why, the trunk has gone!"

"With that dude in it?"

"Oh, what a surprise!"

Then they all laughed.

"Won't he have a fine shaking up before he gets through?"

"And won't my dresses get a fine pressing?"

After that they indulged in more laughter, for they were a jolly lot of ladies.

Then they completed their toilets and were driven to the station in a cab, half an hour after Clarence had arrived.

Poor Fitz.

The bottom of the chest was well padded, but the top was as hard as a miser's heart.

The baggage men were none too careful how they handled the big trunk, and poor Clarence got a dandy jolting.

If he had ridden forty miles on the bumpers of a railroad train, he could not have had a worse thumping.

He yelled and roared and howled, but all to no purpose.

Either the baggage men did not or would not hear him.

However, all things have an end.

Clarence thought he had caught the red hot end for sure.

When the breath had been nearly hustled out of him, the big chest was lifted up and slung into a baggage car.

Other chests were put on top of it and all around.

Clarence couldn't tell exactly what was going on, but every time a piece of baggage struck his prison he expected it to go to pieces.

The ladies reached the station just in time to take the train before it rolled out of the depot.

When the manager came along to give them their tickets, one of them said:

"There's a dude locked up in our big packing trunk, ha-ha-ha!"

"Won't he have a nice time before we get to Chicago, he-he-he?" said another.

Then they all laughed, and it was some time before the manager could get at the rights of the case.

"Locked up in a trunk, eh?" he said, laughing.

"Well, he'll have to stay there, I reckon."

There was clearly nothing to be done, as the trunk could not be reached without a deal of trouble.

The manager was not sure but that the ladies were joking, and so he thought no more about it after he had left them to go into the smoking-car.

Clarence was at rest, to be sure, but he had no more room than was necessary, and his supply of air was limited.

"I am on a twain," he mused. "Suppose theah waw to be a smash-up. I would be wained!"

That wasn't what troubled him the most, however.

"Just to think of being discovahed in my slumbah wobes! I know theah will be a lot of pwetty gawls awound when they take me out and that'll be dweadful."

After a long run the train came to a standstill, and Clarence began to yell to be let out.

Some of the baggage in the car had to be taken out, and along came the men to get it.

They made a good deal of noise, but Clarence made more.

"What in time is that?" asked one of the baggage manipulators.

"Somebody trying the ventriloquism dodge on us," said another.

"Let me out! I'm in a twunk!" howled Clarence.

"Too thin," cried one of the men, and the poor dude remained in his prison.

The car was closed again, and the train went on, jumping and jolting for another forty or fifty miles.

Then more baggage was to be taken out, and Clarence, half choked and bathed in perspiration, made another effort to be heard.

This time the manager of the burlesque troupe happened to be around when the trunks were being removed.

He heard Clarence yell, and at once remembered what the ladies had said:

"Great Jupiter! there is a man in there, after all!" he cried.

"That's only a stiff, boss," said one of the baggage men.

"He will be a stiff if he remains in that trunk till we get to Chicago, and you can bet on it. Let him out."

Just then the dude yelled again, and this time there were no doubters.

PART XVII.

EARLY the next morning, Clarence was brought out of his cell to answer the charges brought against him.

"What is your name?" asked the police captain.

"Clarence Fitz Woy Jones, commercial twavelah, of New Yawk, representing the fawn of Lisle & Wooley, dwy goods and notions, the lawgest dealahs in the county. We do business with all the pwominent houses fwom Maine to Califawnia, and—"

"Stop, stop! I don't want to hear all that. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I am the victim of sawcumstances. I don't belong in this town at all. I came fwom Cincinnati lahst night in a twunk."

"Oh, yes, I heard that you had been trying to steal a ride. You are fined ten dollars."

"I won't pay it!" wailed Clarence. "I wasn't steal-

He was lugged off in spite of his protestations and clapped into a cell bewailing his sad fate.

When he had gone all hands indulged in a grand laugh at the poor dude's expense.

"It's as good as a nigger show to see that calf go on," remarked one hayseed delegate.

"I'd be wining to buy him a two dollar and a half suit for the fun I've had," said one of the officers.

"I'll put a dollar to that, and be proud to do it," said another.

"If we had a museum here we might keep him," gurgled the sergeant, "but as we haven't, we'd better send him back to Cincinnati."

All hands chipped in, bought Clarence a cheap suit of clothes, a pair of shoes and a hat, and presented him with a railroad ticket.

The clothes were not equal to what he generally wore, and did not tickle his fancy by any means.

It was very likely that in the first rain storm they

and Clarence forced two of the stinkers on his new friend.

"I wouldn't give a nickel for a cigar that warn't strong," said the granger, firing up and puffing a big cloud of smoke into Clarence's face.

"I pweefaw them mid, myself," said Clarence, nearly stifled.

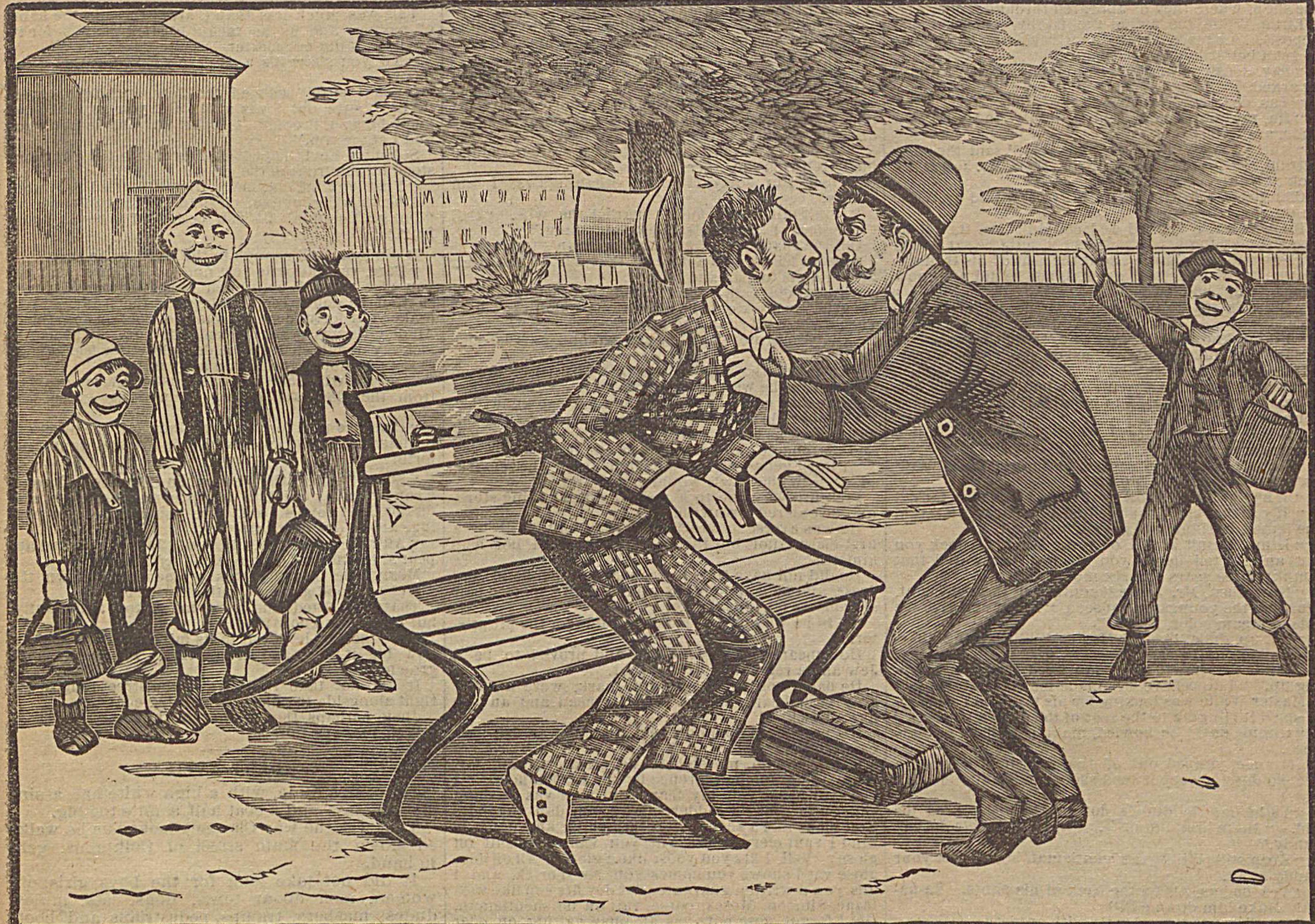
"I don't. I like 'em jest as strong as they make 'em," and the luckless Clarence got another smoke bath.

"It's all a mattah of taste, I suppose," and the dude tried to raise the window.

"Yas, of course, and there ain't no disputing 'bout that."

Out came another deluge of smoke just as Clarence got the car window up.

Out went the dude's cigar, and something else presumably, for when he stuck in his head again he looked pale, and wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve.



"I'll paralyze you!" cried the officer, grabbing Clarence by the shoulder and yanking him forward. Up came the dude, the bench, and the whole business. The cop was so astonished that he let go his hold and jumped back.

ing a wide at all. I was put into the twunk and cawied off saw a joke, and I suffawed howibly."

"You were masquerading in the street. I'll fine you ten dollars for that."

"You cahn't fine me at all, don't ye know, me deah fellah. Yaw only a policeman—yaw not a magisistrate."

"Don't tell me what I can or cannot do!" thundered the sergeant. "I'll fine you ten dollars more for contempt. How do you suppose our police system is going to thrive if I don't fine somebody?"

"You have no wight to fine me. These aw my own clothes. I wasn't masquerading at ali, deah boy."

"Well, where's your license, if you're a drummer? You can't sell goods in this town without a permit."

"I haven't it, me deah boy."

"Fine you forty dollars!" snapped the sergeant.

"Cahn't do it, deah boy. I haven't sold anything yet. How can I, when I haven't any samples, don't ye know?"

"Well, give me a dollar, and I'll call it square," said the sergeant, who had been joking all along, though Clarence did not suspect it.

"Weally, me deah fellah," said the perplexed dude. "I would pay the money in a minute, don't ye know, but I'm not in the habit of cawying money in my night-wobe pockets."

"Then we'll have to lock you up till you have served out the fine. Take him away to a cell."

"Oh, deah!" moaned Clarence. "Cahn't you telegraph saw my twunks? How the deuce can I pay when I have no money? I think yaw weal mean."

would shrink up and fit him too young, but he did not have the choosing of them and, at any rate, they were better than nothing.

The hat was a poor color, and a worse fit, and the shoes were not built for long walks, being thin in the soles, and tender in the uppers, half the buttons flying off before Clarence reached the station.

He rolled his undress uniform into a neat bundle, tucked it under his arm, and took his seat in the cars with great satisfaction.

"Oh, gwacious me. I've sawgot something!" he suddenly cried, as the train was about to start.

"What is it?" asked the sergeant.

"Cahn't you give me a pack of cigawettes aw a cigaw? What shall I do if I cahn't smoke all the way fwom heah to Cincinnati?"

The sergeant gave him a couple of cigars, the station-agent donated another, and the fellahs about the platform chipped in and brought the number up to seven.

Those seven cigars, at advanced prices, might possibly have been worth seven cents, though they would have brought a profit even at five cents for the lot.

The first three or four whiffs that Clarence got made him think of the morgue, while the next made him wish he was home.

"Oh, deah! I wish I hadn't ahsked saw a cigaw," he muttered. "If I wanted to be weal cwuel to a fellah, I'd give him one of these and make him smoke it."

Presently a countryman approached, sat down behind Clarence, reached over and said:

"Them's mighty good cigars you got there."

"Aw, yes, thanks, awfully. Won't you have one?"

"I think I'll go sit in the othah caw," he muttered, as he got up.

Then he left the smoker and entered one of the passenger coaches, stopping on the platform long enough to throw away his remaining weeds.

"I wouldn't give one of those howible cigaws to the wawst fellah in town," he mused, "faw he'd be shaw to puff in my face, and I know I'd be sick aftah that."

Clarence got to Cincinnati that afternoon all right, and proceeded to make up for lost time.

"If it hadn't been saw those howid gawls who lock-ed me in the twunk I would have been away from heah by this time," he remarked, sadly.

However, he improved his time so well that he was able to get away from the town the next forenoon.

He took in Dayton and some other small cities, and at last got to Columbus, Ohio, one evening at seven o'clock, ready to strike the town real hard the next day.

The first place he entered was kept by a man with a large family of small boys.

There were John, James and Joseph, triplets, aged twelve, three of a kind, and a bad kind at that.

Then came two sets of twins, Robert and Walter aged ten, and Charlie and Harry, over whose tangled' heads eight sultry summers had passed.

Succeeding them came Ned, aged seven, Dick with six years to his score, and Dan, who had just passed his fifth anniversary in safety.

Little Willie, counting his time on the world by three years and six months, wound up the list, and was a holy terror, beating all his brothers hollow in cantankerousness.

He could give points to his ten brothers, although still in kilts, and the probability was that if he would live he would eventually run for President or be hanged for horse-stealing, it was hard to tell which.

When Clarence came in the eleven boys were seated in a row on the edge of the counter, knocking spots out of the paint with their heels.

"Get out of here, boys!" cried the boss and parent. "Here's a customer."

"He ain't! He's a dude!" yelled little Willie, who was eating taffy. "Dude's never buy nuffin."

"I'm a dwummah," said Clarence, putting his grip on the counter.

"Get on to his collah!" shouted the untrified Master Willie. "Ain't he pretty?"

"Dude, dude!" sang out the other boys.

"Clear out of here, you young rascals!" snorted the father, picking up a yard-stick.

John, James and Joseph, the triplets, Robert and Walter, and Charlie and Harry, the two sets of twins, Ned, Dick and Dan, all scampered off to the rear of the shop, where they disappeared through a door.

Little Willie, the pet of the family, remained and deposited his piece of taffy on a revolving stool so as to get a better look at Clarence.

"Say, does you know 'nuff to do in when it rains?" he asked.

"Yas, deah boy," answered the dude.

"Ha, my papa said dudes didn't, and you're a dude, ain't you?"

"Run away, Willie, dear, and play," said the boss, getting red in the face. "Now, then, Mr. Jones, I'll lock at your samples."

Clarence sat down on the taffy deposited by Willie on the revolving stool.

He was near sighted and couldn't see it, but he knew something was wrong the minute he sat down.

There was a moisture about the seat of his trousers that he knew was not normal, but he did not know exactly what had happened.

"Where's my taffy?" yelled Willie, in a few minutes.

"I don't know, child, go away," said the boss.

"Did de dude steal it?" asked the young terror. "If he did I'll bust his jaw."

"Willie!" said the parent, who had taught his son to say cunning things, and now did not think they sounded so funny.

"Where's my candy?" howled the incorrigible youngster again.

"I don't know; run away and don't bother," said paterfamilias, all in a breath.

"Why don't you know? Ya-ha, I want my taffy!"

"If you don't stop that yelling I'll spank you," said the father, beginning to get slightly mad.

"H'm! I ain't afraid o' you. Ma kin knock you out, an' I'll tell her if you hit me!" answered that spunky three years and six months kid.

"Now, then, Mr. Jones," continued the merchant, ignoring the youngster's speech, "if you can give me this in cream color, I'll—"

"Get up, dude!" yelled Master Willie, giving Clarence a kick in the calves.

"Dwat that howid boy!" muttered Clarence jumping up. "I do believe he's made me black and blue."

Master Willie was looking for his taffy, and suddenly spied it clinging to the seat of the dude's trousers.

"Gimme dat!" he howled, making a dash at Clarence.

Clarence jumped out of the way, not desiring a second dose of copper-toed shoes, and Willie set up a howl.

"Ya-ha-ha! de dude's dot my taffy!" roared the kid. "Make him dimme it. Papa, de dude's dot my candy."

"Keep still, Willie, the gentleman hasn't got your candy at all."

"Yes, he has, it's on the back of his pants. Ya-ha-ha! Make him dimme it."

Poor Clarence turned pale with anxiety.

A piece of sticky taffy on his la-de-dah lavender trousers!

They would be ruined for life!

He reached carefully around, detached the taffy, held it up with a look of disgust and then chucked it on the floor.

"Faw mawsy sakes! just think o' having that nasty stuff on my twousahs! I can nevah weah them again, nevah!"

"Ha, ha, I've dot my taffy agin!" chuckled Master Willie, as he snatched the taffy from the floor, clapped it into his mouth, dust and all, and went prancing about in great glee.

"Take that nasty thing out of your mouth, Willie," cried the fond but somewhat disgusted parent.

"Won't do it!" shouted Willie, in return. "Ain't you smart. Ha!" and Master Willie twirled his fingers in front of his nose in a very irreverent fashion.

"Don't care for you, you're no dood!" he chirruped.

The boss started from behind the counter with a yard stick in his hand, and Willie made a break.

He ran against Clarence, tumbled over and set up a howling.

That brought out the mother, an irate, red-headed woman of muscular proportions and uncertain age.

"What's the matter with Willie?" she asked hurrying forward.

"De dude knocked me down, boo-hoo!" yelled that truthful child.

"Oh, you brute, ain't you ashamed to abuse a poor little child in that way!" cried the mother. "If you weren't such a fool I'd like to teach you some sense, but you don't look as if you could learn anything in a thousand years, you homely, cross-eyed, parrot-brained idiot! Why don't you part your hair like a man, not like a girl. Drummer, eh? Well, you look like it! Seems to me all the fools in creation take to that business!"

It was easy to see where Master Willie had caught on to his angelic disposition.

"I beg yaw pawdon, me deah madam," said Clarence, when the woman stopped to catch her breath, "I nevah touchrd yaw pwecious child."

"Yes, you did," she snapped. "He says so, and that's sufficient. Do you think I bring my children up to tell lies? No, I don't, and if my husband wasn't such a donkey he wouldn't stand there and hear you intimate such a thing. I wish I was a man once."

"I wish so too," cried Clarence, getting very much disgusted with the whole gang, "faw then I could take a wound out of you and stop yaw jaw, and now I cahn't, don't ye know."

"Do you hear that? He says he'd like to smash my jaw!" sputtered the angry woman, turning to her husband. "What sort of a man are you to stand there and have me talked to like that? You're as big a fool as he is!"

"Mr. Jones, I'll thank you not to speak disrespectfully to my wife," said the poor hen-pecked husband. "I don't think I want anything to-day."

"I know you don't," cried the wife, who was lunging Willie off by his collar. "I know his stuff isn't any good."

"No, I don't want anything to-day, Mr. Jones," said the boss in name only.

"You couldn't have it if you did!" retorted Clarence, packing his case. "I only sell to respectable staws and not to thawd clawss shops like this."

"I'll have you know I keep the best store in Columbus!" retorted the other, hotly.

"Then I'm sowy faw the othah staws, I am weakly."

"Don't talk to the fool!" snarled the wife. "Call the police. I know he's stolen something!"

Oh, the sharpness of an angry woman's tongue!

When a fellow gets a dose of that sort of thing, all he can do is to grin and bear it.

"Ta-ta, old cata-mount," said Clarence, grabbing his grip. "Look out the dog catchahs don't get you. They dwown all snapping pups."

"Oh, you brute!" howled the woman as Clarence dusted.

"It was all the fault of that howid infant," mused Clarence, as he walked along the street. "If he hadn't been theah I could have sold a lot don't ye know."

The poor dude's trousers were a sight to behold, with a spot as big as your hand on the side of the leg, and Clarence was as unhappy as could be.

"I must get another paiah wight away," he remarked. "How the gawls would staiah at me."

Presently he came to a ready-made clothing-store, and he entered forthwith.

He was averse to wearing anything not built by a first-class tailor, but in this case he could not help himself.

He did not have time to go back to the hotel and dress, and he could not go around with a spotted pair of trousers on either.

So, in he walked and looked around for the proprietor.

He appeared in a twinkling, and proved to be a Jew and a regular snorter at that.

He had a nose like a question mark, wore a long, gray chin beard, had a high forehead and an eye like a hawk.

His name was Solomon Levi, and all was fish that came to his net.

"How you do, my shild?" he cried, rushing forward and grabbing Clarence by the button-hole. "I vas glad to see you, my tear. Business vas rushing shust now, but I'd radder vait on you dan anypody. You looks like a shentleman, my shild, and dat's de kind I vant every time. Vat you vant? A suit of glose? Vell, I fits you yoost like a glove. All off dose glose vat I shows you comes von Ny Yorick, and I gifs you a written guarantee dat dey fits you like vax. Isaac, Simeon, Moses, come, vait on de shentleman. Oh, I forgot, dose poys vas all pusy vaiting on oder gustomers. I vait on you meinselluf. You vants something expensive, I subbose."

"Aw, I want a paiah of twousahs," said poor Clarence, whose breath was quite taken away by this time.

"Ya, I see you do. Dose spots vas unpossible to get out of dem light bants. Ach! dose bants vas ruint. Nefer mint, I gifs you a bair vat you would think you vas growed in, dey fit so nice. Don't you vant a goat, too?"

"No, only twousahs," said Clarence.

"You vas petter vair plack ones, my tear. Dot shmolky atmosphere von Columbus vas ruin de lide vuns."

And Solomon Levi picked out a pair of black trousers, after having taken Clarence's measure.

The dude tried them on, and found them quite a fit. Solomon Levi himself going into an ecstasy over them.

"Dere, my friendt, dot vas yoost so nice a fit as nefer vas. I call dot bair off bants sheep at sefen dollars, but I sold dem to you for four off you puy a goat und vest to match."

"That's vewy reasonable," said the dude. "Have you any white waistcoats?"

"Vite yuns?" cried the sheeny, waving his hands. "Ya, mein friendt, I vas had plenty off dem. Ach! you vas a man of taste, my tear. You knows vat to wear."

Then Solomon Levi hauled down a lot of white vests, and got one two sizes too large for Clarence, trying it on himself, and strapping it up to make it fit.

"Ain't it wathah lawge, don't ye know?" asked Clarence, dubiously.

"Larche!" cried the Jew in surprise. "Vy, my tear, you vill feel so prout ven you year dot west dot you swell up and have to go home and set all dose buttons front. Larch, my shild! Nein, dot vas been yoost der

right size. Von't you have a need plack valking goat. I gifs you der whole suit for dwendy dollars, de brice off de goat alone."

"Aw, pawhahs I'd bettah have a coat," muttered Clarence, whose own garment was not in very good shape.

"Off gourse you vill; I tought so," grinned the sheeny. "I knowed you vas a man off sense ven you come in. Ach, my tear, off I had such gustomers like you ebery tay I die habby."

Then he looked around for a black coat to make up the suit, but could not find one to fit.

The nearest he could come was three sizes too large.

That did not trouble our Hebrew friend, however.

He was equal to the occasion.

"Dere you are, my tear!" he cried, rapturously, bringing the garment forward to the mirror. "Dere vas a goat vat I alvays soit fur dwendy-fle tollars, but it vas de last I vas got, und I sold it sheap. De whole suet vas dwendy dollars."

This was much less than Clarence was in the habit of paying, and as he meant to stick the firm for it, anyhow, it did not matter.

"Aw you shaw it's a fit?" he asked, rather dubiously.

"Vas I sure!" echoed the Jew, opening his eyes.

"Vas I sure dot I vas alive! Off you got dot goat made for you, it couldn't fit better. Dry dot on once und I chow you."

Solomon Levi helped Clarence into the coat and stood him in front of the glass.

"Yust look off dot, mein friendt!" cried Solomon, taking up a big lump of cloth in the back of the coat. "Dot goat couldn't fit you better off you vas made for it."

It did look well enough in the glass, to be sure.

"Dere, vasn't dot de pest und der sheapest goat vat you efer sawn?" continued Levi, turning Clarence so that he could see nothing but the front. "You make your fortune off you year dot goat on der streed. All de girls vas been mashed mit you. I vas had to lock my daughter, Ruth, in der closet for fear she go grazy ofer dot goat and run away mit you."

Then the wily child of Israel hustled Clarence away from the glass and talked of anything except the coat.

Clarence paid for his new duds, left the others to be delivered at the hotel, and, grip in hand, sauntered forth.

"Shaky!" cried the Jew, when Clarence had gone, "run ride away quick to dot hotel mit dose glose, und off dot dood gomes pack here you don'd know nodings aboud dot new suit."

"All ride, fader, I vas fly," said Jakey, who had appeared the instant Clarence had left the store.

Meanwhile Clarence was promenading down the street as proud as a boy with a sore toe.

That coat fitted him very much too abundantly, but he did not know it.

Once the Jew let it out to its full capacity it showed how big it was, and if anything seemed to have grown.

It did not take the boys on the street long to get right alongside the dude and his big coat.

Then, perhaps, they did not guy him.

Well, perhaps, not!

PART XVIII.

IMAGINE a dude, with a high white hat, a single eye-glass and a coat half a mile too big.

That was the way Clarence looked as he walked down the main street of Columbus, grip in hand.

It did not take long for the boys, girls, old women, men about town, dogs, cats, mules, dudes, mashers, tramps, pedestrians and boot-blacks to get right on to his style.

Then how they did yawp!

"Look at the advertisement for the misfit parlor!"

"He's shrunk since he put on the ulster!"

"Give him a square meal and maybe he'll fill up."

"Why didn't you get the suit all alike, Cholly?"

"There's rooms to let in that coat."

"Get on to the disguised detective."

"It's a tramp, and the coat is all that belongs to it."

"No; it's [some hayseeder's scarecrow come down to take in the sights."

"Put it

"Yaw obtructing the sidewalk, saw," returned Clarence. "Won't somebody please remove the wubbish?"

"Wall, I'll be durned ef that ain't the queerest critter I ever see," muttered the granger. "Wonder if it's alive."

Then he tried to be funny by tapping Clarence on the nose to see him wink.

Fitz Roy was equal to the occasion.

He could be as funny as an Ohio farmer without trying.

He had met the creature before, and knew what he was like.

So he just let fly with his right, took the gentleman from Oatville in the proboscis, and played a tattoo on his eyes with his left.

"Look at the boy with his father's clothes on! Ain't he pretty?"

"Regular walking misfit, ain't he?"

"That's Rip Van Winkle come to town!"

Clarence presently caught sight of himself in a glass, and the vision nearly turned him crazy.

"Faw goodness sakes, ain't it awful?" he muttered.

"I'll go wight back and have the fellah awested."

He wasn't quite certain of his route now, but he determined to try and find the fellow all the same, and so, paying no attention to the jeers of the crowd, hurried along the back track.

It was some other man.

"You cahn't get out of it that way, don't ye know, deah boy," said Clarence, fully satisfied that he had the fellow where the hair was short. "If you don't give me a good fit I'll have you awwested befa I leave the stoah."

"Mein shild, mein shild, I tol you once dot I know nodings aboud dot goat, so hellup me Abraham!" cried the Jew, waving his arms around like the sails of a windmill. What for you got me arrested ven I done nodings?"

"It's no use to talk like that, me deah boy," said Clarence. "I want a coat that'll fit, don't ye know, and I won't remove myself fwom heah till I get it. I want anothah suit."



"Dere, vasn't dot de pest und der sheapest goat vat you efer sown?" continued Levi, turning Clarence so that he could see nothing but the front. "You make your fortune off you veard goat on der streed."

Over went the obstruction, and Clarence went on in triumph, giddy coat and all.

The crowd made it lively for him, however, in the way of remarks.

Presently he caught sight of himself in a show window.

He nearly went wild. To think of his walking out in such a coat as that.

"That howid Hebrew cheated me awful," he muttered. "He said the coat would fit. Baw Jove, I think it would be too big faw an elephant, don't ye know."

He could never go drumming up trade in a coat like that!

His customers would guy the life out of him.

"I'll take a wound out of that Jew. Just see if I don't, the mean fellah," hemused. "Wondah if I could find the stoah again?"

He hurried back, found Mr. Moses Levi and said, wrathfully:

"You howid fellah, that coat don't fit me at all. It's too big."

"No, my shild," said Moses. "De goat vas all ride, but der bants don't fit it. I gife you a pigger bair off bants, und dot vos all ride."

So Clarence allowed himself to be gulled, and put on a pair of trousers too big every way, and with a huge plaid on them as big as they could accommodate.

Then he sailed out once more, and this time he was guyed worse than ever.

Presently he struck a clothing store, where a Sheeny with a big nose and a long beard was looking out of the window. In rushed Clarence, and tackled the dealer in misfits at once.

"You howid fellah, do you call that gawment a good fit?" he asked, spreading out his arms and turning around so as to show off the coat in all its beauty.

"Nein, my shild, dot goats fits you too often, I dinks. You moost hafe shrunk sinze you put dot on once."

"No, saw, the gawment is just the same as it was befa I twied it on. You told me it was a fit. Gweat Scott! you don't call that a fit, do you, deah boy? Look at the pants. You said they would fit the coat, but they don't."

"I tol you dot goat fit you once?" cried the Jew, in surprise. "Vy, my tear shild, I vas not sown you before in all my life."

"Yas, sah, you sold me the suit this mawnin'."

"So hellup me, I vas sold nodings dis day only two bair off socks und some oxpenders."

"Yas, you did, and you kept my othah clothes to send home."

"So hellup me, I nefer see you before, my shild," cried the Jew, gesticulating wildly.

Clarence, with his usual luck, had made a mistake.

That Israelite was as innocent of the offense charged against him as a new laid egg.

The Sheeny felt inclined to bounce the dude, but thought better of it.

There might be some money in this snap after all.

"I soilt you dot goat und bants?" he asked, feeling of the cloth.

There was fairly good stuff in the goods if it was too big for Clarence.

"Yas, deah boy, and the west of the suit, don't ye know. The twousahs and waistcoat aw too big, but the coat is wank, deah boy—vewy wank."

"Vell, I couldn't help dot, off you lose weight since you buy him. How long vas dot you had him?"

"Only this mawnin', not an houah ago, deah boy. You must wemembah it."

"Vas you sure you didn't bought dot goat off Levi or Eisenstein or Schwartz?"

"No, deah boy. I pawchased that gawment fwom this vewy stoah, hawfan houah ago and fwom you, too, deah boy."

"Mein broder was keep a shop on de next gorner, und he look like me, my shild. Don't you tink you vas made a misdake."

"I don't want any maw humowous business," said Clarence, very decidedly. "Theah's yaw coat," taking it off, "and now I want anothah. I'd like to take a wound out of you, but I haven't time, don't ye know."

"So hellup me, dot dude vas a tough mans, off he do look so innocent," muttered the boss.

"Vell, my shild, I gifs you a goat und bants vot fits you like your skin, off you like," said the Sheeny, who saw that he was cornered, and yet was determined to make something out of it.

"Ah, I want a good fit, don't ye know, deah boy, aw I won't take anything."

"All right, my shild, you likes something putty nice, I dink?"

"Yas, something in style, don't ye know."

"Vell, how you like dot?" and the child of Israel brought out a new suit of a very loud pattern.

It was a walking-jacket, trousers and vest of a very giddy pattern, with checks as big as one's hands, and fitting Clarence like a glove.

"How you like dot?" said the Jew, when Clarence had squeezed himself into the clothes.

"Aw, that's something like, deah boy," said the dude, looking at himself in the glass. "That's weally the cheese, don't ye know. I'll take this in exchange faw the othah."

"Very vell, my shild, off you vants to ruin me, go ahead," muttered the Jew, with a piteous look. "Dot goat cost as moche as sefen tollars more as de oder, but I let's you half him. You vas too good a customer to lose."

Clarence changed the things in his pockets, surveyed himself in the glass again and departed very well satisfied with his bargain.

"Aw, be Jove, these Hebrews cahn't get ahead of Fitz Woy, don't ye know," he muttered, as he walked along, grip in hand.

As for the Jew, he rubbed his greasy hands, hugged himself for joy, and said:

"So hellup me, off dot ready made dude tink he got de better off me he vas solt. I get rid off dat plack coat for ten tollars, und de oder vun vasn't vorth four. Dot vasn't a colt day for Ikey Isaacs, my tear."

Meanwhile Clarence was sailing down the street in his tight fitting, rainbow hued suit, mashing all the girls he met.

The grip was heavy, and Clarence sported around with his stick rather too freely for the limited arm room he had.

The result was that presently the top button of his coat flew off and struck a copper in the eye.

He got on to Clarence right away, and proceeded to make it hot for him.

"Throw stones at an officer on duty, will you?" he growled, as he smashed in the top of the dude's high hat with his club.

Clarence wasn't going to stand any such familiarity on short acquaintance from a mere policeman, and he gave an exhibition of his dexterity at fisticuffs in short order.

He fetched that copper one on the nose in a twinkling, and put an eye in deep morning in another.

That tight coat wasn't built for any such work, however.

It suspended business at once.

Both sleeves split from elbow to shoulder, the tails parted company, leaving the back of the dude's vest exposed, and buttons flew in all directions.

In two shakes that gaudy coat was little better than a couple of streamers suspended from the dude's neck, while the rest of the suit showed signs of going to pieces.

"Faw goodness sakes, what's the mattah with my coat?" gasped the poor dude.

Then the copper rushed in and grabbed him by the collar.

"You are my prisoner!" he exclaimed, in Tombs Police Court accents.

Clarence shook him off and lighted out, leaving half of his coat in the copper's grasp.

"If I evah twide with a Hebrew again I hope I'll get stuck l!" cried Clarence, as he hurried away.

His experience with clothing dealers of a Jewish turn of mind had been an expensive lesson to him, but one that he would not be likely soon to forget.

He distanced the cop easily enough, hailed a passing cab, tumbled in, and was driven to his hotel, where he found that his other clothes had arrived.

He threw off his Hebrew purchases, which he now saw didn't fit him for a cent, got himself up very tart and sailed out again in quest of trade.

There was plenty of it to be had, and he collared a good share of it, being quite satisfied with himself in spite of his misadventures of the morning.

He departed from Columbus that evening, took in several small cities, and finally arrived, late one evening, in the smoky city of Pittsburgh, in the State of Pennsylvania, as may be learned from the geographies.

"Twaveling is all vewy well in its way when you have lots of time, don't ye know," he

mused, as he sat smoking in the reading room, prior to going to bed, "but when you aw obliged to wush fwom place to place in such a huwy it isn't so pleasant, baw Jove!"

Having delivered himself of this philosophic opinion, he smoked his cigar out, went upstairs and turned in for the night.

The next morning he went out determined to take the smoky city by storm.

He had not gone far before he noticed a fleck of soot on his dazzling shirt front, for he wore a vest with a "U" opening so as to be in style.

Now, Clarence had not been in Pittsburg and did not know its ways.

He tried to brush that speck off with his taper fingers.

The result was sad to see.

He might have blown the thing off easily enough.

The brushing process caused a long smudge right across his shirt bosom in the most conspicuous part thereof.

"Oh, deah, my shawt is ruined!" he muttered. "The next time I come heah I'll weah a lawn tennis wig, baw Jove."

There was nothing to be done, however, and so the poor dude sailed ahead and tackled his first customer.

"Good-mawnin'. Can I show you some samples?" he began, producing his card.

"Do you sell black shirts?" asked the boss, with a quizzical look.

"No, deah boy, but I think they would be vewy populah in this town."

"Nothing but black sells here."

"Aw, deah boy, buy some white ones, don't ye know, and expose them to the aiah, and they will soon be of the wequahed colah."

"Ah, there are no flies on you, I see," remarked the merchant. "You've got on to our sooty atmosphere."

"Yas, be Jove, and I think it's got on to me as well, don't ye know, deah boy," returned Clarence.

The other fellow laughed, and, seeing that Clarence was sharper than he appeared, bought a large bill of goods, the dude having just what he wanted.

When Clarence got into the next place he entered the home of the bouncer without knowing it.

The store had been overrun by traveling men of the sauciest description, and the proprietors' lives made a burden to them.

They therefore had declared war on all but their regular agents, and Clarence was not one of them.

His name was Dennis, therefore, from the moment he entered the place.

He started off on his usual little speech and had finished it when the clerk to whom he had spoken said, putting his hand on his ear:

"Beg pardon; would you mind saying that over again? I am hard of hearing."

Clarence repeated his speech in a louder tone.

"Oh, yes, you're a drummer, eh? The proprietor is at the back of the store. Ask for Mr. Knox."

Clarence grabbed his grip, walked to the rear, and addressed a bald-headed man whom he saw there.

This fellow was deafer than the other, and the dude had to yell to make himself heard.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Knox," said the man at last. "What do you want?"

Clarence stated his errand, but had to repeat it on account of the fellow's deafness.

"Oh, its Mr. George Knox you want. You'll find him on the floor above."

Clarence went up one flight and found a man so deaf that he had to roar like a fog-horn to be heard.

"Mr. George Knox! Oh, he's on the floor above, just went up."

So Clarence went up another flight and tackled a deafer man than any he had yet seen.

He nearly turned his throat inside out trying to make himself understood, and was finally informed that Mr. Knox was in the loft unpacking goods.

Up he climbed, meeting another deaf man who, after a ten minutes' misunderstanding, told him to go on the roof and he would find Mr. Knox superintending repairs on the water pipes.

The poor dude climbed up an almost perpendicular ladder, banged his hat several times, and finally had to lift himself and sample-case up through a narrow scuttle and so to the roof.

There was a man standing at the further end of the roof, and toward him Clarence directed his steps.

When he reached the fellow he found him to be merely a dummy advertising sign, braced

up so as to be in sight from other and taller buildings.

"Gwacious me! the pwopwietah is a wooden man," he gasped. "I weally believe those fellahs wah guying me. Aftah making me hollah myself hawse they send me on the roof to talk to a dummy. It's weally too mean, that's what it is."

Having come to the conclusion that he had been sold, the poor fellow made his way back to the hole in the roof by which he had come up.

Greatly to his sorrow he found it closed.

He tried to raise the cover but all in vain were his efforts.

Those jokers had fastened the thing so securely that nothing short of an earthquake would move it until they got ready to open it.

"I think it's weal mean!" muttered Clarence, beginning to cry.

He walked all over that roof trying to find a way down, but could not, for the life of him.

He found a skylight, but it was painted and he couldn't see through it worth mentioning.

"Aw, well, I suppose when these pwactical jokahs get tiahed, they will let me down," he remarked, sitting on his grip.

He was right enough in that respect, but there were other things to be thought of.

In the first place there was a heavy shower coming up, and it was not losing time over it, either.

The first thing Clarence knew, a big rain drop struck him on the nose.

Then one hit him in the eye, and a dozen at once lighted on his hat.

"Oh, deah, on, deah, it's waining!" he cried in despair.

It wasn't any of your gentle summer showers, either.

It was a good old-fashioned rain storm, with no postponement on account of the weather.

In five minutes Clarence was wet to his underclothes.

In five more he was as wet as if he had jumped into the river, clothes and all.

If he had been caught out in the rain under ordinary circumstances, he would not have kicked.

It was being made the victim of a practical joke that galled him.

Those jokers had only meant to give him a sun bath for an hour or so.

The shower bath had been thrown in without their calculating upon it.

It was all over in fifteen minutes and then the sun put in an appearance.

Then the scuttle was opened, a man's head was poked out and a man's voice inquired:

"Who are you and what do you want up here?"

"I'm a dwummah, my names is Jones and I want to see Mistah Gawge Knox."

"You'll find him down cellar. Be quick about it now, for it's going to rain."

"I wathah think it has been waining already," murmured Clarence as he descended.

"Why, so it has!" said the other, as if making a discovery. "You must have got wet?"

"Wet! Why, me deah boy, I am just soaked through."

"Oh, well, the sun will soon dry you."

That was all the satisfaction the poor fellow got.

Moreover, as he passed on down from floor to floor he was greeted with:

"Did you find him, cully?"

"How was the weather on the roof?"

"Not very healthy for drummers, was it?"

"Guess you'll find him in the cellar now, cleaning out the furnace."

"Yaw all a set of duffahs!" retorted Clarence.

Then there was a laugh from the deaf men, and Clarence was madder than a wet hen.

He did not stop to make any more inquiries for Mr. George or any other Mr. Knox, concluding that he had had all the knocks he could stand for one day.

He left that place in wrath and a wet suit of clothes, resolving never to be sold again.

However, practical jokes are not generally labeled, and it was not in the nature of things for that dude to escape having them worked off on him now and then.

The sun dried him somewhat, to be sure, as the joker had said, but it could not remove his dilapidated appearance, and many were the smiles and comical remarks he met with.

He waltzed back to the hotel as fast as he could travel, changed his clothes, had his dinner, and started out again on his rounds.

He had made one or two sales, and was on his way to another customer's when he came upon his friend Hardy, the hardware drummer.

He had not the tenderest regard for Hardy on account of the many tricks the latter had played on him, but he was glad to see any one just now.

"Aw, Hawdy, old man, now de do?" he cried, cordially, extending his hand.

Hardy knew him, of course, but a joking fit struck him just then, and he resolved to give Clarence another roast.

"I guess you must have made a mistake, my friend," he said, in cold tones.

"No, 'pon my wawd, I haven't. Don't ye know me, old boy? I'm yaw old fwiend, Fitz Woy."

"I have no friends by the name of Fitz Woy, and I've traveled," replied Hardy, stiffly.

"Awn't you Hawdy, the dwumma, that stawted with me fwom New Yawk?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, faw hevvin's sake, who are you?" gasped poor Clarence.

"H'm! you'd like to have me tell you, and then go off and instruct your pals, wouldn't you? I know all about bunco sharps, my man."

"Gwacious me! I ain't a bunco steewah; I'm Clawence Fitz Woy Jones, the dwumma! Don't ye know me, Hawdy, old man?"

"No, I don't, and I think you're a swindler, and it's about time you were taken in."

"Well, I nevah hawd of such a thing befaw in all my life," muttered the dude.

"No, perhaps not, and it's high time you did. Here, officer, arrest this man."

Hardy called up a copper, gave him a wink and a dollar unseen by Clarence, and said:

"Take him to the station and I'll come around later and make my charge. You know me, don't you? I'm General Brunt."

"All right, general," said the officer, and poor Clarence was marched away, in spite of his protests, and locked up in a police station.

PART XIX.

POOR Clarence Fitz Roy sat bemoaning his sad fate in a police station. One General Brunt had had him arrested on a charge of trying to swindle him.

He was positive that the general was Hardy, the drummer.

If he was not, then such a resemblance had never been known.

"Pon me wawd, I cahn't be mistaken, don't ye know," he mused. "If that wasn't Hawdy I'll eat my wubbah evahshoes."

He waited in that station house three mortal hours, and was then led up to the desk.

"I know you, Sugary Tom, and you are a clever scoundrel," said the captain; "but as your victim has failed to put in an appearance I shall have to let you go."

"I'll sue him faw false impwisonment," muttered Clarence. "This is a weghulah outwage."

"It's too bad I can't give you six months or a year," said the captain, sternly, "but I can't. Take my advice and skip this town at once."

"Yaw an old duffah, and you had no wight whatevah to detain me," returned Clarence angrily. "If I had you outside I'd kick yaw buttons off, be jove, so theah."

"Look out," cried the captain. "I can send you up yet, if you get too fresh."

"Ye cahn't do it at all," replied Clarence, snapping his fingers. "Yaw not wawth that much," and, grabbing his cases, he dusted out pretty quick.

When he got to the hotel whom must he meet but Hardy, the drummer.

"Hallo, Clarence, old man," said Hardy, grabbing him by the hand and shaking it like a pump handle. "Glad to see you, hang me if I ain't. Just come to town? Won't we make things hum? Well, I reckon!"

"Yaw a weal mean fellah, and I don't want nawthin' to do with you," returned Clarence, drawing away his hand.

"Why, what's the matter with you now?" asked Hardy, appearing greatly surprised.

"You know vewy well I've been kept in a howid police station for three hours, all on yaw account."

"Three hours in a station house?"

"Yas."

"How was it on my account?"

"What made you pwetend to be the gen'ewal?"

"What general?"

"Genewal Brunt, of cawse."

"Why, have you fallen foul of that fellow?" cried Hardy.

"That fellah was yawself, and you know it."

"H'm, you never saw such a resemblance, Clarence," cried Hardy, with a laugh. "Why, that fellow has got me into more scrapes than

you can imagine, doing all sorts of things that I got the credit of. How did he tackle you?"

"Do you mean to say you didn't meet me on the stweet and have me awested as a bunco shawp?" asked the dude, angrily.

"Ho-ho! what a sell on you! That's just the general's way. Thinks everybody's trying to cheat him. So you got locked up, did you, and you thought it was my fault. Well, well, that's the best yet. Come and take a soda water on it."

Hardy rattled away so glibly that Clarence could not get in a word edgewise, and was forced to believe that he had been taken in by a double.

"Very funny, wasn't it, old boy?" Hardy went on. "Fellow accused me of borrowing ten dollars of him: never saw him before; it was the general. Another fellow lent the general five dollars, thinking it was me, and I didn't see a penny of it. Very funny, was it not, eh, old man?"

"Vewy hilawious," remarked Clarence, though he failed to connect with the joke. "Ta-ta, old man, I must go up to my woom and dwess."

The more that dude thought it over the more he was convinced that Hardy and General Brunt were one and the same person.

He could swallow a good many tough doses, but it was beyond reason to make him believe that two persons could look so much alike.

He did not see Hardy until just before dinner, and then the latter was in the reading-room smoking a cigar and reading.

Up walks Clarence, knocks Hardy's cigar out of his mouth, tears his paper down the middle, and bangs his hat over his eyes.

"Theah, Mistah Genewal Brunt, that's to pay faw keeping me in the station house thwee houahs this aftahnoon," cried Clarence.

"What's the matter, Fitzy?" cried Hardy, jumping up.

"Any time you want to take a wound out of me, general, I'm weady faw you," and Clarence took Hardy a crack on the nose.

"I say, hold up, it's me, it isn't the general at all."

"Why, bless me hawt, so it is!" exclaimed Clarence, assuming an expression of surprise.

"The wesemblance is sawpising, deah boy. I thought shaw you waw the genewal."

"That's one on me, Fitzy," said Hardy. "Tell you what, old man, you've improved. You ain't half the fool you used to be."

"Sowy I cawn't wetawn the compliment, deah boy. I think yaw gweat deal maw of a fool than evah. The Genewal Brunt snap wawked the wong way this time, didn't it, old fellah?"

"You got the best of me that time, Fitzy, and no discount to the trade. Guess you're getting fly, ain't you?"

"Well, I weckon I can see a hole thwough a laddah, deah boy."

That was the time that Hardy got sold, and he had more respect for that persecuted dude.

Clarence remembered several occasions on which Hardy had made a fool of him, and several more on which he suspected that his friend had taken a hand.

He had grown tired of this one-sided arrangement, and determined to give the joking drummer some of his own sauce.

We have always represented our friend, Fitz Roy, as not quite a born fool, and he now showed that he had as much gumption as a good many other people.

He had not finished with Mr. Hardy, and he determined to have lots more fun before he called the account square.

In the first place he bribed one of the porters and the boss chambermaid, the latter to let him into Hardy's room and the former to do some work there.

The result was that when the drummer jumped into bed that night the whole business went down on the floor.

Thinking that the slats had fallen out, Hardy jumped up, relighted the gas and investigated.

No wonder the slats gave way.

They had all been sawed nearly in two in the middle.

As a natural consequence, when Hardy struck the bed they suspended work at once.

There was no use trying to fix up a bed in that condition.

Mr. Hardy would either have to sleep on the floor or get another room.

The racket brought the clerk, already let into the snap by Clarence, up-stairs, and he wanted to know what the trouble was.

"Ever' confounded slat on my bed was broken," explained Hardy.

"Well, they weren't meant to dance jigs on.

Why can't you get into bed quietly, like other people?"

"I did. The plaguey things must have been rotten."

"Well, they never broke down before," said the clerk, argumentatively.

"I suppose not. They couldn't break more than once."

"Well, I can't give you any more to-night, so you'll have to do the best you can with them."

"Haven't you got another bed?"

"I can let you have a folding bed if you like. There's one on the next floor above."

"All right. I'll take that. I can't sleep on the floor like a tramp."

"Very well. I'll show you the way."

Hardy put on some clothes, took a valise, and followed the clerk up-stairs.

Now, the new room was next to that occupied by the dude.

There was a connecting door, the key and bolt of which were on Clarence's side.

The bed was one of those affairs which look like a cabinet book-case in the day-time and a bed at night.

It was already in position for use as a bed.

Hardy had forgotten all about its being a transformation affair.

It looked all right, felt the same, and was entirely satisfactory.

"Hum! that's something like," he muttered. "Why didn't you give me that at first?"

"You wanted a room on the floor below," said the clerk, simply.

"Yes, so I did. Well, this will do first-rate. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Hardy. Hope you'll rest well."

Then that clerk departed with a wink in his eye, while Hardy prepared for bed.

He turned down the sheets, did the same to the gas, leaving it burning faintly, and then got into bed—very gently.

He wasn't going to have any monkey business with the slats this time.

Clarence, in the next room, listened till he heard Hardy snoring melodiously.

Then he removed the bolts and bars and walked noiselessly into the other room.

Hardy was sound asleep and snoring like a trooper.

Clarence grabbed hold of the foot of the bed, gave it a yank and shut it up in a jiffy.

There was Hardy shut up in that folding bed, head down and nearly smothered.

He awoke with a start and tried to think what had happened.

He yelled, but his cries were nearly inaudible.

Then Clarence let go the catch and dusted.

Down came the bed with a thump on the floor.

"Great Scott! Ain't I going to get any sleep to-night?" howled Hardy, as he got out and turned up the gas.

There was the bed all right, and no sign of anybody having been in the room.

"Confound your folding-beds!" growled Hardy. "The old thing works too smooth."

Then he put the pillows at the foot, turned down the light and got in with his feet where his head ought to be.

"Now, if the old thing flops up again I'll be all right," he muttered.

He was just dozing off again when up she went, shutting him in like a herring in a box.

He yelled for all he was worth, kicked and scratched and tried to throw the thing level again.

Clarence let him stay there till he was nearly smothered, and then let him go down.

By the time Hardy had jumped out and turned up the gas everything was in order.

"Blow the old thing, I believe I'll sleep on the floor," growled the drummer. "This hotel is the worst shanty I ever struck."

So he yanked the mattress, blankets and pillows off of the bed, made himself up a couch on the floor, and once more started in for a nap.

There was no rest for the wicked.

He had scarcely fallen to sleep before the contents of a water pitcher were emptied all over his head.

"Great guns! it must be raining!" he cried, starting up from his sleep half drowned.

Once more he turned up the gas and looked around him.

"H'm! dreadful careless of me to leave that pitcher on the floor, right where I could upset it by throwing out my arm," he muttered.

He mopped up the water with a lot of towels, wiped his head and shoulders dry, wrapped himself up in the driest blankets and

started in once more to perform the somnolent act.

He had not been asleep more than ten minutes before a lot of musicians in the next room began to give a concert.

He stood it until he was thoroughly awake, and then he got mad.

He jumped up, banged on the door, yelled and made all sorts of noises.

The fellows stopped when they got ready, and after that a squalling baby on the other side of the corridor began howling.

It was a healthy youngster and had good lungs, and the way it yelled was a caution to nervous people.

The concert lasted for over an hour, by which time all the sleep had been knocked out of the wretched drummer.

Clarence, in the meantime, had removed himself to Hardy's former room, and heard nothing of the racket.

Finally, at about four o'clock, the persecuted drummer managed to get to sleep, the noises having ceased.

He was to have been called at seven the next morning.

The porter had his call made out for Hardy's old room, and awoke Clarence.

He knew nothing of the change, and so Hardy was not awakened.

Clarence shook the dust of Pittsburg off his gaiters by an early train, while Mr. Hardy slept till nearly noon.

When he got up he looked at his watch, made a few unpleasant remarks, and dressed in quick time.

"Blow the luck!" he growled, "I can't get to Philadelphia now till to-morrow, and I ought to be there to-night."

When he reached the office the clerk handed him a note in a sealed envelope, saying:

"Left for you early this morning. I thought you had gone by the early train."

"No, I'm here yet," replied the other in ice cream freezer tones, "worse luck to it."

Then he read his note. It did not improve the pleasant tenor of his thoughts.

It ran thusly:

"FRIEND HARDY.—Hope you slept well last night. How do you like turn-up bedsteads. That's one on you."

"CLARENCE."

"H'm! So the dude is at the bottom of the whole business, is he? That fellow is getting too smart for me. I didn't suppose anybody could get the best of me, but Fitzy has done it three or four times running. Guess I'll give up playing jokes on dudes. They are smarter than they look, sometimes."

Practical joking is all very well when the joke is not played on you.

That was the conclusion Hardy came to, and he resolved to let Clarence alone in the future if he ever chanced to see him.

As for Clarence, he went on his way rejoicing, took in a lot of small towns and cities, did a smashing business, and finally arrived in Philadelphia in the middle of the last week in September, as fresh as a daisy.

He put up at the Continental in fine style, outmashed all the mashers, and made the

Quaker City merchants open their eyes with the brilliancy of his new samples, just received from New York.

He scooped in lots of trade and no end of dollars, to say nothing of glory to himself for being able to do so well.

At last, having done all he could, he set out on the last stage of his journey, bound for New York.

His trip had been a good one and he was anxious to hear what the bosses had to say.

He meant to make a good impression at any rate, and so he got himself up accordingly.

Of all the gorgeous creatures that ever walked abroad, he was the king.

He wore a nobby checked suit, a pattern loud enough to be heard 40 miles, a high white dicer on his classic brow, and patent leather gaiters with giddy cloth uppers on his dainty feet.

He had a colored shirt with a white collar and cuffs, which is extremely English, you know, a gaudy silk scarf tied in a knot and fastened with a regular blazer of a diamond pin, none of your bogus ones either, but a first-class, Sunday-go-fishing, two-and-a-half-carat, first-water blazer, and no nonsense about it.

A lace handkerchief sticking out of his pocket, a big single glass screwed into his eye, a big, overgrown club of a stick with a gold head, and an umbrella no thicker than a lead pencil completed his outfit.

It is a wonder the train did not run off the track with all that giddiness on board.

It did not, however, and Clarence went bowling along on the limited express, smiling with satisfaction.

Reaching New York, he jumped into a cab, and was driven to the commodious establishment of Messrs. Lisle & Woolley, his employers.

When he entered the office both partners were present.

"Hello, Jones! Got back, have you? Glad to see you, old man."

"You've done first-rate, Clarence—first-rate. Allow me to congratulate you."

Then both partners grabbed that traveling dude by the hands and shook till they were tired.

"Lots of fun on the road, I suppose, eh, Clarence?" cried Lisle, with a guffaw.

"Plenty of mashes, lots of larks, and any amount of good times, eh, my boy?" put in Woolley, with another shake.

"Bet yaw life, old chappies!" answered Clarence, with a grin.

There they stood, the three of them, shaking hands like three animated pump-handles, and roaring and laughing for all they were worth.

The bosses were really glad to see Clarence, for, although his expenses were higher than those of any other drummer they had out, his profits were proportionately larger.

Clarence was no slouch at putting goods on the market, if he did seem a trifle underbaked in some other respects.

After the bosses had got through shaking

hands with him, the bookkeeper, clerks, salesmen, and boys gave him a greeting.

The poor fellow thought his hands would be pulled off before the gang got through with him.

"Faw goodness sake, deah boys, let up on a fellah!" he gasped at length. "No doubt yaw vewy glad to see me, don't ye know, but I cawn't stand so much demonstwatineness all at once, don't ye know?"

Then Clarence left his grips and his accounts and faded away from the store, promising to drop in the next day and get instructions.

He took the train and went to the country residence of his friend and patron, Mr. Grimes, the father of the inimitable young joker, Jimmy Grimes, Jr., whom Clarence found alive and hearty, as well as his cousin, Jack, both being glad to see Clarence again.

"Lots of rackets, I suppose, eh, Clarence?" asked Jimmy.

"Yas, deah boy. I'll tell you all about 'em when I've time, don't ye know?"

Miss Nancy, Clarence's cousin, and Mr. Grimes' housekeeper, was as much pleased to see Clarence as anybody, for he had brought her a number of presents and was doing so well in business that she did not have to put up for him as formerly, and that makes a big difference in any one's regard.

The next day Clarence went to the store as promised.

When it came to settling up the cashier said to him:

"I find, Mr. Jones, from the statements you have given us, that we owe you just one dollar and forty cents. If you keep on as you have done, you will no doubt be one of the firm, in fact the whole firm, for you'll drive the rest of us out of the business."

Poor Clarence was thunderstruck!

Only one forty coming to him!

There must be some mistake about it.

"Aw, let me see the books again, deah boy," he said, his mustache beginning to lose its curl.

"There it is," and the cashier shoved the book under his nose.

Clarence studied away for a long time, and at last, when his spirits began to get very low, he suddenly discovered the mistake.

"Aw, deah boy, heah's yaw ewah, don't ye know!" he cried. "You've got the pewid in the wong place. It isn't a dollah forty, don't ye know. It's fawteen hundwed, deah boy."

"Oh, yes, so it is. Without the odd cipher one hundred and forty will make it right, I guess."

"Aw, I thought I might as well put it high enough," returned Clarence with a grin, realizing that the cashier had been fooling him.

This ends the history of Clarence's adventures for the present.

Whether our readers will ever hear from him again is one of those things that no fellow can find out.

Whether or not he bobs up serenely at some future time is uncertain, but at all events we can all take a cheerful adieu of our comical friend, THE TRAVELING DUDE.

[THE END.]

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